BRITANNIA and EVE

JANUARY
1933

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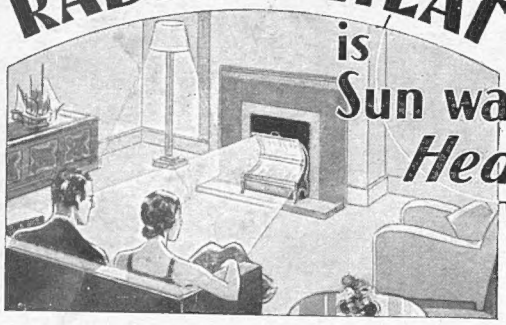

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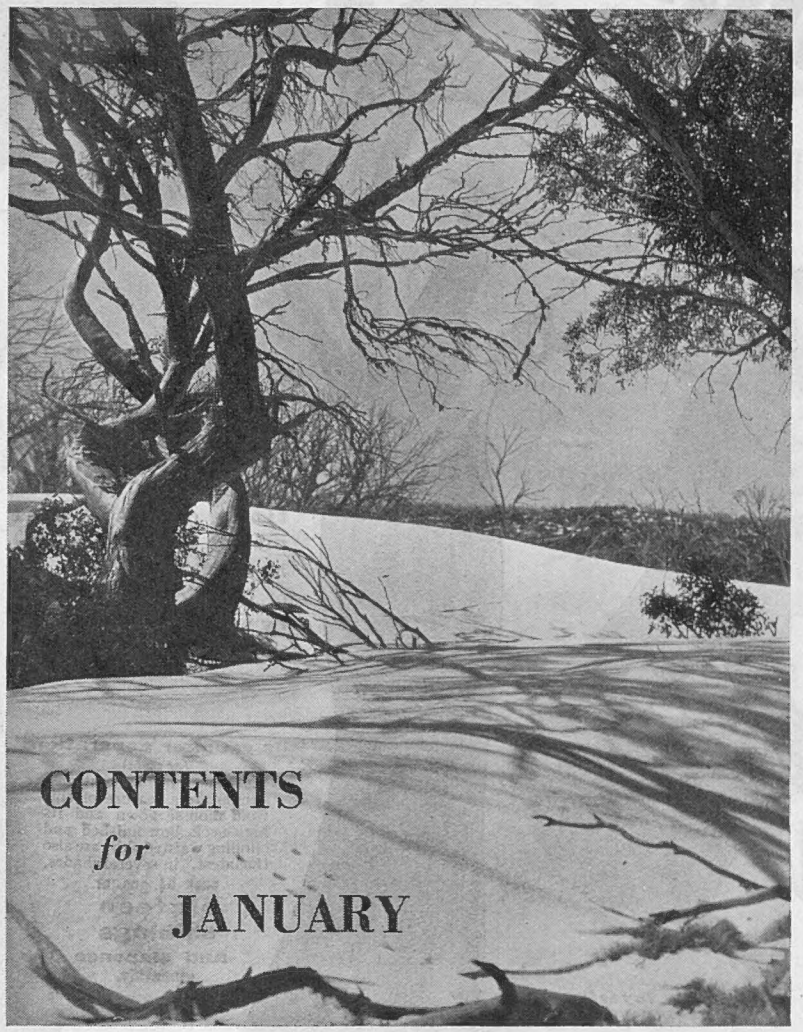

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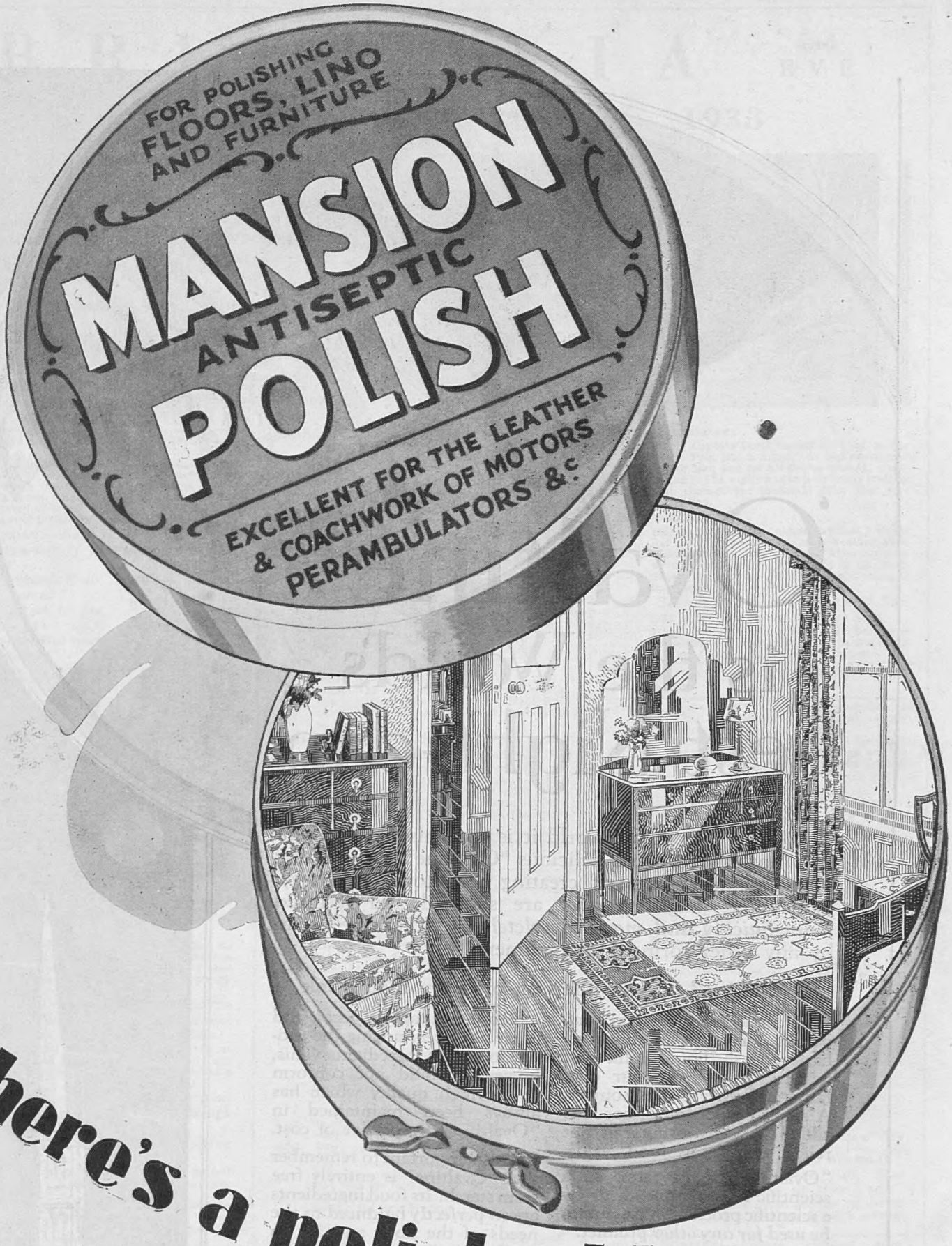
All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 104. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.



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BRITANNIA and EVE

1833 Calendar for January 1933

1st, SUNDAY.—*First Sunday after Christmas.*

1st Sun.—(1901) This was the opening day of the twentieth century—not January 1st, 1900: work it out. Exactly 100 years before, Great Britain had entered into Union with Ireland, an Act of Union doomed to disaster.

2nd, MONDAY.—*Bank Holiday in Scotland. Three-quarters of your income tax due, alas!*

Stock Exchange Holiday, hurrah!

Don't forget to renew your car licence. Also your dog licence.

(1929) An anxious world was relieved to hear that the crisis in the illness of King George V had passed, and that the Sovereign was reasonably out of danger.

3rd, TUESDAY.
(1932) Gandhi was arrested at 3 a.m. and taken to Yeroda prison, little more than a month after he had been fêted in London and addressed by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald as "My dear Mahatma."

4th, WEDNESDAY.
(1852) On this day there was born to a wine-dealer, in the Pyrenees village of Rivesaltes, a son. The father's name was Joffre; we heard of his son again in 1914.

5th, THURSDAY.—*Consols dividends due.* SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON died, 1922.
(1930) The French police arrested a man on a roundabout in Montmartre. His name was Francis Lorang, one of the many—but not the last—financial swindlers whom the world-depression revealed.

6th, FRIDAY.—*Epiphany.* TWELFTH DAY. *Take down your Christmas decorations, else ill-luck will follow!*
(1842) On this day began the terrible retreat of the British forces from Kabul. Only one man of an army of 4,500 reached Jellalabad a week later.

7th, SATURDAY.—*New moon* 11.29 *p.m. Take care you don't see it through glass!*

Sun rises 8.4. *Sun sets* 4.8. *Lighting up time* 5.8.
(1922) The Irish Treaty was finally ratified by the Dail. Rebellion was over; civil war still ahead.
Ten years later the United States invoked the Nine-Power Treaty and Kellogg Pact to put Japan on trial. Both efforts towards world peace proved fruitless.

8th, SUNDAY.—*First Sunday after Epiphany.*

8th Sun.—(1916) The last man left "W" beach on the Gallipoli peninsula after the most amazing withdrawal in military history. The attempt to capture the Straits had cost the lives of 28,000 Allied soldiers.

9th, MONDAY.—*Plow Monday. According to the old usage, the plough should be set to work again.*
(1932) Mr. William Graham, the one man in Parliament who could read sense into Government statistics, died.
Mr. Jack Payne left the B.B.C., and Mr. Henry Hall became the new jazz band conductor. Both events of national interest.
Napoleon III died, 1873.

10th, TUESDAY.
(1863) The Metropolitan, the first underground railway in the world, was opened. London marvelled—and choked. On the same day you could send a letter for a penny—also for the first time.

11th, WEDNESDAY.—*Hilary Law sittings begin.*
(1847) Thomas Edison was born of poor American parents. Twelve years later George Nathaniel Curzon was born of rich parents. Their paths never crossed.

12th, THURSDAY.
(1905) The Japanese entered Port Arthur. It was the beginning of the end of the Romanoff dynasty. The Russian military caste never recovered from the shame of the day.

13th, FRIDAY.—PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT born 1883.
(1915) The Austrian army captured Cettinje, the capital of Montenegro. It meant little to the world at the time; but a whole lot to Austria.

14th, SATURDAY.—*Sun rises* 8.2. *Sun sets* 4.16. *Lighting up time* 5.16.
(1858) As the Emperor Napoleon III was riding with the Empress Eugénie to a gala opera performance, an assassin called Orsini threw a Birmingham-made bomb. It cost Orsini his life, and it nearly cost England a war.

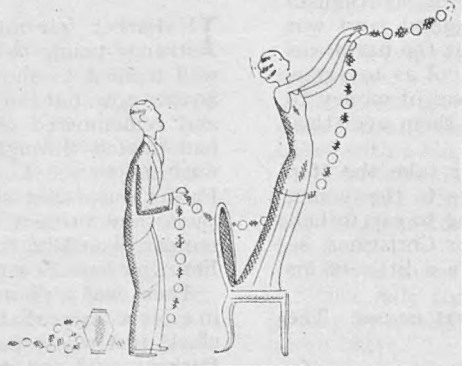
15th, SUNDAY.—*Second Sunday after Epiphany.*

15th Sun.—(1912) Henry Labouchere, the most powerful journalistic enemy of sham and humbug of his day, died at Florence. He was the founder of *Truth*.
In 1893 Fanny Kemble died. An actress and author whose personality and popularity on the stage in England and America enabled her father to recoup his losses as a theatrical manager. Her books of reminiscences contain valuable material for the social and dramatic history of the period.

16th, MONDAY.—On this day in 1878 the Divorce Court was instituted.

17th, TUESDAY.
(1863) A Manchester schoolmaster held a little bundle of new-born humanity in his arms and said. "We'll call it David." The baby's other names were LLOYD GEORGE.
In 1871 the village doctor of Howbeck in Cheshire brought into the world a baby, to be christened DAVID BEATTY. He became Admiral of the Fleet after Jutland.

18th, WEDNESDAY.
(1871) Triumphant Germany proclaimed itself an Empire and set out on the path of progress that was to lead to the declaration of a Republic 47 years later. The King of Prussia became the first Emperor Wilhelm.



19th, THURSDAY.
(1912) Captain Scott turned his back on the South Pole, which Amundsen had discovered before him, and set his course towards civilisation. The world was to hear of his tragedy only through the immortal diary that survived him.

20th, FRIDAY.
(1838) Probably the coldest day that London has ever known. The zero weather even killed shrubby plants. Many thermometers were broken all over the South of England. People thought the Gulf Stream had changed its course.

21st, SATURDAY.—*Sun rises* 7.56. *Sun sets* 4.28. *Lighting up time* 5.28.
(1924) Lenin died in Moscow. His body was embalmed and displayed in all the trappings of a martyred saint in the Red Square.

22nd, SUNDAY.—*Third Sunday after Epiphany.*

22nd Sun.—(1924) The first Labour Government took office in Great Britain. Lenin would scarcely have recognised them as Socialists.
It was also the 23rd anniversary of the death of Queen Victoria—the longest reign and by three days the longest Royal life in English history.

23rd, MONDAY.—*Full moon* 1.44 *p.m.*
(1883) Gustav Doré, the great artist who put the hell into Dante's "Inferno," died.

24th, TUESDAY.
(1915) The day of the battle of Dogger Bank, in which the German ships *Derfflinger* and *Seydlitz* were badly hit and the *Blücher* sunk with the loss of 762 lives.

25th, WEDNESDAY.—*Conversion of St. Paul.*
(1908) Marie Louise de la Ramée died in poverty at Viareggio. Her other name OUIDA, known to the world as a novelist of genius.

26th, THURSDAY.
(1904) Whitaker Wright was sentenced at the Old Bailey to seven years' penal servitude for fraud on the London and Globe Finance Corporation. He took cyanide of potassium through the end of a cigar and died instantly.

27th, FRIDAY.
(1859) An ominous day for Germany. The heir to the Prussian throne was born. He was destined to become Kaiser Wilhelm II.

28th, SATURDAY.—*Sun rises* 7.47. *Sun sets* 4.20. *Lighting up time* 5.20.
(1918) One of the worst, and last, of the air raids on London by the Kaiser's airmen. 67 killed.

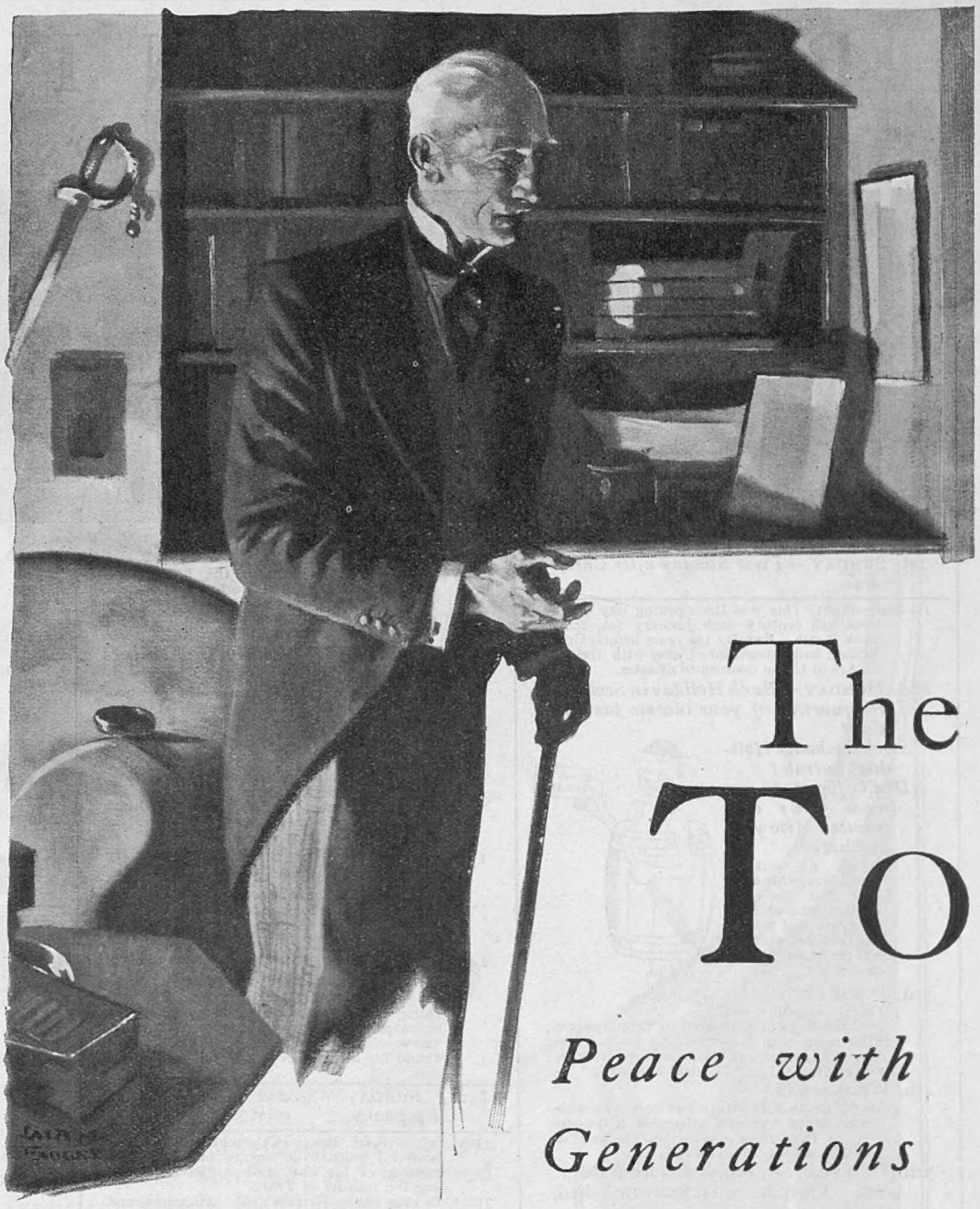
29th, SUNDAY.—*Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.*

29th Sun.—(1856) The Victoria Cross was inaugurated. The Russians never respected the honour much in later years. The crosses were made from cannon captured at Sebastopol!

30th, MONDAY.
(1933) Every year people go to lay flowers at the foot of Charles I's equestrian statue in Whitehall. A traitor to some, a martyr to others, he was beheaded 284 years ago.

31st, TUESDAY.
(1858) They launched the biggest ship in the world, the *Great Eastern*. British maritime supremacy was at its height. The *Great Eastern* was a commercial failure, but a moral success. But that was seventy-five years ago.

Illustrated by Jack M. Faulks



The To

Peace with Generations

GENERAL LORD FERINGAY adjusted his pince-nez on a high-bridged nose, took a paper-cutter from the little table beside him, passed it under the flap of the envelope, and opened Augusta's letter.

Sure to be some worry, he reflected; people were fond of bothering him in his old age, of presenting problems for his wisdom to solve, imagining that because he was eighty-two he must know all about everything.

Lord Feringay knew very well that he laid no claim to possess much of that majestic quality, wisdom, only a very little more than that stupid, simple young fellow, Jim Feringay, had had fifty years ago. Certain principles had steadied that rackety young subaltern. They guided Lord Feringay still. Old conventions, rather obsolete now. The "don'ts" by which a gentleman guided his life. Don't go back on your word. Don't let a pal down, and so on. But a certain shrewd common sense had grown with the years, a certain decision.

There was only one proper thing to do, in most cases, and he rather enjoyed pointing it out. Only not to Augusta. She bored him, she was fussy and long-winded, and he never could imagine why his poor brother Charles had married her. Still, he must see what she had to say.

Augusta had a great deal to say, in her sloping, old-fashioned handwriting, and it surprised Lord Feringay into blessing his soul more than once.

It concerned her only surviving son, that young fool Angus, incidentally his heir. Angus wasn't the kind of fool Lord Feringay had sympathy with. He was delicate, painted bad pictures, and wrote bad poetry; at least Lord Feringay decided it was bad, though some people had praised the slim volume of sonnets. And now, apparently, he was in a scrape, having entangled himself with a lady of the chorus, with a most extraordinary Christian name. As Augusta wrote it, it looked like Fancy, but, of course, that couldn't be right.

It wasn't the kind of entanglement Lord Feringay was accustomed to either; a brief interlude, punctuated with diamonds and sable coats.

The young fool had offered her marriage.

In writing, too; in half a dozen letters, to be exact, any one of which would have got her huge damages. True, as Augusta pointed out, the dear boy had instantly repented, and was moving heaven and earth to get them back, but the harm was done, for, of course, the girl was not such a fool as to agree. Augusta feared it would take a great, great deal of money to bring her round, and unless dear Jim financed them over this, how were they to do it?

Nothing but absolute despair had made her take the step she had. She had ventured to send a message to the young woman, telling her Lord Feringay had something to say to her. Angus had told her the girl was in London for Christmas, so though it was Christmas Eve, would Jim spare a little of his valuable time?

In a postscript, Augusta feared diplomacy was *no* use. The wretched creature was after *money*.

Lord Feringay folded up the letter.

"And what are *you* after?" he said out loud.

Then he pressed the electric bell by his side, on that little table which held his matchbox, with the regimental star on it, and the cigar cutter old Toby Hemingway had given him on his twenty-first birthday. He had time to light a cigarette before his invaluable servant, Parker, answered it.

"Look here"—Lord Feringay still spoke with the drawl of the 'eighties—"if a young lady calls, just show her up, will you, and bring tea, and the kind of cakes women like? You know them, Parker, I'm sure."

"Sugary, m'lord," Parker ventured.

"Yes, damned sugary, and open a fresh box of cigarettes, and get her name, too, and say it so that I can hear it."

"Very good, m'lord."

IF Parker felt any surprise at his lordship entertaining a strange young lady to tea on Christmas Eve, he was far too well trained to show it. Very few women came to Belgrave Square now, but Parker had been a long time with Lord Feringay and remembered other days: days when beautiful women had floated through the great black and white marble hall, wanting to see Lord Feringay, wanting to marry him too, Parker suspected shrewdly. But he hadn't married any of them, and in view of the sudden explosions of Mrs. Parker's temper, excellent cook though she was, Parker felt that Lord Feringay had chosen the better part.

There was a photograph by his lordship's bed, a photograph in a silver frame that was never moved. It stood by the travelling clock, just where the light from the bed lamp fell on it. Even Parker could see it was a wonderful face, a regular beauty,

"I'M glad to see you," he said. "Very good of you to call"

AST

Honour—Two in a Duel well fought

By

Lady Troubridge

tnough she mightn't be called that nowadays; with all those frizzy curls and plaits almost weighing down the small head. It was her expression that struck him, kind of gay and proud, yet not the hard "don't care" sort of look the girls had in the Society picture papers.

Stepping softly, Parker drew the deep velvet curtains across the tall windows, shutting out the bleak December day, put a coal or two on the fire with a gloved hand, and left.

The library was mellow, lofty, full of books, most of which Lord Feringay never read. He read *Ruff's Guide to the Turf*, and the *Peninsular Wars*, and he read *Jorrocks*, too, sometimes, and, as a matter of duty, *The Times* newspaper. He was not reading now, not even thinking, but his brief nap brought a dream. . . .

He was walking in the park with Lady Emily Lanchester, and he had screwed his courage to the sticking point, while her old mother talked to a friend. She was the beauty of the season, and he felt he wasn't good enough to call her carriage for her. She was "taken by surprise, it was very sudden, she had never thought of such a thing," but when all this had been gone through, she whispered "yes," and Jim Feringay had succeeded where at least four eligibles and a marquis had failed. Luckily the dream stopped there, with Emily's eyes starry under the brim of her drooping hat, the sunlight flickering through the leaves, and the horses stamping and shaking their bits in the May sunshine; for she had been killed that winter, out hunting, and there was nothing left for Jim but a photograph, and one thick, shining lock of hair pressed at the back of the frame, behind her last letter.

"I shall never look at anyone else," he had said to her mother, and he never had, though that kind woman had often begged him to do so.

Jim Feringay had been made that way, and Lord Feringay was very much like Jim, after fifty years.

"Miss Fancy Dean," announced Parker clearly.

Lord Feringay blinked for a moment, then grasped his stick and stood up slowly.

"I'm glad to see you," he said. Lord Feringay invariably pronounced "you" as "yer." "Very good of you to call."

Miss Fancy Dean was the modern equivalent to the toast of London, the most sought-after show girl that Horton had ever included among his "young ladies," but Lord Feringay did not know this. He saw only a thin girl, surprisingly young, and hardly at all painted, with slim legs emerging from a gorgeous fur coat, and wide blue eyes under an absurd little black cap, hardly a hat at all really. He noticed the soft, heavy fair hair, and her slender, arched feet, but he missed the beading on her eyelashes, the subtle clever touches of rouge hollowing each cheek. Very pretty, ladylike too, though a very slight suburban intonation crept in now and then, a touch of the genteel.

"Well, my lawyer, Mr. Cohen, didn't like my coming, but when I heard you were old, I didn't want to be rude."

This amused Lord Feringay. She had to wait while he laughed, and she waited politely.

He was really rather marvellous, tall and spare, the fine dome of his head sparsely covered with carefully brushed white hair, deep furrows in the long cheeks, a fine man still, dressed in elaborately cut clothes, with something different about them, like the clothes of an old beau on the stage.

"I'm not old," he laughed. "What makes you think that? You don't call eighty-two old, do you? I mean to live to be ninety-two, like my grandfather."

Miss Fancy Dean found no reply beyond a mechanical smile as she loosened her fur coat, and sat down on the edge of the big leather sofa, before the leaping fire.

"And what age do you call yourself?" he asked banteringly.

"I call myself twenty-two, and that's what I am."

"Well, you'll be better looking at thirty! That surprises you, doesn't it?"

Thirty. She gave a little scornful smile. Thirty was a long way off.

Then Parker brought in the heavy silver tea tray, and placed it in front of her.

"Will you pour out for his lordship, Miss?" he said in an undertone.

Lord Feringay admired her composure as she did so, but he didn't admire the vermilion colour of her nails. She refused the cakes with a slight shake of her head.

"Too fattening," she said briefly.

"I don't visit the theatre often now," he said, handing her the cigarette box. "What sort of a piece are you playing in?"

"It's a revue. Songs and dances," she explained.

"The only sort worth going to. They took me once to see a play by a fellow called Ibsen, and I can tell you I had a good sleep there."

Fancy laughed nervously, and the hand holding her cigarette shook ever so slightly.

"I remember those Gaiety pieces; we used to go night after night. Twenty nights running I've sat in the same stall just to watch a particular girl; the third from the left, or the fourth on the right. Do they do that now?"

"In a way, yes. Some girls have a great box office appeal."

"And you're one of them?"

"Yes," she admitted.

"Well, now, Miss Dean"—Lord Feringay looked awkward, stroked his grey moustache with a thin, well-kept old hand—"what about this nephew of mine?"

The young face under the absurd black cap hardened.

"I'm sorry, but I'm afraid nothing you say will alter me!"

"Of course not. Much more likely you'll get round me!" and the rumbling laugh broke out again.

"I'm not trying to get round anyone. I've been too hurt, too upset."

"But you can't think much of him, after the way he's treated you, can you?"

"I don't, Lord Feringay. I think he's an absolute skunk."

To her surprise Lord Feringay agreed heartily.

"Of course you do."

Immediately afterwards he unmasked the guns she had seen ambushed.

"Then why don't you let him go?"

Fancy hesitated. This old boy chose to ignore the point, and it was a difficult one to drive home to him in that quiet room where he sat, surrounded by the dignity and beauty which Angus had had it in his power to give her one day.

"Well," she said at last, "he's cheated me, that's what he's done. He's your heir, isn't he? I hope you'll live to be a hundred, Lord Feringay, but still—you understand——"

"He can make you a peeress when I'm planted," said Lord Feringay bluntly, "but what's the good of that, my dear?"

Fancy shrugged her slim shoulders, but he persisted.

"He'll let you down, as he has now; if he'd been worth having, he'd never have backed out. He's no use to a woman like you. It's not his fault; he never was any use—I've always known that."

"No *use* to me?" echoed Fancy, nonplussed by these strange arguments.

"Of course he isn't. D'you suppose it'll be any pleasanter being turned down as Lady Feringay? Of course not, and then he'll get six to four the best of it. Men do. You take my tip; there's only one sort to marry, and that's a chap who's a sticker, and the whole House of Lords will never make Angus that."

FANCY pulled out her lipstick, and applied it furtively, to give her confidence, to put her back in the world she understood. And all these feats the lipstick obligingly performed.

"All the same, money counts, Lord Feringay," she said.

"Not a bit of it, my dear. You think you've got us on toast." He laughed, but gently, at the figure of speech. "You're spending those thumping great damages already in your mind; but if you got them they'd be the ruin of you. You've got to be educated up to money, you know. I remember Bobby Scatters: he wrote a letter that cost him twenty thousand pounds, and I happened to hear what became of the girl. People preyed on her right and left, they got every bob out of her. Now, you take my advice. Go home and burn those letters he wrote you, then come and eat your Christmas dinner with me, and I'll drink your health in a bottle of the best. And, mark you, I've never toasted but one woman in my life, and that's the Queen."

Fancy Dean laughed, and her laughter was not kind or polite.

"GOD bless my soul, Angus, what have you turned up for?"

"I came to see if you'd got the letters," he stammered. "I didn't know Fancy was still here"

"I dare say it would suit you very well for me to do that!" But she added more gently: "It's nice of you to ask me to dine with you on Christmas Day, though, of course, I couldn't possibly come."

"Oh, I hope you'll come all the same," said Lord Feringay, shocked in his tradition of hospitality. "When I ask a lady to dine with me I mean it, you know. Never mind about the letters. I never really thought you'd burn them, though I had to give you the chance. You can't hope to meet a woman who'd do that every day. I knew one. She tore the letter into little bits, and sent it back to the fella, and he never so much as acknowledged it. There's a swine for you!"

"Just what I can imagine Angus doing."

"You're not dealing with Angus," he said, suddenly stern, "you're dealing with me."

Fancy felt rebuked. She glanced at her narrow diamond wrist watch.

"I mustn't waste your time," she said pointedly.

"I see, you're in a hurry," said Lord Feringay. "Well, what do you want, Miss Dean?"

There was a slight but perceptible change in his voice. It was as if a little cold air had blown through the pleasant warm room. It was, in fact, beginning to snow outside, but that wasn't it.

"I'm advised I'm entitled to at least six thousand," said Fancy Dean clearly, "a thousand for each letter."

"And what do *you* say?"

"I agree with Mr. Cohen."

"Well, Miss Dean, I'll give you my cheque after Boxing Day. I shall have to sell out stock. I don't keep more than a few hundreds in the house."

Fancy Dean's lips parted in a charming smile. This had been easier than she thought at first. She stood up.

"Thank you very much, Lord Feringay. I'd better go now."

"Oh, no need to go yet." His voice was kind again; he seemed to have forgotten he had been worsted. "We'll have something to eat by and by."

"But . . . but you must hate me," she blurted out.

"Not at all, not at all."

She noticed a slight fatigue in his voice. No doubt he was disappointed, poor old man.

"To tell you the truth," he explained further, "I never expected anything else. You see, it isn't everyone can take a high jump like that. You'd have been one in a thousand if you had. They found that out in the war. I was too old to be there myself, but I had something to do with it. Out of a hundred fellas eighty would scramble through, and twenty would do the most surprising things.

"Angus's two brothers were that kind. Jack Feringay just went for the enemy's guns with a small party, threw himself on one, and was blown from it, and Roddie went out after a chap on the barbed wire—and got him too. But they got Roddie. And Angus, who didn't see a shot fired, can't find anything better to do than treat a jolly little girl like you badly. That's the way of the world."

FANCY threw off her hat. This old man and his stories were having a weird effect on her. The *things* he said. No use to be a peeress or colossally rich! Better be blown up, or riddled with shrapnel dragging in some man who was probably dead already! Yet there was something fascinating about the way he looked at things. Because he really did look at them that way. Angus had described his uncle as an old bore. He would. Fancy, as keen a judge of a bore as any girl who doesn't intend to pay for her own supper grows to be, knew better.

Above the mantelpiece she saw a picture of a superb young man on an equally superb hunter. The set of the shoulders and something about the lift of the head told her who it was.

He must have been devastatingly attractive, she thought. Angus was nothing like him. She'd never wanted Angus, really; only when you got a chance like that you naturally took it, even though it meant turning down George, who was only a penniless soldier in an obscure line regiment, stuck in an unhealthy Indian station. George sometimes said things not unlike Lord Feringay. She'd have chosen George every time, if things had been equal.

It was curious how blue she felt, with that six thousand as good as in her bank. Lord Feringay hadn't asked her to bring the letters; just asked her to burn them . . . expected her to be a woman in a thousand. Well, she wasn't. She was one of the multitude, and every single thing she'd got she owed to herself, to her own charm and cleverness.

What did a General, who was also a Lord, and rich, know of the cut-throat struggle life was, even for the Fancy Deans? A motor accident, a bad illness, a few pounds of overweight, and where would her career be? And there was always the bogy of getting older. Now, anyhow, there would be six thousand pounds behind her. Three hundred a year Mr. Cohen had called it, and he knew a man who would invest it safely for her. An income for life because a silly boy had written a few letters. She was lucky, and no mistake; and yet she didn't feel lucky, she felt small and unimportant, and as if she'd missed something, something that would have given her quite a thrill. And if she'd been so mad as to give in, what then? To be toasted by General Lord Feringay, a man who only drank to his Queen.

Not much in that to leave a sense of loss because it would never happen now.

Parker came in again, breaking the silence.

"Your brandy, m'lord, and do you want anything else before I go home? The footman will serve your lordship's dinner. The snow's a bit thick now," he added, glancing at Fancy. "Should I call a taxi for the young lady?"

"I'll send her home in the car later. Dinner for two," said Lord Feringay.

He drank the brandy, and seemed revived.

Fancy was strangely embarrassed. All the social knowledge she had acquired gave her no clue how to meet this persistent hospitality offered by a man from whom she had just wrested six thousand pounds. It was all very awkward, that is, until dinner began.

BY the time Fancy had eaten her fillet of grilled sole and finished her first glass of cold dry champagne she felt quite as much at her ease as if she had been with her own crowd, and at this round table before the fire she felt as festive as she would have at the Savoy on a gala night. He really was marvellous, she admitted. It was of the old days he told her, of a world that had completely vanished. A world of whiskered guardsmen, splendidly swaggering, of sporting noblemen, known to every cabby in London, of extravagant younger sons flaunting about in their private hansoms. Of beautiful frail ladies of the stage, driving behind their high steppers, and later displaying generous curves in well-fitting tights behind the glaring gas footlights. A dazzling, spacious world, yet with certain inflexible rules, which, if broken, ended its picturesque glories with a flight abroad or a revolver shot. Lord Feringay told her of friendships begun at Eton, and ended only by a notice in the obituary columns, of fortunes pledged to save a friend's honour, of lives tossed away for a woman's name.

And in return Fancy told him about her world; about a party where every one had been dressed as children and arrived in prams; which Lord Feringay declared to be "damn stupid"; about gay evenings on the river. Lord Feringay wanted to know if Skindles was still there, and was relieved to hear it was, and as popular as ever.

Then, incredibly, after her second glass of champagne she told him of George. George, with his lean tanned face and his blue eyes, who adored her so hopelessly, never missed a single mail, never flirted even with the prettiest girls in the Station, because he'd set his heart on marrying her. In spite of the fact that, of course, (*Continued on page 76*)

The Drama of the ROAD

ROMANCE may come through inanimate objects—tragedy and comedy through things—as readily as through human beings.

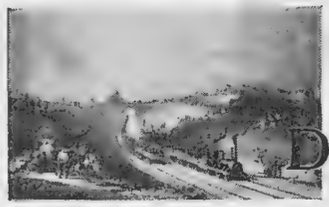
Consider the great Romantic Drama of the Roads of England—played for the last hundred years, and divided by the author into three neatly balanced Acts—*Prosperity: Desertion: The Happy Ending.* The drama is completed by a Villain of the Piece, the monstrous, snorting *Steam Engine,* trailing its heavy burden on the iron road which scars the face of the lovely countryside. This evil influence dominates the whole of the Second Act.

Then comes the Rescue, the Fairy Prince, sweeping all before him—the triumphant *Motor Car,* its heart beating with the throb of the internal combustion engine and the spark of life hidden in the magnetic ignition. Perhaps at first a clumsy Rescuer, but effectively rousing the deserted road from its fifty years' sleep. At its entrance the *Drama of the Road* revives. "The wheel has come full circle."

The play has a *Prologue.* The great Roman highways which, during the three hundred years of the Eagles, stretched straight and serene through the length and breadth of the land—the Watling Street, the Fosse Way, the Ermine Street—how the legions thundered over the narrow highways, straight as the modern roads of France, and paved where the surface was soft. So they preluded on foot the great lines of transport which, spreading like nerves through a living body, bound the scattered British lands into one coherent whole — the *Kingdom of England.*

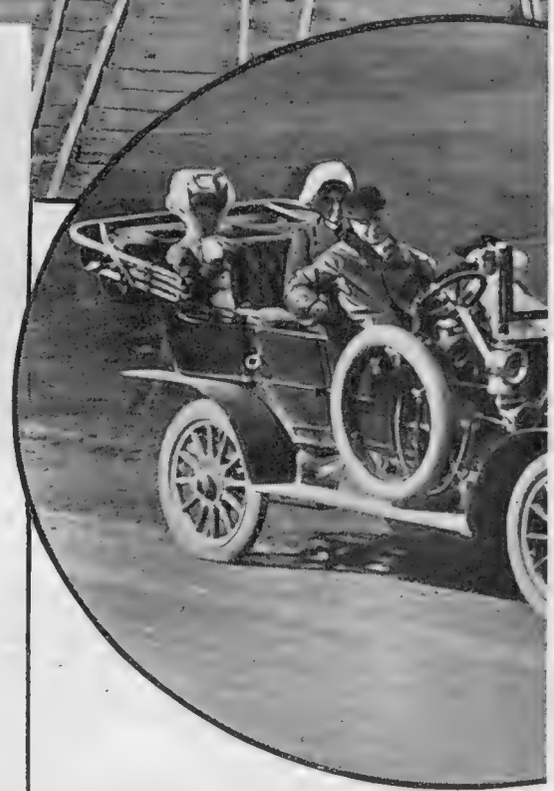
Over fourteen hundred years afterwards the fruits of their toil ripened, and for a full century such a system of road transport flourished in the United Kingdom of England, Scotland, and Wales as was the envy of her Continental neighbours. The *Stage Coaches* with unlimited passengers and luggage—the flying *Mails* in which both were strictly limited (passengers by these were allowed only 14 lb. of baggage and only three "outsides" might be taken)—the *Post-Chaises* filled with the rich, who disdained to travel in a public conveyance—the light *Cabriolets, Gigs,* and *Traps* driven by the young and enterprising—the heavy *baggage-fourgons,* the country carts, and, finally, the livestock, cattle, sheep, geese, and fowls, which crowded into the towns and cities on foot—all these produced such a scene of businesslike bustle

Act 1
Prosperity

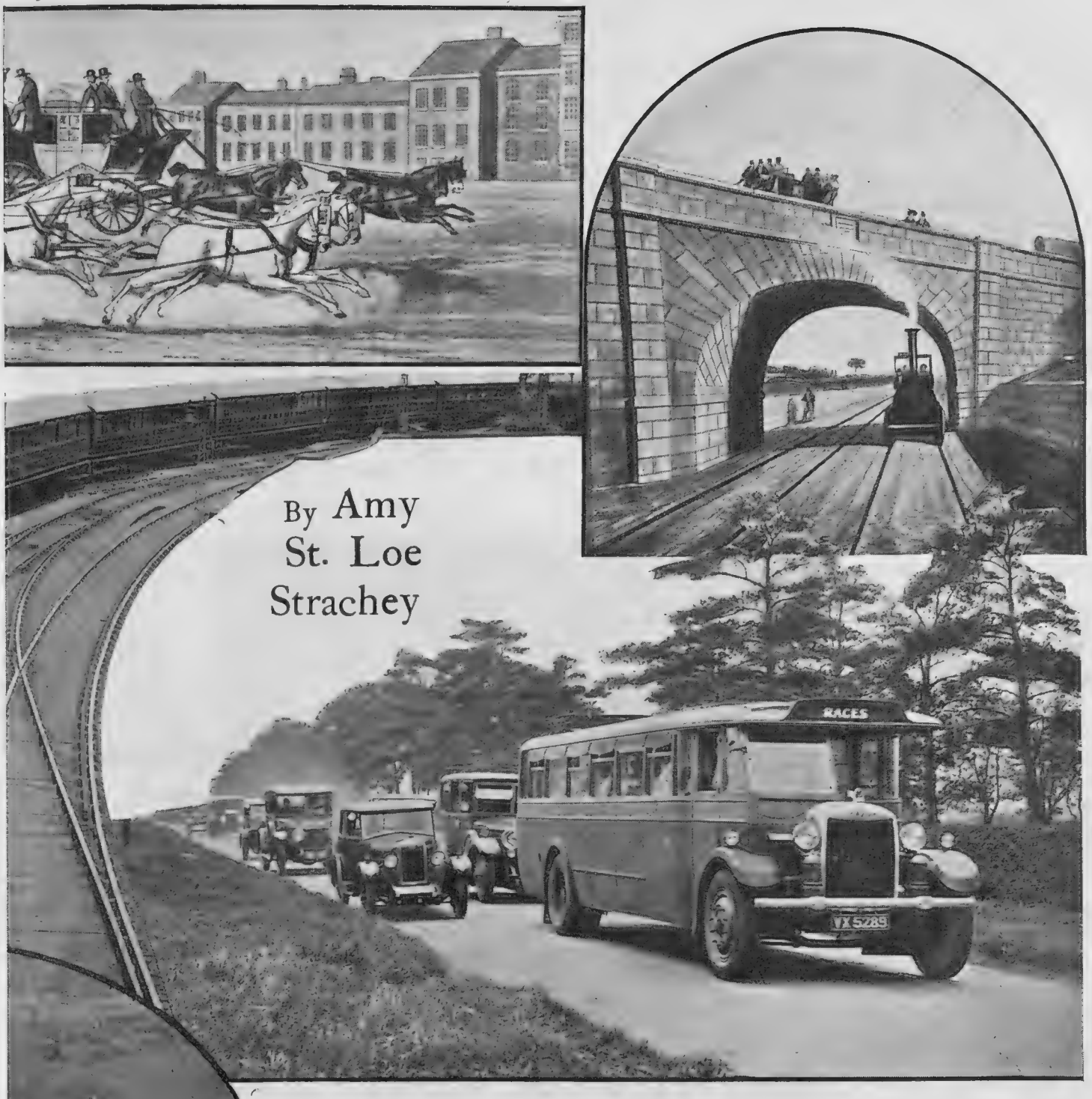


Act 2
Desertion

Act 3
The Happy Ending



A SOUVENIR of the early "beautiful model" photographed no saloon bodies nor stream- could see over the hedges when country side at the "breakneck



By Amy St. Loe Strachey

TOP: A scene from Act I (1818). *The Oxford and opposition coaches passing Hyde Park Toll Gate. Top right and centre: Act II. One of the first railway trains passing under Rainhill Bridge, on the Manchester and Liverpool railway, and the Flying Scotsman, the latest type of train. Above: Act III. A saloon coach and private cars on the Newmarket road.*

days of Motoring. "A in 1906 *when cars had line finish, and one passing through the speed" of* 40 *m.p.h.*

on the roads as to serve as a lively, animated, and noisy *Act I* to our *Drama of the Highway*.

You may stage it where you please —at a turnpike gate, where the pushing, jostling crowd of vehicles keeps the gate-keeper busy all day and a large part of the night collecting tolls; at a busy *Posting Inn* on the great road to the North, where mail coaches are dashing up for a hasty snack before their all-night journey in the dark, where post-chaises with rival parties of fashionable (and extremely particular) guests compete for the best accommodation for the night; on lonely stretches of the road, running through heath and common, where the guard looks to the priming of his pistols and the coachman whips up his horses to get through to the next village —everywhere the Panorama of the Highway is moving, and the scene is full of the Romance of Living.

Think, too, of the amount of detailed organisation needed to enable the long journeys (so long a feature of English life) to run smoothly and without a hitch—at any rate, under normal circumstances.

TAKE the posting system. We know that a stage consisted of from nine to sixteen miles. After this a change of horses was necessary. How were these horses baited? What agency provided the necessary accommodation? For a horse cannot be fed through a snake-like pipe coming out of a pump. How was it that fresh horses were always waiting ready harnessed for the flying coaches' lightning changes, and that the travellers in the post-chaises had not to suffer long hours of waiting in their inn?

The secret lay in the vast *Posting Centres* scattered throughout the length and breadth of the country, where incredible numbers of horses were stabled ready for the roads. The figures of these Posting Centres are startling, and reached to

between three and four thousand horses. Fees for posting included the return journey for the horses, so that, unlike the railway trucks of the present day, they did not constantly wander away from their own base.

The old Road Books are excellent guides to the way in which the organisation worked, their information serving our *Drama* for *decor*, just as books and pictures of bygone days serve the *Theatre*.

Very early in the nineteenth century Daniel Paterson, Esq., Assistant Quartermaster-General of His Majesty's Forces, prepared two volumes entitled

BRITISH ITINERARY,
being
A new and accurate
Delineation and Description
of the
Direct and Principal
CROSS ROADS
of
GREAT BRITAIN.

Professing himself in his preface as "animated with a desire of excelling" in his Profession, (that of Arms), and regarding a high "degree of accuracy and precision as necessary for conducting the movements of an army," he announces that he has acquired a "thorough knowledge of the *Roads*, *Towns*, and even *Villages of Note* in the Kingdom." Further, he tells us that in his two volumes surveys of the principal roads of Great Britain are "elegantly Engraved in 450 columns, each comprehending about 18 miles in length," and that at the top of each he has provided "a summary of that part of the road given therein, which may serve the Traveller as a compendium, or short account of the stages on the *Road* he proposes to take." Then follow such detailed instructions as to the use of the book as might with great advantage be copied in the Road Books of to-day. As a *bonne bouche*, our Quartermaster-General provides, "*each in their proper place*, a description of Seats, Castles, Parks, Antiquities, Historical Anecdotes, Produce and Commerce of particular Places; together with Directions for turning, or altering his Course upon the Journey."

But, practical as our Quartermaster-General may be, he does not furnish such delightful small illustrations as are to be found in another Road Book of the same, or a slightly earlier, date, with the charming title, *Britannia Depicta*. This prefaces each road with a little summary of the mileage, enclosed in a decorated border, besides containing pictures of delightful Achievements in Coats of Arms. The arms of the Archbishop of York with St. Peter's keys, of the Bishop of Winchester, who pierces the same keys with the sword of Justice, and of the Deanery of Ripon, with the Paschal Lamb, are all specially interesting.

The surface of the road was made suitable for fast driving in the Great Days of Coaching by the exertions of Telford about the time of Waterloo, and of McAdam some ten or twelve years later. How attractive are the names of the express coaches! Think of the *Flying Machine* which plied to Bath, the *Manchester Telegraph*, the *Exeter Defiance*, and, further, of the *Independent Tallyho*, which on the day when the Coaches undertook a special race against time—May Day—covered the 109 miles between London and Birmingham, in the year 1830, in seven hours thirty minutes.

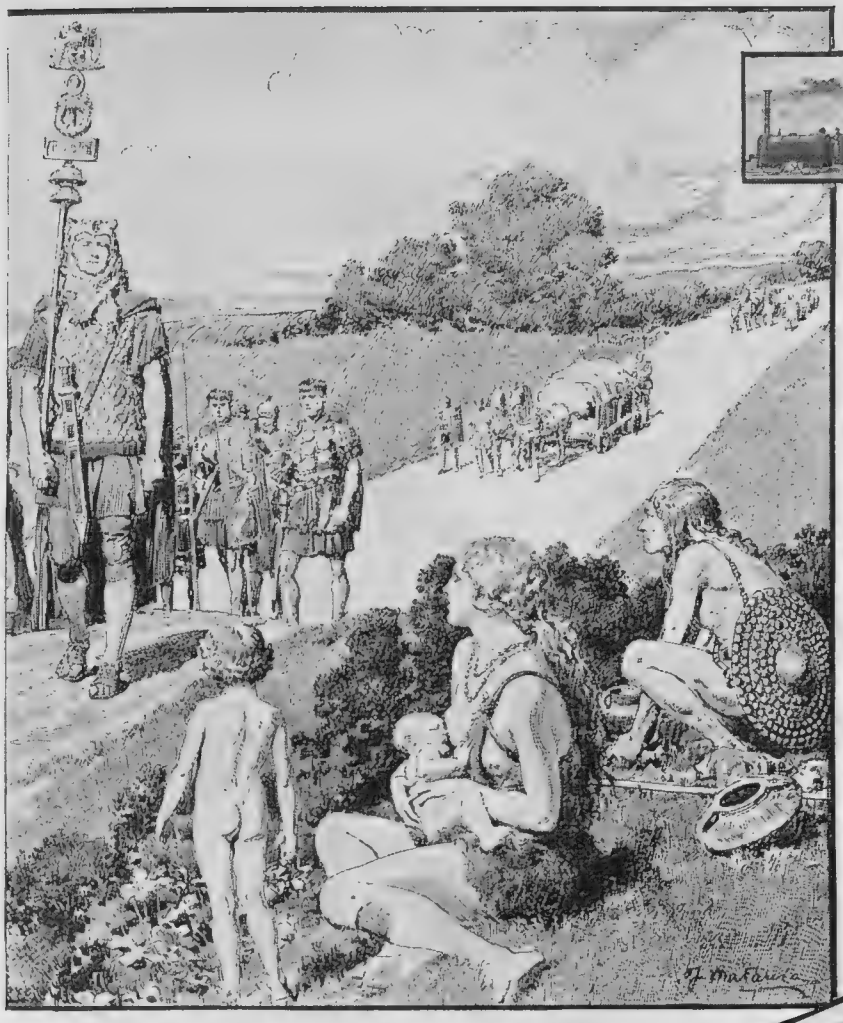
May Day, 1830.—It was the meridian of the Coaching Days, for in that very year—only three months later—a long, ominous whistle was heard in the neigh-

BELOW: The Post-chaise held up at a toll gate. Reproduced from a coloured lithograph, circa 1840

ABOVE: The fine old Inns are refurbished and refurnished. A newly painted sign on classical lines

ABOVE (left): The people, no longer shut away in boxes on an iron track, discover once more the highways and byways of their land

THE early days of train travel. Euston station as it was in 1837



THE great Roman highways which, during the three hundred years of the Eagles, stretched straight and serene through the length and breadth of the land. ("The Straight Way," by F. Matania, R.I., drawn for Messrs. Drages and reproduced by their kind permission)

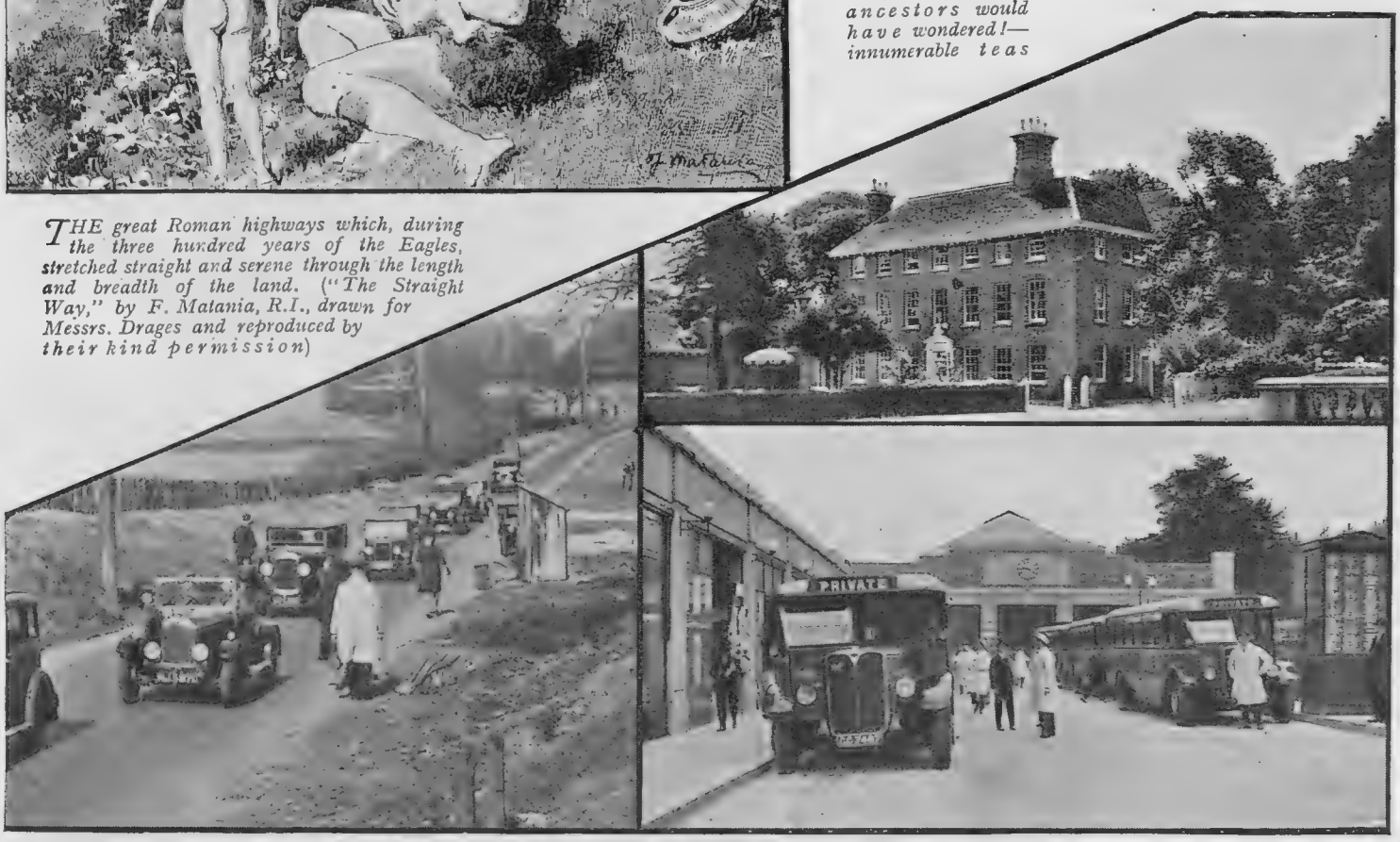
THE railway in 1830. A first-class passenger train on the Manchester and Liverpool railway

land and "the County" discovered the utility of the railways as covert hacks which saved their horses by depositing the sportsmen in the full panoply of top boots and pink at the nearest station to the Meet. Fierce was the strife and many were the disputes between the great landlords, who refused to sell their land, and the Railway Companies, who could not construct their lines until they had acquired it.

Even the companies themselves had their internecine strife, and the battle between the broad and narrow gauge systems was prolonged and bitter.

A little volume published thirty years ago, called "*The Story of Rapid Transit*," by Mr. Beckles Willson, gives a most entertaining account of a journalistic election stunt really

BELOW: A Posting-house reopened after years of disuse ready to serve all customers with luncheons, dinners, beds, and—how our ancestors would have wondered!—innumerable teas



THE Song of the Open Road. Down to the Sea in Cars. Early morning traffic on the Brighton road

THE Posting Centres turn into huge garages. Motor coaches leaving a London terminal station

bourhood of Liverpool, and the curtain slowly prepared to ring down on *Act I, Prosperity*.

In the autumn of that year, the Prime Minister, "The Duke," as everyone called him without taking the trouble to add "of Wellington," formally opened the iron road on which the *Steam Engine* was to supersede the *Horse*. In vain did crusty old Tories, as related later in *Punch*, regard with dismay the railroads which would be sure to stop fox hunting and look forward to the time when they would be done away with "and we go back to the old-fashioned coaches again."

It was only fifteen years from the Duke's excursion that trains were running backwards and forwards throughout the undertaken to prove the superiority of the narrow gauge, but which any reporter of to-day would have been proud to have to his credit.

George Hudson, the "Railway King," was standing in 1845 for election as Member for Sunderland. To show that speed could be attained on the narrow gauge a Mr. Allport on polling day ordered a special service of trains to be in readiness in the afternoon to take him to London. By about five o'clock the returns for the voting for every half hour during the poll would be ready, and these were to be collected and handed to him. He journeyed with frightful rapidity and constant change of trains from Sunderland to York, and from York onwards to Rugby, Wolverton, and Euston. (*Continued on page* 83)

Should a Woman Fight?

Illustrated by Gerald Pulleyn

"YOU must tell her to-night when you go home, or I'm through!"

"That means divorce, Val." Harry Brook's tone was a stricken appeal for mercy, but the woman ignored it. She ground the stub of her cigarette into a Lalique ash tray, flung white arms behind her head and settled deeper into the black velvet davenport.

"Time, too." Her voice was as lazy as her relaxed body. The man was silent awhile looking at her hopelessly. He saw her point of view. She was right. It was fair. But he said, "Carey isn't an ordinary woman. Sort of defenceless somehow—domestic and simple. Up to no tricks. How can I tell her?"

Valerie wasn't simple. She said, "Don't tell her. Let's call it good-bye." Her voice was sleepier than ever, and her eyes had closed. Harry went on looking at her, indecision and misery working his tormented face. Carey was like a crystal vase. You could see right through her. But there was a warm darkness in Valerie that drew a man. She knew how to use beauty. There was beauty all about her. She walked into a room and it became a shrine. Or so it seemed to the man. Anyhow he couldn't live without her. She was a fever in his blood.

"All right, darling, I'll tell her. I'll fix it." She let him kiss her then, but they were suffering, desperate kisses. Brook had a horror of scenes, and his dread of the future was like a cloud about him. He put Valerie from his arms. He felt too unhappy for love. He would have to wait till the tumult had died down to regain his lost Paradise.

THERE was no tumult. Driving home he planned to break the news to Carey in the morning just before he was leaving for the office. But looking into her clear eyes decided him against such a cowardly course of action. Once he had started his misery came tumbling from him. The first thing Carey said was, "But won't it be harassing for you to live with an actress? You need such a quiet life."

How like Carey to think living with an actress would be hectic. He could have laughed. "Valerie Storm lives as quietly as any other kind of woman." Then he was conscious of a vague disillusionment. Did he mean so little to her that his wife wouldn't shed a tear? He said, "Aren't you surprised, Carey?" She shook her small leaf-brown head. "I've expected it a long time. Women aren't blind or deaf. Well, I'm glad it's over." And that was that—for the night, anyhow.

Having discovered there was to be no acrimony or bitterness, Harry was disposed to sit up half the night and justify himself, but his wife's heart was crying for the healing solitude of darkness. She could keep a calm front just so long, and no longer. She bade him good night with friendly indifference and went alone up the stairs. He heard her moving her things into the spare room for the night. "Of course," he thought, mixing himself a stiff drink, "I must move out to-morrow."

If she had stayed awake through the night thinking, there was no trace of her vigil on her face in the morning. Her eyes were green like clear sea water, and her cheeks were always white as pear blossom. She never tinted them. A man with a little less on his mind might have come to the conclusion that she had done a great deal of thinking, but not so Harry. He found her the same Carey as usual, her thoughts possessed by the same things.

They had breakfast alone together. He wished he could comfort her. Harry Brook was a simple, kind-hearted, generous and honest man, and he could not fathom how anything so dramatic and shattering could have happened to them. He

Valerie was no longer listening. She had picked up her script and was declaiming aloud.

could not say the words that rose to his lips. Carey spoke at last. "It's going to be awfully difficult being a woman alone, Harry. I'm not that kind of woman. Oh, I know you'll leave me fixed up all right with the house and a settlement and everything. But a growing boy needs a man, and you've taken care of us for nearly ten years."

His heart warmed to her unsophisticated helplessness, and he was touched by her faith in his generosity. Also, she was not going to use the children to hurt him. She was going to let him see them.

"This is nineteen thirty-one, dear. We'll be friends as always. I'll make the house over to you to-day and arrange a settlement. I'll see to the children. Fix their schools and take them in hand if they begin to get troublesome. You'll be safe and you'll be cared for."

Her control weakened a little and her lovely eyes swam with tears. "That's a weight off my mind," she said with a sigh. She came out to the garage to see him off. It was obviously an effort to keep her lips steady when she saw him throw a bag into the car. But she smiled. "You must admit I'm modern, not making a scene."

Harry clung to Valerie's image to stiffen his resolution. "I almost wish you had, Carey. I feel a brute." She offered him her hand. "Don't feel that way. You never were. These things can happen to anyone. Good luck, Harry—and happiness."

By Olga Hall-Brown

BROOK did not feel as good as he had expected to on his way to the City. The suspense which had racked him for weeks was lifted and the tension was over. Everything was set for the future. He hated deception. He was out in the open now, and the lying was finished. He went to Valerie's apartment instead of going straight to the bank.

She was sitting up in bed drinking coffee and sorting out a vast pile of letters. The bedroom was warm and soft to tread on, colourful and perfumed. Either Valerie always made herself up before rising, or she was expecting him. No matter—she was as lovely as an orchid, and in the same passionate way. Harry Brook could never understand his great good fortune. She had so many admirers.

But Valerie felt the shifting of the solid ground beneath her feet, and most of her admirers were feeling it also. There was a stability and security about Harry Brook, qualities all too rare in a crumbling world. They lay in his character and his work, his solid investments, his hatred of gambling in any form, and his refusal to back theatrical ventures. He would never make spectacular money, but he would never be broke.

Besides, he had enough romantic physical charm to do any woman credit, incongruously combined with the dog-like devotion which all women expect to last for ever. Valerie smiled at him now, and again her spell was woven about him. She was beyond price—worth everything—anything a man might have to do in order to own her.

He sat on the edge of her bed and poured out some coffee. "It's all over," he said. "No tears—no trouble." Valerie raised delicate fly-away eyebrows.

"You mean she didn't show any fight?"

"None whatever." Harry's spirits were rising now. He took Valerie's hand and kissed her finger tips. She accepted the homage absently. She was surprised.

"Harry, you said Carey was domestic and simple."

"So she is, Val. It was pathetic. She said she was modern, not making a scene."

Val shook her head slowly. "She calls that modern, not showing any fight!"

"Well, it is, isn't it?"

The actress laughed. "I'm modern, Harry, but I love you. Just look at another woman with *my* look, and peace will be no more." Harry laughed too, well pleased. It was good to think of a woman being possessive—while you were in love with her. Then Valerie's amber eyes clouded. "It isn't over," she said. "Maybe she'll change her mind. She may make trouble yet."

Carey didn't. The divorce went through as smoothly and amicably as a well-arranged marriage. It was a year before she communicated personally with Harry. By a fortunate coincidence Valerie happened to be on tour, or maybe Carey knew it, and Harry was at a loose end in the City. At a very loose end, for he was missing his summer week-ends in the lakeside garden, and strangely enough even in nineteen thirty-two many of his friends' country homes were closed to him. Carey called him up at the bank on Saturday morning.

"I hate troubling you, Harry," she said, "but Jerry has to have his tonsils out, and I feel I should have your opinion on who should do it."

"The best of everything, of course," he said promptly.

"I knew you'd say that, Harry, but couldn't you come out to see him?"

Harry thought rapidly. He wouldn't be free till three in the afternoon. He had a date when

the office closed. And if he went out in the morning she might give him lunch and he'd have a cool, peaceful day in the country.

"Will to-morrow morning do, Carey?"

"That'll be fine," she said. "Maybe you can stay for the day and play with the children."

IT was early June and a blazing hot Sunday. Harry drove out of town like a man released from jail. He thought of the low white house, with the grey-green roof and the green shutters, the lawns sloping down to the cool blue waters of the lake, with a feeling of delicious anticipation of a celestial day.

Little Anne ran down the front lawn shouting "Hullo, Daddie," as if he had never been away. He gathered up the fragrant bundle and kissed it. Jerry followed more slowly. He had a bandage round his neck, and was weighed down by a sense of his own importance. "I'm not at all well, Daddie," he said solemnly, "did you bring me anything?" A year had gone by, but was the world a day older? The children were bigger, certainly, but it did not seem so.

He walked into the airy hall with the children clinging to him. There was a new shining parquet floor in place of the tiles, and there were bouquets of early roses in vases. Carey came running down the stairs in a crisp white organdie frock.

"So glad to see you, Harry," she said without embarrassment. She looked at him searchingly as they walked towards the water's edge in the revealing sunlight. "You look pale. You need rest and fresh air. You must come down Sundays if Valerie will let you, and have some peace."

Peace! He had almost forgotten there was such a thing. The stillness of Valerie's over-furnished apartment when she was working in the evening was not peace. Neither were the Sundays when it bulged to bursting with chattering and pushing people. It had been stimulating at first. So much clever talk—so much laughter—so much inside knowledge of a curiously sophisticate and yet Bohemian world. He had felt his finger on the pulse of life. What a delusion!

He knew now they were always saying, feeling and thinking the same things. Their minds moved in circles like everyone else's. It wasn't escape either, driving out to some road house behind a barricade of parked cars—not like driving to your own home set in green lawns to sit at your own lakeside under your own willows.

He sank into a long chair under the cool roof of a tree with a sigh of contentment. "It's a lovely place," he said with appreciation. Carey looked back at the kindly green-shuttered face of the house. "I know. I've loved it even more since it became my own." Yes, it was hers, of course. And in her voice an unmistakable pride of possession. She added, "But, of course, you built it with your work. I'd like you to enjoy it whenever you want to."

HARRY BROOK felt a twinge of conscience. Carey was a good sportsman. No, he must not feel like this. He had treated her very well. She had as much for herself and the children as he had for himself and Valerie, and a fine house and car into the bargain.

She remembered his love of his quiet Sundays, and presently she brought the papers and took the children away.

"What about Jerry's throat?" he asked lazily.

"That'll do after tea," she said, "your eyes look tired. You need a quiet day."

SHE went away herself then. He did not open the papers. He lay and dreamed by the lakeside and watched the dragonflies darting in the sun. If only he and Valerie could have a place like this. They could, of course, if Valerie would help. But she seemed to be in some panic and was banking her money, or else she

SHE answered it, and announced: "It's your wife"

wouldn't admit that she didn't like the country. It was restful to forget it all anyhow and just dream and watch the rippling of sunlit water. His eyes closed and he slept.

It was four o'clock when he woke with Carey standing over him. "I didn't wake you for lunch," she said smiling. "You look better already." She had a cocktail shaker on a tray and some sandwiches. "It will spoil your supper if you have anything much now." They had supper on the terrace as the sun was sinking over the far shore of the lake. He remembered Jerry as he drove back to town. They had forgotten to talk about him. He would call up in the morning. He remembered to telephone on Wednesday.

Carey said, "Oh, that's all fixed now. It was done yesterday. He's getting on fine. Better come and see him next Sunday."

The vision of the cool green garden buoyed him up through the last baking days of the week.

He went down every Sunday while Valerie was away. She came back in the beginning of August, and Harry took her away for a three-weeks vacation before starting rehearsals on her new play. "How's the child?" she asked indifferently. Harry had written that he had been going down to see him.

"Quite well now, Valerie." Her voice was casual, but there was a hint of steel beneath it. "No need to go to Beechwood any more then." Harry caught the faint tone of displeasure. He replied immediately—"But I wouldn't want to be out of town when you are home."

CAREY called him up late in September. "Harry, you'll have to advise me about the roof. Simmons says it should be done before the winter."

Harry said, "I've a busy day on to-morrow, but I'll do my best."

He said to Valerie in the morning. "I wish we could have a quiet Sunday all to ourselves. All week I long for peace." She snapped back at him. "It's the only day I get to see my friends, and I work much harder than you do. Day after day I tear myself to pieces—perhaps that's why I'm too restless for quietness——"

He looked at her sitting up in bed smoking, with th eSunday papers littered all around her. She didn't tear herself to pieces at all, and her Sunday gatherings fed her egotism. As soon as people began to arrive she would assume glamour, beauty, magnetism, charm. They said she was electric. He smiled to himself. She could certainly switch it on and off at will. All the same, he loved her. She was a fever in his blood. He walked restlessly round the room. Valerie said, "I can't bear you doing that. Why don't you go out if you must walk? This place is too small."

HE kissed her and went. It was a soft September morning with a haze like a veil of silk across the sky. His feet strayed in the direction of the garage. Soon he was leaving the city behind and taking the road to Beechwood. There were scarlet and orange shadows on the leaves after the baking summer days.

Carey said, "I'm so glad you've come." She linked her arm in his in a friendly, impersonal manner. "I persuaded Simmons to come over to see you if I telephoned. He knows you have no other time." Simmons came. Harry went over all the necessary repairs with him, and told him what to do. It was wonderful walking round the gardens, looking at the windows, the roofs, the walls. There was nothing like a man's own home. Carey thanked him sweetly. "It's such a weight off my mind," she said; "I'm so foolish about these things."

Harry looked at the lunch being laid out on the terrace. It was remarkable what a gift such a simple woman had for running a home. It ran on oiled wheels. The food was always good, the wine rightly chosen, the beds and chairs supremely comfortable. There was no domestic conflict. She did not rule her servants as other women did, but she had a way with them. She specialised in all the arts of peace. If only Valerie could appreciate the charm of occasional

quietude, but Valerie— However, his blood quickened at the thought of her. She had a wild vagrant charm, a fascination not to be gainsaid. His thoughts took vivid form. The art of disturbance—that was hers.

Simmons put his notebook in his pocket and began to speak. Harry found himself promising to be down next Sunday to look at progress and approve.

He arrived home at nine expecting trouble. The apartment was filled with people as usual. Except for the fact that she had lunched alone, Valerie had not missed him. She did not ask him where he had been. He did not know whether to be annoyed or pleased. But it teased him. However, she said on the following Sunday, "please stay home to-day." He said, "I can't, I have an appointment with a builder to see about some quite extensive repairs."

Valerie's mouth hardened. "So that's where you were—after promising not to go down any more."

Harry was cold and formal. "This is necessary business. I told you when I left Carey there were certain things I would always have to take care of. Surely you're not jealous of her?"

He had struck the right note. Valerie laughed. "Of course not." Her derision was was perfectly genuine. "But I miss you, darling."

Harry kissed her with ardour. "I'll see the man, and I'll be right back." It appeared, however, that Simmons could not be over till five. It was the first Sunday in October. The sky clouded over as Harry was driving out, and when he reached Beechwood it had begun to rain. A thin, driving, chill rain. It was cold enough for a fire. Carey had a fire of logs in the library, and there were bowls of tawny chrysanthemums on the window sills. There were new velvet curtains at the windows—a sunlit colour of old gold, and the oak had been stripped to its natural colour and waxed. She drew a deep leather saddle-bag chair to the fireside, and said, "see, I found a pair of your old slippers." He put them on gratefully and stretched hands and feet to the blaze. There is something unfriendly about the iron faces of synthetic hearth fires.

A MAID brought lunch in and put it on a small table beside the fire. Carey had it alone with him. "I felt like a quiet day myself," she said, "so the children have some school friends to spend the day up in the nursery."

He looked at her while she knitted a little cap. She was curled up in the big chair opposite him. There was some change about her. What was it? She seemed unconscious of his scrutiny. Yes, she was looking younger, growing prettier. She had a finish she had never had before. Her hair was curled so beautifully, her skin so exquisitely groomed. Funny she didn't marry again. In a way she was as attractive as Valerie—in her own way, of course. He decided not to ask her if she had thought of marrying again. He would see red if another man walked about the house he had built. It was hers, and she had a right to it—but still—

He did not glance at the new books she had placed on the table at his elbow. He mused, looking through the leaded panes at the willows. (*continued on p.* 96)

IT was four o'clock when he woke, with Carey standing over him. "I didn't wake you for lunch," she said, smiling. "You look better already." She had a cocktail shaker on a tray, and some sandwiches.

Strange Chapters *in* History:

Romantic *Cameos* of *Long* Ago

Retold *and* Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.

No 1. *Spartacus and the Rebellion of the Gladiators*

TO appreciate the story of Spartacus, that brilliant rebel who, in 73 B.C. terrorised Rome almost as much as Hannibal, one must appreciate the background against which his exploits still blaze like jewels. Gems of mercy and heroism which, bespattered with the mud of invective hurled at it by the historians of Rome, yet remain unstained, unscarred, and unspoiled in retrospect even to the present day.

In the early days, when Rome was a republic ruled by annually elected consuls, the custom obtained of killing slaves and captives at the funerals of notables in honour of the glorious dead. The Etruscans were the first of recorded people to stage combats between *servi*, a fashion which spread until such an entertainment became the invariable and, indeed, the inevitable practice at the obsequies of any man of position.

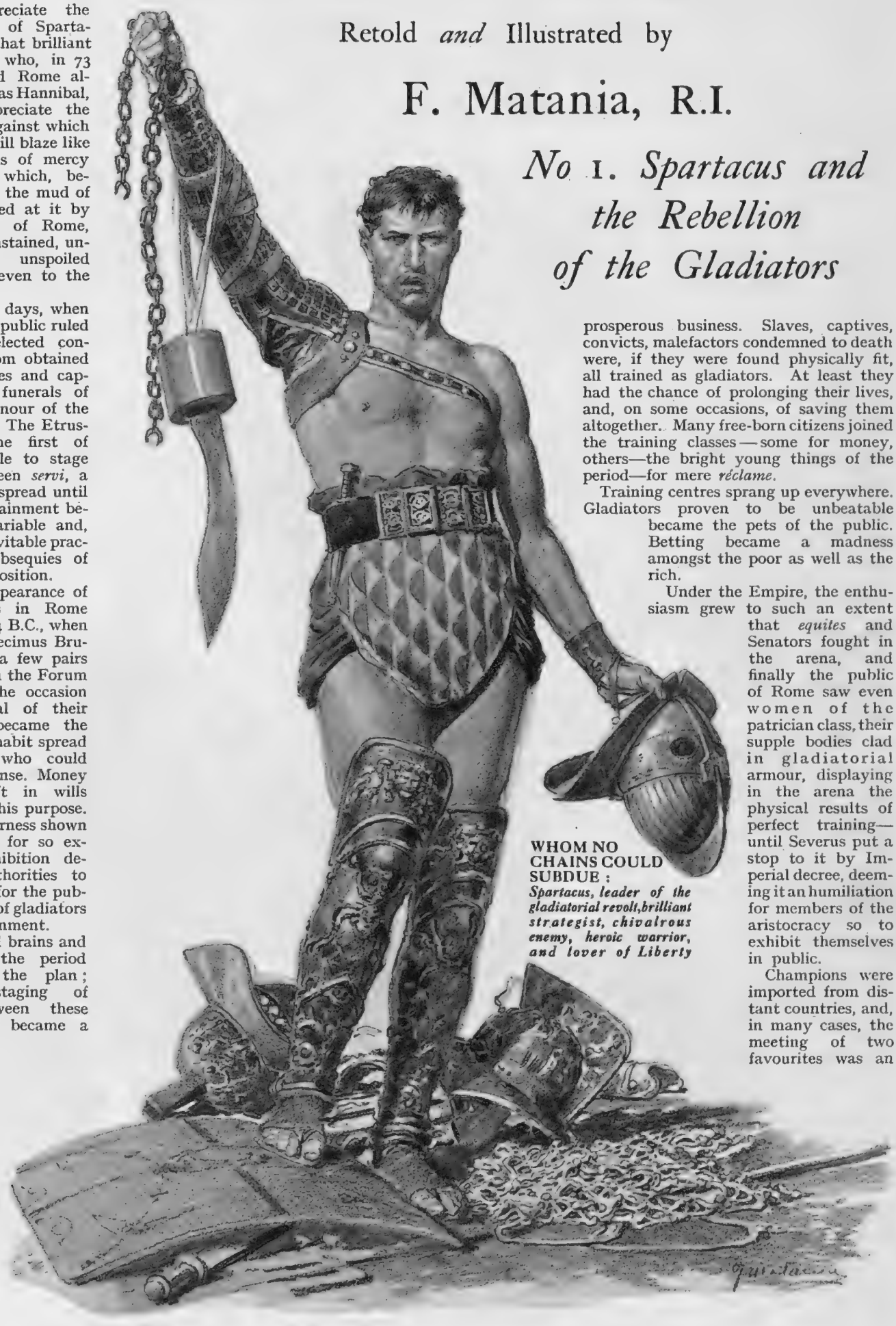
The first appearance of the gladiators in Rome occurred in 264 B.C., when Marcus and Decimus Brutus exhibited a few pairs of gladiators in the Forum Boarium on the occasion of the funeral of their father. It became the rage, and the habit spread to everyone who could afford the expense. Money was even left in wills expressly for this purpose. Later, the eagerness shown by the public for so exciting an exhibition decided the authorities to grant licences for the public appearance of gladiators as an entertainment.

The financial brains and showmen of the period seized upon the plan; and the staging of combats between these poor wretches became a prosperous business. Slaves, captives, convicts, malefactors condemned to death were, if they were found physically fit, all trained as gladiators. At least they had the chance of prolonging their lives, and, on some occasions, of saving them altogether. Many free-born citizens joined the training classes — some for money, others—the bright young things of the period—for mere *réclame*.

Training centres sprang up everywhere. Gladiators proven to be unbeatable became the pets of the public. Betting became a madness amongst the poor as well as the rich.

Under the Empire, the enthusiasm grew to such an extent that *equites* and Senators fought in the arena, and finally the public of Rome saw even women of the patrician class, their supple bodies clad in gladiatorial armour, displaying in the arena the physical results of perfect training—until Severus put a stop to it by Imperial decree, deeming it an humiliation for members of the aristocracy so to exhibit themselves in public.

Champions were imported from distant countries, and, in many cases, the meeting of two favourites was an



WHOM NO CHAINS COULD SUBDUE:
Spartacus, leader of the gladiatorial revolt, brilliant strategist, chivalrous enemy, heroic warrior, and lover of Liberty

event which caused an incredible to-do. Many were the methods of fighting, and various the weapons. There was the equestrian fight with lance and shield; the blindfold fight, which afforded a great deal of amusement to the public; the fight of squad against squad; naval fights in boats in the flooded arena—but the favourite was that of the *Secutor*, armed with sword and shield, against the *Retiarius* with his trident and net.

As a boy, he had been a shepherd on the sunny hills of his native Thrace; then a soldier, but the restrictions of military discipline provoked the reaction inevitable in a man born free, and he deserted. Unfortunately, the only alternative left to him was to become an outlaw. For some time he succeeded in defending his freedom, but he was eventually arrested, sold as a slave to Lentulus and sent to Capua to become a appointed leader. Two fellow-prisoners, Crixus and Oenomaus, famous swordsmen of Gaulish origin, were his lieutenants. They all agreed that it were better to die fighting for freedom than for the amusement of a frantic and bloodthirsty crowd.

A SECRET is a thing to be preserved only when carefully restricted—*Sécret de deux, sécret de Dieu : sécret de*

ARMS FOR THE REBELS: *The Spartacists seize on the ox-wagon-loads of gladiatorial armour encountered on the road from Capua to Naples. The tridents wielded by* Retiari *are discernible above—weapons never used by the legionaries*

THE number of gladiators exhibited on some occasions was unbelievable. During the festivities celebrating the Dacian victories of Trajan, no fewer than 10,000 gladiators appeared in the Amphitheatre.

The most important training centres were at Ravenna and at Capua, specially chosen for the salubrity of their climate. There, in addition to the national school and barracks, many private owners kept their gladiators fit and ready under their instructors, termed *Lanistæ*.

One day, a superb specimen of youthful strength entered the private *palestra* of Gn. Lentulus Batiatus at Capua. The young man had too many remarkable qualities to undergo the ordeal of the novitiate, the more so as he was an exceptionally gently-mannered man and far above his position of slave, captive, and ex-bandit. Spartacus was his name. member of his school in that city, where a couple of hundred other gladiators were undergoing their training for the Roman circus.

The healthy life, the nourishing food, known by the name of *gladiatoria sagina*, supplied in order to increase the strength of the body (whence Cicero speaks of *gladiatoria corporis firmitas*), the comparative freedom enjoyed in the *palestra* were scanty privileges to Spartacus. Nothing could diminish his sadness at being a prisoner fattened up, so to speak, for the final slaughter.

Soon after his arrival, discontent made its appearance in the school. Evidently Spartacus had found a congenial ground among the *morituri* (those doomed to die) and a plot to escape was hatched. Every detail was carefully and meticulously arranged. Spartacus was

trois, sécret de tous. Spread over two hundred accomplices, it soon leaked out. So did the news of the stern measures about to be taken. Without a moment's hesitation, Spartacus gathered round him the boldest of his followers, and, before the authorities had a chance to intervene, they successfully made their escape.

They mustered some seventy strong and were accompanied by Spartacus' young wife, who faithfully followed him, no matter where he led. The rapidity of the action did not allow them to get at the stock rooms of the *palestra* where the weapons were kept. The *rudes* or training swords were of wood, so that the fugitives were, to all intents and purposes, unarmed.

So soon as they had left the confines of the *palestra*, they looted a cook-shop of its spits and cleavers, and with these rude weapons, but—which was more

INDOMITABLE VESUVIUS SHELTERS THE INDOMITABLE ARMY OF SPARTACUS: *The Spartacists improvise ladders arms of the arena; after it, they assumed the glorious weapons of the legions of Rome. The young wife of Spartacus, who followed*

potent—with the terror inspired by their presence, they reached the gates of Capua. There, overthrowing by sheer muscular strength every obstacle, they surged through the city gates.

They took the direction of Naples and, on the high road which still exists, under the brilliant sun of the *Campania Felix*, lifting clouds of white dust as they went, the menacing horde strode gloriously into the unknown. Every man hid behind his wild appearance a world of hope that he might obtain the sweetest gift that God can bestow on Man—Freedom.

from the wild vines on Monte Somma, whereby they were enabled to surprise the Roman cordon in the rear. Before this battle they bore the servile her lord with blind devotion through bloodshed and victory, is seen above beside him against the natural smoke-screen of the volcano

Providence smiled on them, for they encountered a convoy of carts going leisurely along the road heavily laden. They were soon surrounded by the outlaws. A yell of joy heralded the discovery that the carts were loaded with gladiatorial armour and weapons.

While the terrorised drivers were firmly held, the familiar contents of the wagons were soon distributed amongst the happy comrades. The little army began to get into better shape, and on it went, guided by the well-known and imposing silhouette of distant Vesuvius.

At every halt Spartacus instilled new

discipline into his improvised battalion. They knew too well that the alarm raised by the Capuans would soon unchain upon them a hurricane of punishment from the nearest garrisons. As they went along, food was requisitioned wherever possible. The gigantic shape of the volcano drew nearer and nearer. Where could be found a better fortress ?

RETIARIUS *versus* **SECUTOR:** *A gladiator armed with net and trident against one armed with shield and sword—the most popular combat in the arena. The odds were in favour of the former, among whom it was a recognised trick to flick with their nets dust in their opponents' eyes. The letters on the standard are the initials of* **"Senatus Populusque Romanus."**

To Vesuvius then! Indomitable Vesuvius for the indomitable gladiators of Spartacus. A little later and they were up on the slopes of Monte Somma, thick with vines and pines which gradually gave place to lapillus and lava.

There were two adjacent craters, one extinct and the other in full activity. The gallant gladiators took position in the former. Thence, they commanded a view on all sides to the horizon.

Soon, on the roads which, like white ribands, snaked through the rich country, glittering lines were seen advancing in succession and in perfect order. It was Rome affirming the force of her Law with 3000 men under the command of Claudius Pulcher. From every direction the shining, armoured figures clomb the slopes to occupy and guard the only available road.

THE blockade was soon scientifically established. The only unguarded side was that where the active crater sloped down to the so-called Valley of the Inferno, deemed absolutely impassable by human beings.

The Roman general was very confident that he could reduce to starvation that handful of men hidden in the crater, when all of a sudden an uproar burst out in the camp. The panic-stricken soldiers were seen running everywhere in disorder. There was no time and no way to reorganise them. The gladiators had sprung from nowhere and were playing havoc with the rapidity of lightning. Quarter was neither given nor asked. The highly trained, highly tempered muscles of steel proved untiring in killing, killing, killing. . . .

The solidified lava was strewn with the dead and dying, while the rest of the three thousand men ran frantically down the slope—little, shining figures growing smaller and smaller until they finally disappeared.

What had happened was that Spartacus, pressed by the impending shortage of food, performed a real masterpiece of military strategy. With some of the wild vines which covered the environs of the crater, strong ladders were constructed. Ascent and descent were thus facilitated up and down the precipitous ravines. They succeeded in getting unseen to the rear of the Romans, and attacked them without mercy.

The camp, the wagons, the weapons of the slain, all fell into the hands of the conquerors, and the valiant gladiators, throwing away for good the servile arms of the arena, assumed with pride the honoured armour of the legionaries.

For Rome, the position was getting serious owing to the number of slaves joining the Spartacist band. He proclaimed free every one of them to embrace his cause, and the landowners, who preferred slave labour, had the bitter experience of losing labourers in alarming proportions.

In a short time Spartacus gathered an army of 4000 men and met successfully the legions of Cossinius. The prætor, Varinius Glaber, came personally to the rescue with a fresh army, but he, too, was repeatedly beaten and, during the fray, he miraculously escaped capture, leaving in Spartacus's hands his war-horse, insignia, lictors and fasces.

There seemed no power to stop them. The terror-stricken country was swept by the storm, and, one by one, the industrial towns fell under the crushing power of the rebels.

Nola, Nuceria, Cora, Compsa, were captured and stripped of all their available goods. The ambition of the gladiator leader was to push towards the North, force his way through the Alps, and bring his army to safety so that they could disperse to their respective homes. But the great scheme did not find favour with his Gaulish officers, partly owing to the unfriendly nature of the race, partly on account of the jealousy he had inspired. They soon wanted separate command and the unity of the army began to split.

In spite of that, in 73 B.C., he was at the head of 7000 men. In the meantime Crixus, who had parted from him, met the Romans near Mount Garganus in Apulia. His followers were routed, and he was slain. Oenomaus, equally blinded by envy, met with the same fate.

BY this time the Senate decided to send two Consular armies against Spartacus. One to wait for him on the

north side of the River Po: the other to attack him from behind.

In two separate battles these armies were completely defeated and an enormous number of prisoners was taken. Festivities were celebrated to the *Manes* of Crixus, and on this occasion Spartacus, wanting to give the Romans a taste of the old game, compelled the prisoners to don the despised armour of the gladiators and fight for the amusement of those who had so often fought for them. He could not have stamped his victory with a more bitter irony.

His army increased to 100,000, enough for an attack on Rome, but he was reluctant to assault the capital, and by his refusal braved the unpopularity of his rapacious men.

His army refusing to quit Italy, he shifted south. During this march of devastation, he routed the army of Cossius Longinus, the eight legions of Licinius Crassus, Gnaeus Manlius and Mummius.

NOTWITHSTANDING all these victories, Spartacus knew that, in the end, he would have to give way, and again he attempted to push his army outside the frontiers of the Roman Empire. But his efforts were of no avail. The slaves split again and were beaten by the reorganised legions of Mummius.

Thus Spartacus was pushed to the furthermost extremity of Calabria. Crassus flung a wall round Reggio to prevent the escape of the slaves. The ranks of Spartacus' army were getting too thin successfully to combat the odds increased against him by the reinforcements incessantly arriving from Rome. Spartacus knew that Sicily was longing for a dictator. He knew, too, that, once he had crossed the Straits of Messina, thousands would join him to make him the master of that granary of Rome.

He attempted to make the passage with some Sicilian pirates, but they took the passage-money and treacherously abandoned him. He tried again, and failed once more.

Cornered like a wild beast, he made two more efforts to break through the Roman lines, lost 12,000 men, but succeeded at last. When the news reached the Senate, Rome was panic-stricken to the point of summoning from Spain her greatest general, Pompey.

"If I win, I shall have the finest horse in Rome: if I lose, I shall need no horse"—the ringing and immortal phrase spoken by Spartacus before his last encounter with Rome as he slew his charger

It would take too long to describe the dramatic *crescendo* of the struggle. At the last, hemmed in, surrounded, decimated, and practically overwhelmed, he decided on a final attack, and knowing that it would be the last he slew his horse in front of his army, giving utterance to one of the immortal phrases of history: "If I win, I shall have the finest horse that Rome can give: if I lose, I shall need no horse!"

The carnage was unbelievable, until finally Spartacus fell fighting like a lion at bay.

The glamour of war gradually disappeared as the flying survivors were slaughtered or taken prisoner, while with the impetus of reaction the grip of Rome was again at the throat of the slaves. Six thousand fugitives impaled on the Appian Way attested the cruelty of the Roman conquerors, a pitiful and tragic contrast to the generosity of the ex-gladiator, in whose camp at Reggio 3000 prisoners were found untouched and unharmed.

At this long distance, it is easy to praise Spartacus and to condemn Rome; yet the ends of evolution are not to be achieved by such sporadic bursts of energy, but by slow internal growth. Ultimately, it were better that Rome should live though Spartacus die, for a city and a culture live longer than a man or even an example.

Christ was to fight against slavery with the tender words of humanity and love: Spartacus with the sword—but the battle both fought was one and the same.

The Changing QUEST

FEELING a little detached and apart from the life around him, he descended to the street and stepped into his waiting automobile. It was all over. He, Harold Granthorne, a figure in the City, had cut himself loose

Illustrated by GRACE GOLDEN.

IT had been a very important day in the life of Mr. Harold Granthorne. At exactly four o'clock in the afternoon he retired from the firm of Granthorne, Wilder, and Burslem, of Lombard Street. He touched the hands of half a dozen of the staff, had a final word with Peter Wilder and John Burslem, then, feeling a little detached and apart from the life around him, he descended to the street and stepped into his waiting automobile. It was all over. He, Harold Granthorne, a figure in the City, had cut himself loose.

On the ride to Onslow Square the feeling of loneliness increased. His mind waited for problems with which it could wrestle. Waited impatiently. His clever brain was in the same position as a mill that had stopped work for lack of raw material. It was with a great feeling of relief that he thought of Dorothy.

He told himself that he had neglected Dorothy. The important matters dealt with in the Lombard Street offices had occupied so much of his time that he had few moments for the sweet and timid lady who had occupied the position of wife for a little more than eleven years. That would be remedied now that he had so much leisure. He would give Dorothy the benefit of his great knowledge. He would counsel her, instruct her, develop the intelligence that he knew was hers. It would be for him a delightful pastime.

The momentary fear caused by the absence of mental problems fled as the automobile swept into the square. He would inform Dorothy of his plans during dinner. She would, of course, be delighted. What woman would not be pleased?

Mr. Granthorne stepped through the door of his home and handed his silk hat to Phelps. He raised his eyebrows questioningly, and Phelps, trained for sixteen years in the ways of his master, answered immediately.

"Mrs. Granthorne went out at ten this morning, sir. She said she would not be back for lunch. She left a note for you, sir. It is in the library."

Mr. Harold Granthorne, preceded by Phelps, passed into the library. The mental machinery, ready to pounce upon the smallest atom of raw material, calculated quickly the hours of Dorothy's absence. "Left the house at ten and is still out at four-forty!" recorded the brain. "Nearly seven hours! And the weather not perfect! Why the devil did she leave a note? Queer, isn't it? And you told her at breakfast that this was a most important day. Tossing the reins to Wilder and Burslem."

Phelps found the note, placed it on a silver tray and carried it to his master. Mr. Granthorne took it, tore open the lavender-tinted envelope and adjusted his pince-nez.

He frowned. Dorothy had a spendthrift habit in the matter of notepaper. Her ridiculously large handwriting made it impossible for her to put more than ten words on a single sheet,

A Story of *Pride* that went before *a Fall, a Runaway Wife* and a *humbled Husband*

By James Francis Dwyer

and this, to a man used to compact typed letters, was annoying.

Mr. Granthorne pursued his wife's thoughts from page one to page four. His face flushed as the large scrawl struck at him. He felt a trifle sick. Squalmy like. Once he had eaten a tainted kidney at a City dinner. Same sensation.

He closed his eyes, and, by a great effort, mobilised the words so that he saw them as if they were on a single sheet. Saw them plainly. Scarlet words on a black background :

"Dear Harold,—Now that you have retired from active work the future terrifies me. The City helped so much! Helped me, I mean. It took you away from the house so that for hours and hours I felt free. Without Lombard Street to help me I am afraid of life. Yes, yes! Afraid of your appalling conceit and egoism. . . . So I have decided to go away and live by myself. I have my own money, and I have arranged everything with my own friends so that there will be no gossip. Please think the best of me. I am horribly frightened!—Dorothy."

Phelps, who had remained to adjust a shade, now directed his footsteps towards the door. Mr. Granthorne stopped him with a gesture.

"Did Mrs. Granthorne take any luggage?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir. She did, sir."

"Well?"

"Her dressing case, sir, a large valise, the green trunk that she had in Scotland last month, sir, and the small brown trunk she bought in Bond Street. Yes, sir. Four pieces, sir."

"A taxi?"

"Yes, sir. I called one at her orders."

"You—you listened?"

"Beg pardon? Yes, sir. She didn't give any destination, sir. She told the man to drive along an' she would tell him where to go after she had made up her mind."

"You took the number of the taxicab?"

"Yes, sir. I thought it unusual, sir. I have it here."

"Get hold of the man," said Mr. Granthorne sternly. "At once! It is—it is very important! Find out where he took Mrs. Granthorne! Hustle!"

IT was said in Lombard Street that Harold Granthorne was never flurried. The market could turn somersaults, kings and queens could climb on thrones or get off them as they chose, wars and plagues could break out, but Harold Granthorne preserved the calm, unruffled manner of an English gentleman. When Wilder or Burslem rushed into his office and screamed out some startling piece of news, Mr. Granthorne would look up from his desk and murmur: "Oh, ah! very interesting, isn't it?" The porter at the Lombard Street office, in an attempt to be alliterative, alluded to him as "Hicey 'Arold."

But that sprawly note of Dorothy's got him. A devil of a note was that which galloped over the lavender-tinted pages. An uppercut in every sentence. . . . "*The future terrifies me.*" "That means," whispered the active brain, "she is scared of your continuous presence. Sitting here in the library or the morning room, and talking. Hot stuff, Harold, old dear." . . . "*The City helped so much!*" "My, that's a slam! The lady, Harold, seems to have looked on Lombard Street as a sort of kindergarten school that kept you from under her feet. And you putting over deals that rocked the market!" . . . "*Afraid of your appalling conceit and egoism.*" . . . "Really, Harold, that is too rough! An awful backhander, that. Hardly cricket. Now, let's see. While Phelps is finding that chauffeur we'll take a squint at your life and see if the lady has justifiable grounds for her assertions. *Quo jure?* so to speak."

Great fun for the hungry brain that had been thrust away from the Lombard Street trough full of financial transactions. It raced up and down the years, finding and arranging evidence. At moments Mr. Granthorne thought it was unduly partial to his wife.

"Remember Oxford and the 'Granthorne Life Pyramid Idea'?" asked the arraigning intelligence. "Every friendship a block in the making, you argued. Laying down first course of the jolly thing with friendships at Magdalen. You really were funny. One of the chaps christened you Cheops, and the name stuck. 'Look out! old Cheops, the pyramid builder, will get you!' was a college cry. Of course you were only building up little Harold Granthorne, but they thought, old dear, you made a little too much use of other folk as material."

The voice of Phelps came from the rear of the hall. He was telephoning. Again and again he cried out with evident exasperation the word "*Hop,*" following it with a rattle of numbers. The word "*Hop*" annoyed Mr. Granthorne. Of course it was only the abbreviated name of the exchange, but it seemed to have some vulgar association with his misfortune.

"That's so," whispered the ruthless investigator. "Dorothy has hopped. Objected to being a brick in your damn pyramid any longer. Sort of keystone, Dorothy was. You thought of her as that, didn't you? Kept the jolly structure together. That was your idea when you married her. Amalgam, you said. Matrimonial mortar, connubial cement, *vinculum matrimonii.* But not personal, old dear. You used Dorothy to hold your friends to you! Friends you could use. What about Lawrence? What about Chisholm? Prothero, too? And that vision of a knighthood that came when you looked at Seabrooke? Told Dorothy to be nice to him. Cunning Harold!"

The voice of Phelps, ping-ponging a word with some unseen, made

DOROTHY had startled him by a remark. "What a glorious wind!" she cried, and she flung out her arms to the blue night like a priestess

the tormenting intelligence pause. "Victoria?" cried Phelps. "*Victoria?* VICTORIA!"

"That's the devil!" whispered the merciless reviewer. "She has skipped to the Continent! Natural, y'know. Has no parents or near relations. Jolly mess, isn't it? Soft pedal, Harold. Newspapers, y'know. Don't want to let out the gossip about the collapse of the Granthorne Pyramid. Cheops crushed under his self-constructed Campanile. Get hold of Phelps. Nail him before he chatters."

"THE chauffeur put Mrs. Granthorne down at Victoria, sir," breathed Phelps. "Continental trains, sir. I spoke to him myself, sir. Mrs. Granthorne gave him a 'arf-crown tip. He helped the porter with the trunk. He knows no more, sir."

Mr. Harold Granthorne looked at Phelps. At that moment the butler seemed the only available prop that Mr. Granthorne could find to lean against. The Lombard Street office, to which he might have turned in other days, was closed to him now. Queer chap, Phelps. Quiet, reliable, close-mouthed.

"Phelps," said Mr. Granthorne, "Mrs. Granthorne has left home."

"Yes, sir," murmured Phelps.

"You knew it?"

"Suspected it, if I might say so, sir."

"Why? How?"

"Her manner, sir. She seemed, as you might say, sir, as if she was going to do something she hadn't done before."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, sir, beggin' your pardon, she seemed excited and sort o' gay. And I remembered—I remembered——" Phelps paused, rubbed his ear and stared at a painting of Southampton Water directly above Harold Granthorne's head.

"You remembered what?"

"I remembered seeing once a woman who was running away," said the butler.

"Oh, you did? Was she running away with you?"

"No, sir," said Phelps. "Runnin' from me, sir. She was my wife."

There was a long silence. The dreadfully vicious intelligence of Mr. Granthorne drew his attention to Phelps. "He's a mild chap, this butler," it whispered. "No swank about him. No egoism. Yet his wife ran away! He tells it frankly to you. You have got to watch women. They want a little deference, a little flattery, a little worship. You know, Harold, old dear, you have wasted little of that sort of stuff on Dorothy. You've been riding the high horse around this house ever since your marriage. And what about your bloomin' pyramid now? Started in Magdalen thirty years ago and crashed to-night in Onslow Square. Just because the wife—no, the 'amalgam' ran away!"

A small clock in the bureau ticked noisily. Phelps stood at attention. The jeering mind recalled to Mr. Granthorne his thoughts on the way home to Onslow Square that very afternoon. He had foolishly believed that Dorothy would be pleased to have his company! . . . The remembrance hurt. Dorothy, at that moment, was trying to put as much Channel water as possible between her and Onslow Square!

Mr. Granthorne spoke. "Listen, Phelps. I am going to close this house at once. To-night! Get all the servants out. A month's wages to each. No reasons given. Understand? And—and keep what I have told you to yourself."

"Yes, sir."

"And, Phelps! I want you to stay with me. I—I wish to find Mrs. Granthorne. Without any fuss."

"Yes, sir. I understand, sir. I'll tell the other servants right away. You will dine, sir?"

"No, bring me a whisky and soda."

The butler turned away, but Mr. Granthorne stopped him with an uplifted hand. "Did you—did your wife run away with anyone?" he asked.

"I never found out, sir," said Phelps. "I don't think so, sir. I think she just got sort o' sick of me, sir."

PHELPS hurried off to inform the servants that their presence was no longer required, his jaw set to combat the flood of questions that would be fired at him. Mr. Granthorne walked to the desk. He had to write letters. Many letters. It was lucky that Dorothy had waited till he had definitely retired. The fact that he had left Lombard Street would make his disappearance less startling. But a dozen or so of intimates had to be told. Well, he would tell them. The truth, too. He and Mrs. Granthorne had left for Paris.

Suddenly, yes, suddenly. . . . From time to time Phelps invaded the library. There were innumerable small matters to be attended to. Mr. Granthorne wrote cheques for servants and tradesmen. Phelps found the policeman on the beat and the night-watchman. They were brought into the library. The house would be closed for some weeks, months perhaps. Mr. Granthorne was going to the Continent.

MR. GRANTHORNE cried out the name of his wife, choked, gave a queer yelp of pain and disappointment, and started to stammer out excuses

And Mr. Granthorne, writing cheques and giving instructions, felt that the pyramid he had constructed with such care was ready to topple the moment he lost heart. He had to be brave. "The whole thing will go down with a crash unless you find her," said the prodding intelligence. "She's the amalgam, y'know. Curious, isn't it? Why, all the earlier layers of your blessed little

pyramid—the Magdalen course even—have been made more secure by Dorothy. They came here to Onslow Square because of your wife."

A BABY had been born in the second year of the Granthorne marriage. A boy. He had remained with them for seven months and then had departed quietly. His name was Lionel. Mr. Granthorne had forgotten him for quite a long time, but on this evening, prowling through the rooms before leaving the house, he found a miniature of the child painted by a great artist on a table outside his wife's bedroom. It looked as if Dorothy had thought of taking it with her, and then, at the last moment, had thought of its value and decided to leave it behind. Mr. Granthorne slipped the miniature into his pocket. . . .

At ten-thirty Phelps reported that all arrangements had been made for their departure. The astonished servants had been paid and thrust out of the house. Phelps, taking upon himself the duties of a valet, had packed Mr. Granthorne's valises. He had also packed a bag with his own belongings, and now, dressed in a neat brown suit, he appeared in the hall.

"Everything is ready, sir."

Mr. Granthorne placed a bowler hat on his head, buttoned his overcoat and marched out of the house. Phelps locked the door. A car was waiting.

Phelps climbed to the side of the chauffeur. "Victoria," he ordered. "For the Continent."

Harold Granthorne, sitting within, felt that the weight of the sagging pyramid was unbearable. The pyramid of friendships, of business connections, club associations, and what not. Built up with such care during long years. He squirmed as he sat in the jolting car, in which rode phantoms of his greedy dreams. There was the much-sought knighthood. That would never come to him if it was known that Dorothy had left him. And he had hopes of an invitation to join the exclusive Quintullian! There were four chairs on different boards waiting for him. . . .

He swore softly as he climbed out of the car.

ON the second day in Paris Phelps annoyed Mr. Harold Granthorne. The two were riding back from Fontainebleau. In a published list of persons staying at an hotel at Fontainebleau had appeared the name of a "Mrs. H. Grandtham," and Mr. Granthorne, thinking it might be a misprint, had ridden out to make sure that it was not Dorothy.

Phelps, in an effort to be useful, made a suggestion. He had clipped from the Paris edition of the *Daily Mail* the advertisement of a private inquiry agent who specialised in the search of missing friends. He handed this clipping to Mr. Granthorne.

"I thought, sir, that one of these might be useful," said Phelps.

Mr. Granthorne read the advertisement and tossed it through the window. "Don't be a damned fool!" he cried. "Do you think I'd commission one of those bloodhounds to chase my wife around Europe? If she can be found at all, I will find her!"

Phelps was silent. They had swung into the Champs Elysées, and Paris, immense, hectic, abysmal, boiled around them. The butler, now transformed into valet and travelling companion, thought that Mr. Harold Granthorne's task would be a hard one.

Strange were the weeks that followed. Mr. Granthorne and Phelps went up and down the map of Europe. They followed the bell-wethers of the *grand monde* from one *plage* to another as the season advanced. Doggedly, persistently, patiently they searched for Dorothy. The loafing occupants of resorts slipped before their unwinking eyes. At Cannes, Nice, Lucerne, Biarritz, Hendaye, Saint Sebastian, and a score of other places the two watched the promenaders. . . .

Often, sitting together, Mr. Granthorne

(*Continued on page* 90)

The Prince out with the Beaufort

The Prince Hunts again

By C. Patrick Thompson

The Return *of the* Prince *of* Wales to the Hunting Field after two Seasons' Absence has given *a* badly needed Fillip *to* Fox-hunting, the traditional £20,000,000 Sport which, in spite of Depression *and* Social Changes, still plays *an* important Rôle *in* Great Britain

SINCE early morning, when the farmer had ridden away, the old hound had been restless. The noon sun warmed the porch flags; he basked a bit. A "tally-ho!" far down the valley between Tilton Stonepits and Owston Wood roused him. He went inside as the sun chilled off to red over the country-side, where the green leaves were turning to orange and gold, and was drawn out again from a warm fireside by the faint far echo of a hunting horn from somewhere away by John o' Gaunt's Copse and the Twyford Vale. He sniffed the tangy air. Autumn was deepening. Hunting weather here again, keen, cold, vigorous. Cubbing was over. The old dog foxes were running.

Over in sleepy old Melton the lights winked on and the London train whistled the signal of impending departure. *Whirr-wizzzzz!* sang smooth car brakes on the gravel outside the station house. "Come on!" called a clipped voice, and on to the platform ran a tall youngster in hunting pink all bespattered with mud. Another shorter man followed, a pipe between his teeth and even more of Leicestershire on his hunting kit. Laughing, they dived for a carriage.

"Nice to see 'is Royal 'Ighness 'ere agin'," said the fat porter complacently to a stranger waiting for the down train. "Bin out with the Belvoir. We thought 'e'd given up 'unting for good."

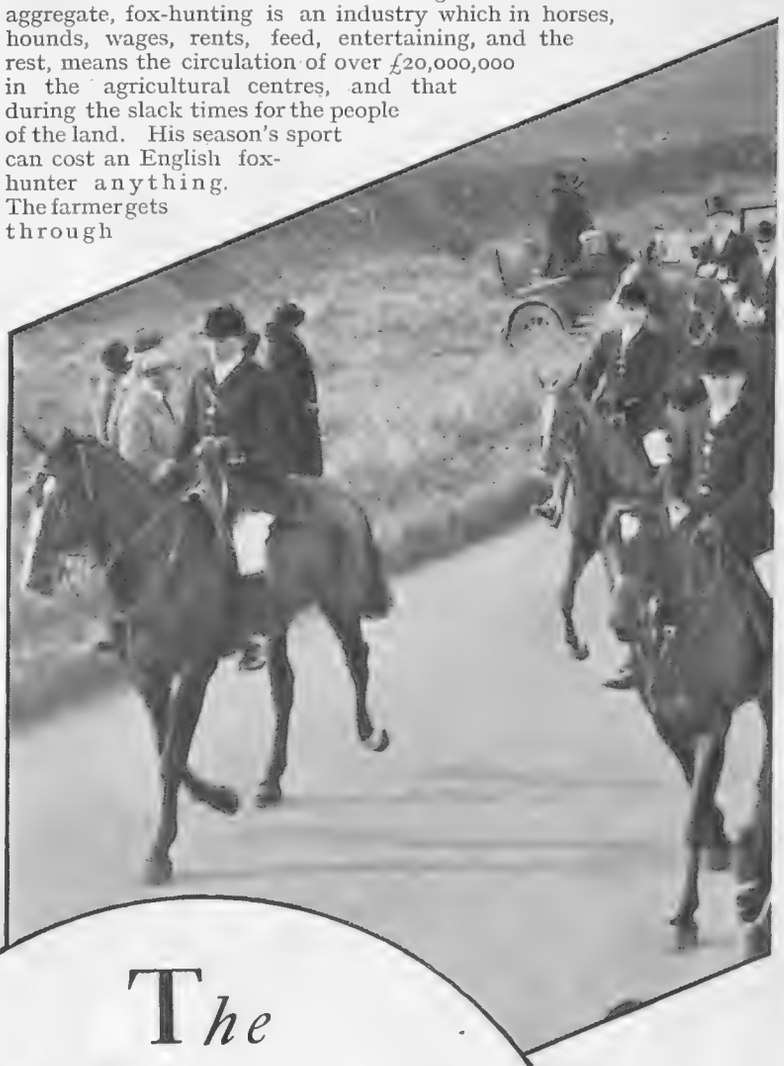
England thought so too, when, following his father's illness of two years ago, the Prince sold his hunters, let his hunting box at Melton, and exchanged fox-hunting for the less risky pursuit of shooting big game in East Africa. But the King has completely regained his health. Fox-hunting, on the other hand, which had been not so good ever since the war, has lately taken a turn for the worse.

The Prince is functioning now as physician. His presence in the hunting field is a stimulant. If the Prince hunts, so do all the fashionable young crowd (also the snobs, no inconsiderable element in fox-hunting). If he does not hunt, the snobs drop out and the young crowd take up ice skating instead, or yo-yo, or flying, or shooting lions in Africa, or turning a cinema camera on gorillas in the Belgian Congo, or they go cruising, or fishing in the Bermudas.

The shrewd men who advise the Prince look at it this way: While it seemed as if the Throne might require him to-morrow—no hunting. Eight or nine people are killed every year in the hunting field, more get crippled, and scores break bones. But with the King as well as he ever was—why, some hunting again does no harm and can do much good.

Pleasure apart, the sport still serves an important social and economic purpose in the English countryside. It creates a bond between the classes from the farmer to the territorial magnate. It brings a surge of life and colour with the wintertime fields and pastures. It prevents country society from stagnating during six months of the year.

It also creates jobs and circulates money. There are over 180 packs in England and Wales, and 10 in Scotland. The hunting of each pack means the circulation of tens of thousands of pounds in each of the important hunting territories. Similarly the disappearance of a pack, or the contraction of a hunt, can spell anything from hard times to economic disaster for a neighbourhood. In the aggregate, fox-hunting is an industry which in horses, hounds, wages, rents, feed, entertaining, and the rest, means the circulation of over £20,000,000 in the agricultural centres, and that during the slack times for the people of the land. His season's sport can cost an English fox-hunter anything. The farmer gets through



on £40 to £60; the doctor and the squire can manage on £120. If he picks his hunt and knows his way about, a man can hunt three days a week at an all-in cost of £240. But the cost can be notched up to £10,000 and more. You can spend £2,400 on renting a mansion which you will call a hunting-box, buy in a stable of 20 horses at £480 apiece, pay £240 for your hunt subscription

THE Field moving off after the opening meet of the Quorn at Kirby Gate, one of England's most famous hunts, with which the Prince sometimes enjoys a gallop

(or take over the mastership of a hunt, which can cost you anything from £2,400 to £10,000 in a year), and foot a bill for general expenses at the end of the season of anything from £10,000 to £40,000. It can be done, has been done—but is not being done just now. Smart hunts are missing the man who hunted from a £30-a-week box with two £360 horses out each day and his cheque for £100 going into the hunt treasury at the opening of the season. The majority of the hunts miss the three-horse, £400-a-season man, who would spend £35 in hay, £35 for straw and shoeing, £85 in wages for groom, £105 subscription for horses, and £75 for incidentals. Even one such customer is missed in a small agricultural and village community. When they fall out in squads, the farmer can't afford to keep a riding horse, and the squire makes do with one horse and his daughters cannot afford to hunt now their income from war loan has been cut from 5 to 3½ per cent., and the American gentlemen who rented the Grange, gave lavish parties, and were satisfied only with the best, are not coming over now—that is catastrophe.

THIS season saw over 50 of the English packs changing mastership. In nearly every case the former master was forced to give up owing to the state of his purse. Hunts have found it hard to get new masters to take on the hounds. In a good many hunting countries they have solved the problem by having joint masters. In some others a rich Canadian, a rich American (a species not yet quite extinct), and quite a number of war fortunes whose owners are newcomers in territorial society, have saved the day. Fifteen or sixteen women have become masters of foxhounds—a circumstance which must cause the immortal Mr. Jorrocks, the Pickwick of English fox-hunting, to turn in his grave. Those hunts which depend more upon subscriptions than upon the master's private pocket are in a bad way.

The Duke of Beaufort's, the Duke of Rutland's, and the Brocklesby—these are about all that remain of the old family packs. They used not to receive subscriptions; it was the pride and privilege of the territorial magnate to provide the hunt and welcome all good sportsmen to join him in the chase. But times have changed. A stranger who rides up to covert side for a hunt with the Quorn finds himself accosted by a polite hunt secretary demanding a "cap" of £4. You can only hunt five times in the season with that pack unless you become a subscriber. That privilege will cost you £20 if you keep one horse, £40 for two, and so on.

You get off easier with Lord Fitzwilliam's Grove pack. They charge only £10 a horse. The Pytchley subscription is £35. The Warwickshire hunt demands £100 if you hunt four days of the week, or £175 for a family subscription. There is only one hunt, the Percy, which you can follow without putting your hand in your pocket for "cap" or subscription. But you have to go to the extreme north of England to enjoy it. It is the Duke of Northumberland's family pack.

Two stories, one from the past, one from the present, illustrate how things have changed. Three men in succession rode up to Sir (*Continued on page* 94)

GET up at 9.30, throw on clothes, dash on some quick make-up and bolt a glass of orange juice.

The Debutante *in* AM

What it costs the Social "run" she has

By
Diana Garner Treadway

THE American deb is launched into Society in an expensive and exotic manner, which seems to astound and bewilder most of my British friends. But when I tell them incidents of my deb year, and contrast the "coming out" of girls in England and America, I am really not being any female Munchausen. Of course, since 1930 there have not been so many extravagant parties as during the boom years, but the launching of a deb daughter is really the last place where fond American parents will economise, and November and December, 1932, have seen many lavish functions.

Father spent $35,000 on my deb party in November, 1930, and more than $60,000 altogether, in twelve months, so that I could "come out." I represent quite an investment to him. What does he get out of his investment? And what do I? Father could afford to spend many times that $60,000 if he wanted to, but I wonder what both of us have got in return.

It is not exceptional in and around New York for $35,000 to be spent on an initial "launching" function. Two of my best friends had parties costing $75,000 to $100,000 apiece. The father of a deb, at least in New York, spends from $10,000 up on each daughter launched. In some of the lesser cities of America a good party can be "thrown" for as little as $3,000, but it is of New York deb life that I can write with a full knowledge of the facts.

Why is it necessary, or easy, English girls may ask, to spend $35,000? Where does that money go? Let me itemise:—

Invitations, including postage and mailing	*$200.00*
Caterer, for 1,200 at $7.50	*9,000.00*
Champagne, 1,200 quarts at $9 (this varies)	*10,800.00*
Scotch and gin (for the punch)	*3,000.00*
Decorations	*6,000.00*
Erection of a special marquee	*2,000.00*
Orchestra, forty pieces at $40	*$1,600.00*
Orchestra, overtime, $10 an hour (for each piece after two o'clock)	*1,200.00*
Entertainment—one popular singer and one magician	*2,500.00*
Traffic control—15 police at $20	*300.00*
Breakage, damage to shrubbery and flower beds, etc...	*1,100.00*
Total cost	*$37,700.00*

My own deb party items very closely paralleled those in the above list, but the total was just a shade less than $35,000, because father decided to have only champagne, no Scotch or gin. He did not do this for reasons of economy, but because he has rather strict temperance principles.

I attended one party where the cost ran in excess of $100,000. Everything that could be rented in the hotel for an evening was rented—and that means everything but the rooms occupied by hotel guests. Every rentable room and alcove was decorated. Not a wall could be seen. Not a light but that was disguised or festooned. There were two orchestras and the master of ceremonies was a well-known and popular crooner. An Argentinian danseuse added spice and gaiety to the affair. Orchestra overtime lasted until well after sun-up, and a winter sunrise is not so early.

Other expenses of a season make sizeable holes in a father's pocket-book. One swagger hotel will let its ballroom, decorated, for $5,000 an evening. For another hotel's *de luxe* ballroom the figure is $7,000. A dinner dance at either of these hotels will cost a parent at least $5 for each guest. A supper dance is more moderate, and the cost usually runs from $3.50 to $5 a guest. A deb luncheon for from sixty to one hundred persons may be arranged for $1,000. At luncheon affairs the mother of the deb usually has a "grown-up" table, seating six or eight,

1.30–1.45. Arrive at Sherry's, the Ritz, or Pierre's, for luncheon, announced for 1 o'clock.

2.30. Leave luncheon, probably not waiting until it is finished. Much smoking, but very little food consumed.

2.45–5. Shopping, fittings, movies, beauty parlours. (Some girls start, or continue, their courses in art or typing and stenography.)

5.15–5.45. Tea dance. Usually plenty of dancing. Quaff cocktails rather than tea. Orchids and gardenias.

7. Dash home, dress, relax in care of manicurist and maid—if debs can ever relax—and be ready for

9. Dinner dance. This usually starts about one hour late, and lasts until at least eleven-thirty. Then

12 midnight. All pepped up, and arrive at the evening dance—probably one of several—which has been selected as the most interesting.

12–4 a.m. (or often five). Dance—and dance—and DANCE. Perhaps go on to two or three other affairs. Often go to speakeasy with favoured youth of the moment and, mirabile dictu, indulge in intellectual conversation. After that, breakfast at one of the popular chain restaurants, or possibly home, arriving, with luck, by six.

ONE girl, well up in the social "400" too, went the whole length of the stag-line, asking each man she knew to promise to dance with her later.

"Racket"

ERICA

to put a "Deb" on Market and the kind of for "Poppa's" dollars

for a few intimate family friends. The other tables are occupied by the invited debs.

Prices for entertainment vary greatly. Very, very seldom is the entertainment contributed. A famous British author and playwright charged $5,000 for his talent some years ago, but it was agreed that he put on a marvellously interesting and versatile show. A soloist (feminine) sang four songs at a $75,000 affair, and charged $3,000. This party was given after the "crash" and gave no evidence of the depression. Hostesses usually feel to-day that there must be entertainment before and after supper. One of the most popular recent entertainers was a trained seal (real animal variety) rented from a New York departmental store.

THE money spent on liquid refreshment varies greatly, but usually it is planned to have a quart of champagne for each guest. There are still a few abstainers, but there are sure to be other guests who will make up the average. At one small dinner dance I know that the bill for Scotch and gin was $3,000. Occasionally some hostesses (or hosts) "cut" the Scotch and gin, or even the champagne. At one swagger function the providers of the party were criticised in no whispered terms for mixing champagne with ginger ale.

The daily programme for a deb in several score cities in the United States from early in November until the middle of December is something like this :—

9–9.30 a.m. Get up, throw on clothes, dash on some quick make-up, bolt glass of orange juice.

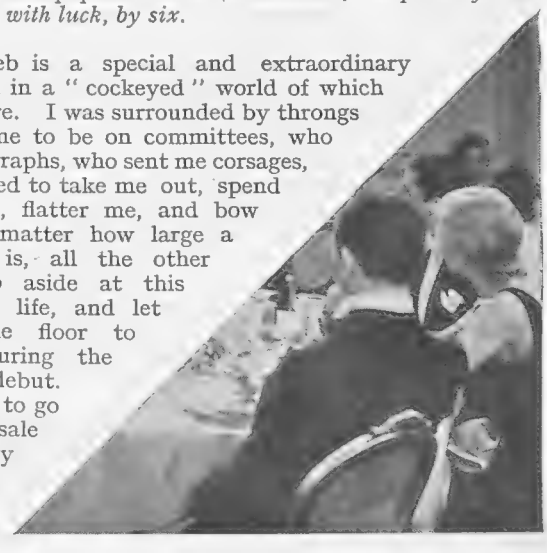
10 (some days 11). Arrive at Junior League office or club-room for lectures.

12–1. Relax from lectures, play a few hands of bridge, smoke a cig, perhaps swim.

Being a deb is a special and extraordinary thing. I lived in a "cockeyed" world of which I was the centre. I was surrounded by throngs who wanted me to be on committees, who wanted photographs, who sent me corsages, men who begged to take me out, spend money on me, flatter me, and bow to me. No matter how large a deb's family is, all the other members step aside at this period of her life, and let her have the floor to herself during the months of her debut.

Life seemed to go on in a wholesale way. I rarely went to a

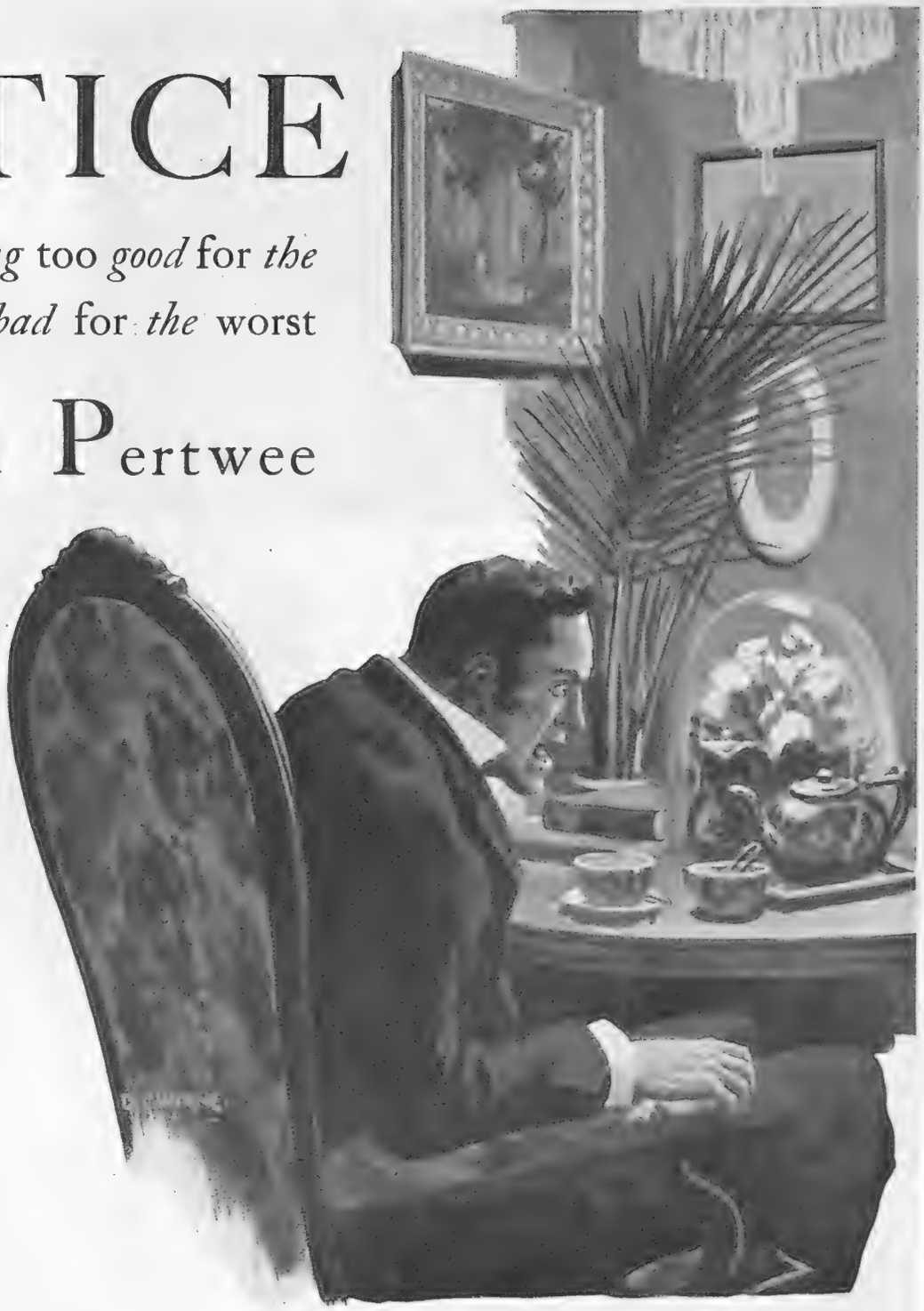
(*Contd. on page* 88)



JUSTICE

There's *nothing* too *good* for *the* best *nor* too *bad* for *the* worst

By Roland Pertwee



WHEN the Uncrowned Queen of Borrodale drove through the streets in a C-sprung victoria, drawn by a pair of greys, townsfolk touched their hats and children stopped their play to point and whisper "There she goes."

For Mrs. Quale was a lady to be reckoned with, respected and even feared.

Thanks largely to her energies and vision, Borrodale had been transformed from grey unloveliness to a city of which its dwellers were justly proud.

It was not only the housing problems of Borrodale to which Mrs. Quale devoted her attention. She was equally concerned in matters of health and hygiene. What she didn't know about rough-and-ready doctoring was of small account. Every evening, between the hours of five-thirty and seven, she was at home to the humbler residents of the town and presided in her own model clinic, issuing physic or advice according to the needs of her callers.

The clinic was a tribute to the memory of her husband, the late Dr. Collingham Quale, pathologist to the Crown.

Even in those Victorian days, when gentlewomen were expected to faint at small provocation, Mrs. Quale used to help her husband in the thrilling and often gruesome analyses in his laboratory. Directly or indirectly, she may have been responsible for sending people to the gallows. Dr. Quale was an eminent toxicologist and many and poisonous were the mysteries which he confided to his consort.

On one occasion, in the gardens at Sandringham, she had discussed the details of a particularly baffling murder with the Queen's Majesty herself what time she stood beside Victoria's donkey carriage, while the faithful ghillie, John Brown, put himself aloof.

"Very, very shocking," the Queen had said. "We must pray that the villain may be brought to justice."

And Emily Quale had agreed.

"There is nothing too good for the best nor too bad for the worst," the Queen had added, and gave the signal whereby the donkey carriage proceeded soberly upon its way.

Emily Quale never forgot those words. There was in them a fearless morality and guidance. She caused them to be block typed in silver characters upon a chocolate ground and the card, framed and surmounted by the Royal Arms, was hung upon the wall at the foot of her bed.

A stranger meeting Emily Quale would never have suspected the fanatical sincerity that abided in the bosom of that smiling, hushy-voiced little octogenarian. They would have thought, and with reason, "What a dear old lady."

As the carriage turned out of Fore Street into the quiet square in which she lived, a newsboy was selling the evening edition of *The Borrodale Advertiser*. The poster exhibited the words:

CEREMONY FOR UNVEILING ALDERMAN SEMPLE STATUE.

Mrs. Quale smiled. The statue was her gift to Borrodale—a permanent expression of appreciation for all that Alderman Semple had done for the city.

Mrs. Quale was not jealous of his popularity. It is true that she was largely the inspiration of his many and successful efforts. But from her point of view he was more than welcome to the laurels.

That he dearly loved and sought the limelight was a human frailty which, with no desire to emulate, she entirely understood. Alderman Semple was quite a common man. In the American idiom he would have been described as a "go-getter," but he did not go-get things for himself. The community benefited as a result of his driving power.

The rebuilding scheme, capitalised by savings from the poorer inhabitants (no one whose earnings exceeded four hundred a year being allowed to hold the nine per cent. guaranteed stock), was entirely his own.

Pessimists declared that the rate of interest was too high, but Alderman Semple swept aside opposition with oratory and an exposition of figures that transformed doubt to admiration.

THE man in the chair opposite her was gasping for breath. His hands gripped and tugged at the elbow rests. "I can't get oop!" he whispered

Illustrated by D. Ll. Wynne

Satisfied with the soundness and generosity of the scheme, Mrs. Quale had lent her own persuasions to the task of making it a success. A letter over her signature in *The Borrodale Advertiser* to the effect that she had advised every member of her staff to invest to the limit of their abilities, resulted in an unprecedented rush of subscribers.

Common working folk and artisans, transformed into financiers by the dignity of holding scrip, talked sagely of the day when the first dividend should be paid. They laughed at the low percentage offered by the Corporation Stock of rival communities.

To avoid needless expenses, the printing and issue of the stock was conducted at the alderman's private offices. It was said, and nobody doubted it, that he even went to the length of working himself at the presses. For Alderman Semple was ever ready to roll up his sleeves and tackle any job in a good cause.

A man like that deserved to have his memory perpetuated in stone, and nothing was more fitting than for Emily Quale to present the statue to Borrodale and cause it to be erected by the railings of her own front garden.

Swaddled in its veil, the statue depended from a huge tripod and hung in the air a foot or two above the hollow plinth which was to supply its resting place.

Young Arthur Wade, the architect and himself designer of the plinth, was in charge of the operations. As Mrs. Quale's victoria drew up alongside, he waved his hand and grinned a greeting.

Mostyn, Mrs. Quale's pug, a sober, tank-like dog, shed a glance at the flapping draperies and growled.

Mrs. Quale stepped from the victoria with Mostyn at her heels.

"Almost finished, Arthur?"

The young man nodded.

"Would have, quite, if the contractor hadn't sent the wrong stuff to cement the base on to the plinth. We shall have to finish off in the morning, now." He turned to the workmen. "That'll be all, boys. Be along at seven. That'll give us ample time to do the job and clean up for the unveiling."

One of the men pointed aloft.

"Are you goin' to leave him 'angin' there?"

Arthur Wade considered the point.

"Better not, perhaps, but I'll manage. Bit of exercise 'll do me good."

He was a muscular boy, but it took all his strength to work the chain tackle, single-handed, that lowered the statue into place. One of the links tore a piece of flesh from his thumb and he sucked it ruefully.

"Come and I'll bind it up for you," said Mrs. Quale.

He would have accepted the invitation but for the figure of a girl passing on the other side of the square.

"Thanks awfully—will in a minute," he said, and fled.

Mrs. Quale never resented the eccentricities of lovers. With an understanding smile, she turned to collect Mostyn, who was sniffing, interrogatively, at a corner of the plinth.

"Oh, no! Mostyn," she said, and led the way indoors.

Arthur Wade overhauled his quarry with difficulty.

"You must have heard me shout! Are you running away from me?"

The girl's head went from side to side as though she was seeking a way of escape.

"Yes. I was."

He looked hurt—badly hurt.

"But why? I've been trying to get at you for days. I've written twice, but you haven't answered. You never even congratulated me on getting my rise."

"I know," she nodded. "But, Arthur, there must be other people whose appreciation means more to you than mine."

It was not worth answering that.

"The plans we made together," he said. "You know as well as I do what we'd arranged if ever I should get this better job."

She looked at him in silence, then said, suddenly:

"Don't love me. Oh! don't love me. You wouldn't if you knew."

Her hand flew to her mouth to check a confidence. He reached out and took possession of it.

"What are you saying?"

"I mustn't be asked—mustn't. I can't——"

She shook herself free and ran.

Arthur Wade stood and watched her go.

THERE was only one caller at Mrs. Quale's that evening. A rough man with a sour, dyspeptic face. As he was shown into her clinic, there entered with him the haunting fragrance of many pints. It was the linings of his stomach that he complained of. They "fair tormented him."

Mrs. Quale sniffed the informative air.

"Why not try giving the money you would otherwise spend on beer to your wife?" she said.

Her visitor's face blackened. He thrust it into hers. A fist struck the table top.

"All the same, your sort! Why, fer two pins——"

His threats were swallowed up in a strangled intake of breath. Mrs. Quale was holding beneath his nose a small bottle of strong ammonia.

"Go away and don't try to frighten people—it's silly," said she.

" Tha' ould paralyser ! " gasped the man, and went.

Mrs. Quale followed him to the hall and entered the very Victorian drawing-room. She never went into the drawing-room without thinking how pretty the chintzes were or being grateful to Mr. Landseer for the handsome pictures he had painted. She never tired of looking at " The Monarch of the Glen."

Seating herself at the bureau she composed a letter to Alderman Semple inviting him to take tea with her after dinner that night and discuss the morrow's ceremony. When she had completed the task she rang for Violet, her parlourmaid.

Violet was carrying an important looking document.

" I want you to take this letter to the Town Hall and see that the alderman gets it."

" Yes'm."

" What have you there ? " said Mrs. Quale.

Violet exhibited the document, proudly. It was a ten-pound certificate of " the stock."

" Mother thought as you'd like to know as she'd bought it with her savings."

" Well done ! "

" Mother wondered if you'd be so good as to keep it safe for her. She says she wouldn't sleep a wink with a valuable thing like the stock about the place."

" Certainly. I'll make a note of the number."

" I reckon mother'll be able to rest contented if you do that, 'm."

Violet took the letter and went out.

Mrs. Quale was always methodical. In the small tin deed box, respectfully titled " her safe," were the certificates bought by other members of her staff. Also there was a little book in which they were registered. Jamison, the coachman, was the largest holder. A hundred pounds' worth stood to his name. Cook ran a good second to the tune of seventy-five pounds.

As Mrs. Quale entered the serial number of the latest certificate she made an alarming discovery. For Jamison held a certificate of the same number.

Mrs. Quale locked the deed box and put it away in the lower drawer of the bureau. It was not often her hands trembled, for she was the last woman alive to jump to reckless conclusions, but also she was the last woman alive to deceive herself. That the numbers were identical was not the kind of mistake that could be easily explained. The issue of stock is a responsible transaction. For the first time in their mutual acquaintance, a horrible doubt as to Alderman Semple's honour stirred in her mind. Yet this was the man that she had backed with the seal of her published approval. It was impossible to speculate how many of the poorer residents had invested their savings in the stock as a result of her lead.

No doubt the error could be explained and rectified. But suppose it couldn't. Suppose the whole scheme was a gigantic fraud ! The first dividend was due for payment on the morrow. That was the primary reason for having chosen that day for the unveiling of the statue. Suppose that Semple was not the benefactor he was believed to be ! Suppose he was just a clever, common swindler, like many others now serving time in the gaols of Great Britain ! It was a terrifying thought and possibly —probably—certainly utterly unjust.

And suddenly, out of the shadows that veiled dead years, there arose a face. It was the face of that murderer about whom Mrs. Quale had spoken with the late Queen's Majesty in the gardens at Sandringham.

Mrs. Quale had often wondered of whom the alderman reminded her. She wondered no longer. The long dead man, who had poisoned for gain, had just that look of smiling confidence. The same pale, bright eyes, alight and resolute. The same heavy mouth and dominant jowl. And the same convincing powers of oratory and persuasion which nearly, but not quite, succeeded in saving his neck from the rope.

Mrs. Quale turned with a shudder as Arthur Wade entered the room.

" Of course, your finger ! " she said.

The young man shook his head.

" It wasn't about that. It's all right, anyway."

A MOMENT later they were swarming it. Amid yells of approval, the large

" You're worried about something ? "

He nodded.

" I am. Look ! You're a sort of fairy godmother of this place. What's the answer to this ? "

He told her what had happened at the corner of the square.

" You see, a few months ago it was all so different—it was ——" He paused, at a loss for superlatives. " I've never loved anybody—never could love anybody as I love her. Everything was fixed up, too. Going to be married and——. I don't know what's happened."

" There are other men, sometimes, Arthur."

She spoke the words very gently.

" I can't believe it's that. Borrodale isn't so large. I'd have seen."

" When did she start to change ? "

" Three months ago—four ! About the time the alderman gave her that job—it was a good job, too—helping him to issue the stock."

all over the statue, smiting, lashing at square head was broken at the neck

" I see," said Mrs. Quale, and added slowly, " Then it couldn't be anything to do with the job, could it ? "

" Course not. Look ! I know it's a lot to ask, but if you'd talk to her—ask what's wrong. Not knowing—I just can't settle to a thing."

" Of course I will. Is she likely to be at home this evening ? "

" Sure to be."

" Very well. Come round about ten o'clock and I'll tell you how I got on."

" You are a brick," he said. " I wouldn't have asked, only——"

" I know."

" You see, I'd die for that girl—kill for her—there's nothing I wouldn't do."

" Hush ! " said Mrs. Quale. " It'll be all right."

But as she walked through the empty streets in the grey of dusk she wasn't so sure. An ugly spectre of doubt and tragedy seemed to march ahead.

Mrs. Quale turned into a little terrace of small houses and knocked quietly at the door of number three. There was no answer, so Mrs. Quale turned the handle and walked inside. The house was dark and stuffy. Old Mrs. Farmer who rented the upper floor to the girl, could never be persuaded to open a window.

As Mrs. Quale mounted the stairs she smelt gas. There was a closed door at the head of the flight. Mrs. Quale opened and shut it again—quickly. On a bamboo landing table was a vase of bluebells. Jack Farmer had brought them home the day before on the back of his bicycle. Mrs. Quale took the scarf from her neck, dipped it in the vase and went quietly into the gas-filled room.

The girl lay near an open window. She had wrapped her head in a coat with a musquash collar. Beneath the wrappings the snake-like hiss of the gas ring sounded. Her bare shoulder was blotched with yellow and purple patches.

It was not the first time that Mrs. Quale had seen a victim of gas poisoning. The girl had been dead for some time.

On the window sill was a note, scrawled in pencil. Mrs. Quale held it up so as to catch the light of a street lamp which had just been turned on. Mrs. Quale read it twice. Then she put the note in her reticule and went quietly from the room. She did not turn off the gas. The escape so near an open window was unlikely to cause an explosion. And there were other reasons.

Before going out into the street, Mrs. Quale went into the parlour and peeped through the curtains. She did not leave the house until the street was empty. She did not hurry on her homeward journey. There were many things to think about and decisions to make. That letter in her reticule was an appalling indictment.

Beside the mobled statue of the alderman she paused, reflectively. Mostyn, who had overheard her coming, waddled out to greet her.

" A villain," she said, " a cheat—a seducer."

Mostyn growled and inspected the plinth.

Mrs. Quale left him to his own devices and entered the house.

Then, for some time, she busied herself in the clinic.

ALDERMAN SEMPLE was a man of deeds and not of words. He never tired of saying so. He was actually saying so to the Borough Council while Mrs. Quale was speaking her thoughts aloud before the statue. His resonant, Midland accent filled the council room. The council was sitting late.

Altogether too much fuss was being made of him, he said. A man should be allowed to do his duty without having to face the embarrassment of looking at his image in stone every time he took a stroll round the square. If it was not for disappointing the townsfolk, dang him ! he would be tempted to run out on the unveiling ceremony and hide himself in a wood. (Cries of " No, no," " You better try to," etc.)

The alderman filled his capacious lungs and drove on.

" But I suppose I'll have to face it. When Mrs. Quale sets her mind on an object, it ill behoves any man to oppose her. If anyone merits a statue in

(*Continued on page* 84)

The Time

GLAZED chintz is particularly suited to a severe window treatment such as the one above, and whilst practical in every sense, sustains the atmosphere of yesterday

Above:
Old Worcester teaware—a complete set of 30 pieces, of which the owner might be justifiably proud, is priced by Messrs. Hamptons at £13-12-6 during January. It is displayed upon a Chippendale tray-top table, the special price of which is £4-10-0

Left:
THIS is a Rosebank fabric of old-world character and new-world efficiency—a glazed chintz with a cream background and a formal design of pink and green. Price 3/9 yd.

IT is one of the inevitable reactions of depression that the value of antiques should have suffered a drastic decline, but if we adhere to the care-free philosophy that it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, we rejoice in an opportunity to secure furniture of increasing value and artistic appeal.

Whatever can be said against the use of antique furniture in the modern home, there can certainly be no doubt of this advantage over new, in that age only increases its beauty and enhances its intrinsic worth. Moreover, since antiques of charm and undoubted value can be bought at this moment for as little as, and often less than, one can buy new pieces, it seems a pity not to grasp the opportunity for sound investment.

It is safe to estimate the decline in market value of antiques at fifty per cent. Indeed, pieces that only too recently were fetching fifty pounds with ease are now obtainable for twenty, and in certain cases less. Such conditions cannot, obviously, last, and in fact experts have assured me that a significant stirring in certain quarters already indicates the possibility of recovery.

In proposing antiques for practical use one refers to the more modest pieces rather than to those which figure among "collectors' pieces." Rare examples of a given period always have and still continue to command enormous prices in spite of the decline which has also affected this section of the trade. These pieces are, naturally, beyond the means of the average purchaser, whose search is confined to those of less rarity though of fine craftsmanship for all that, and often of equal beauty. In the world of antiques fashion is as fickle as in other spheres, a fact for which the small collector has much to be grateful, since while the attentions of the more fanatical collectors are concentrated upon the whims of the moment, he is free to buy the lesser pieces which, through being temporarily neglected, are financially accessible.

AT a well-known dealer's this week I was shown some examples of the graceful Sheraton chests of drawers which have so much to recommend them for present use in their beauty and utility. In every case most excellently preserved, these chests, which quite recently were commanding twenty pounds each, are marked at £8 10s., and, I was informed, are to be offered at £7 12s. 6d. in the January sale. For beauty of workmanship and perfection of materials these chests can hardly be rivalled to-day; yet where could one hope to buy the most modest piece of modern workmanship for less than this?

A mahogany wardrobe of the same period for twelve or fifteen pounds would seem

THE restraint of modern architecture is, oddly enough, quite in keeping with antique furniture and need be no obstacle to its use. The fireplace above displays an ingenious alliance of the old with the new

for Antiques Now

GLAZED chintz again—another Rosebank fabric—specially suitable for chair covers. This sedate fabric has a mellow pink ground with a design of deeper pink, blue and palest green. Price 3/9 yd.

PERSIAN rugs are the invariable choice of one who collects antiques. Here is one from the extensive collection at Messrs. Harvey Nichols—a specially fine example at £9-15-0

By Winifred Lewis

too much to expect, and yet such are obtainable just now, and, indeed, offer a valuable form of investment since prices must inevitably soar.

While it is true that in these days of restricted quarters the smaller antiques are better able to sustain their price, it is a mistake to suppose that they are only accessible to the rich. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the smaller pieces are less easily acquired even in these days of deflated values, and that to obtain them one must be very sharply on the look-out.

For the few remaining possessors of large houses the larger antiques are available at an incredibly low figure, while at all times those pieces which are temporarily out of demand, though none the less individually attractive for that, are awaiting discovery. In this regard almost any genuine piece of attractive design and good craftsmanship may be looked upon as an investment, since in the sphere of antiques nothing is static, and that which is ill-favoured to-day may be most keenly sought after to-morrow.

WINDSOR chairs, always favoured for their peculiarly English qualities as much as for their utility, are among the antiques to which the less opulent collector can aspire. Two hundred years ago these chairs were made in such large quantities by English country craftsmen that excellent examples are quite easily obtainable and, while present values obtain, at prices which compare favourably with those of the cheapest modern reproduction.

These Windsor chairs can be relied upon to increase in value, and being, as I have said, of a

Helen Macgregor

SUCH is the charm of the antique that a bow-fronted chest such as this, might occupy a place of honour in a sitting-room. The amazing price of this and other similar chests now at Messrs. Hamptons is £7-12-6 for the January sale

The Time *for* Antiques—Now

Left:
A CHIPPENDALE mirror from Messrs. Liberty's superb collection of antiques which illustrates the opportunities for sound investment which now obtain. This mirror, priced at £18-18-0, can be confidently expected to double in value in the near future. At the foot of the page another charming antique hall mirror is shown

most utilitarian character, are fair game for the collector of modest means whose intention is to put his purchases to practical use. The most common medium for Windsor chairs was cherry wood, yew or beech, and, quite often, all three, but it is seldom if ever that a mahogany Windsor chair is brought to light. Strangely enough, too, oak is unexpectedly rare, though one would have expected this most English of English woods to have been widely used. These are points of interest to the amateur collector, since these chairs are very widely reproduced.

Perhaps the most fascinating aspect of collecting antiques for the home is that of hunting the smaller objects to accompany them. Obviously, accessories of a contemporary character are the most suitable, though modern ones are, in their very simplicity, often more suitable than they seem.

The collection of these smaller pieces may easily develop into a delightful hobby out of which one may look for intense pleasure and increasing profit. The secret of collecting in a small way is to follow less frequented paths rather than to search for examples of the work of better-known craftsmen. In collecting pottery, old silver, prints and lesser objects this theory particularly applies.

Old prints exist in thousands, and, while the mezzotints of the great masters of the eighteenth century command fancy prices, it is possible to secure others by comparatively little known artists, which by their very character must increase tenfold in value. It is quite plain that with the gradual demolition of old London records of these fading beauties will increase in demand. That is why discriminate buying of prints of old London, even the confinement of one's collection to a certain quarter of the town, is bound ultimately to result in profit.

Mezzotints range in price from a shilling to ten or even twenty, whilst their quaintness and mellow colouring of age, even if artistically lacking in distinction, render them infinitely suitable for use with a scheme of antiques.

PIECES which have the dignity of age, yet not aspiring to the coveted status of the antique, are important items of the less opulent collection. A lacquer table of this category (right) displays some old Sheffield Plate and an attractive gilt mirror. Table £6-10-0, Sheffield Plate candlesticks 15s. pair, from G. Austin & Sons

—*continued*

POTTERY and silver also offer ample scope for the modest collector, and, if discriminately blended, will vastly enhance the effect of antique furniture. Old pewter also has a decorative value which is scarcely to be equalled as a combination with oak, and is particularly worthy of attention from the small collector. Candlesticks, porringers, bowls, flagons and dishes are only a few of the objects which come within his scope, and, in the words of the expert, "the greater the simplicity, the greater the age!"

Genuine old pewter is of a dark, mellow colour, and spurious pieces are immediately recognised by the absence of this tone. It has proved impossible to fake genuine old pewter with any great accuracy, and the lightness of the modern metal at once reveals its character.

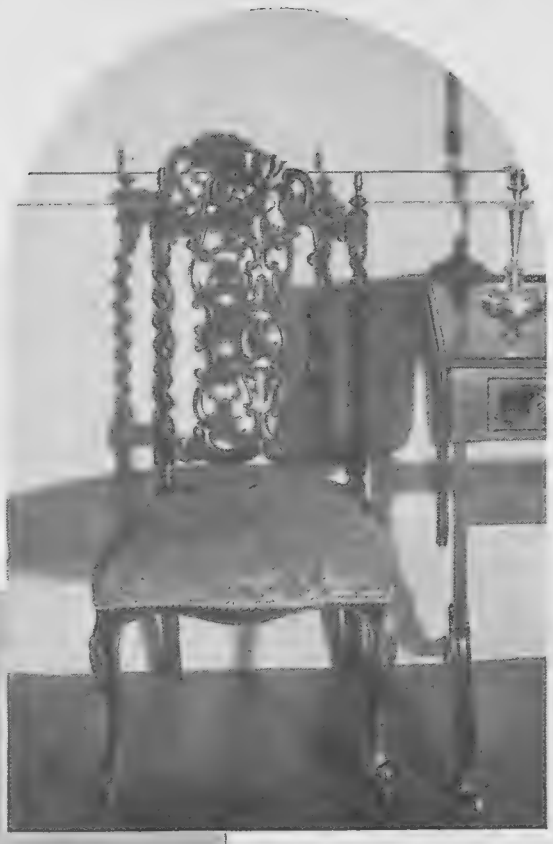
In providing the right background for antique furniture we are particularly well served by the modern manufacturer of fabrics. The chintz which has been photographed for these pages is eloquent of achievement in reproducing the quaint charm of period fabrics.

For those who complain of the discomfort of antique furniture, refuge is to be found in the luxurious modern armchair, which is simple enough in its design to live with a scheme of antiques, and, indeed, if covered with a fabric of such quaint charm as these, becomes immediately an integral part of the main picture.

BEDSPREADS of the delightfully printed Liberty silks are ideally suited to the period bedroom and can be combined with curtains of plain silk in a blended colouring with a pelmet of the figured fabric. One of the loveliest bedspreads I saw at Messrs. Liberty's just recently had a delicate sprig design of gold and green upon a natural background and a deeply bordered edge of the plain gold colouring. There were several variations of this pretty scheme, and in each case the bedspread was quite modestly priced for the excellent quality offered.

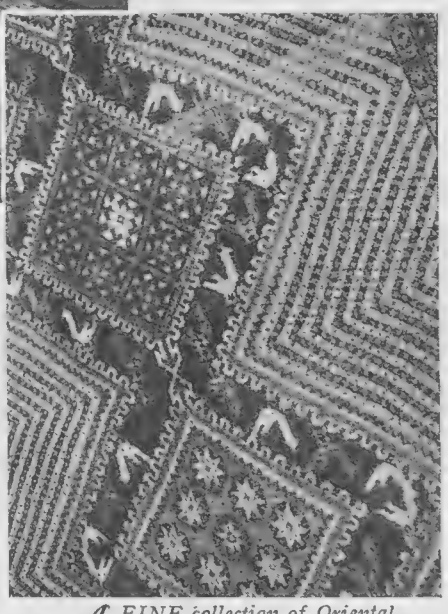
The final argument in favour of genuine period furnishing is that modern comforts—when skilfully introduced—are completely at home in company with it. Luxurious modern easy chairs, for instance, are so simple and so symmetrical in shape that they are almost self-effacing in such a scheme. Moreover, they can, if necessary, be brought into line by the use of a suitable fabric for covering. A scheme of antiques does not, by any means, imply the frills and furbelows of tradition. We are, in fact, agreed upon the excellence and dignity of modern backgrounds as a foil to the more intricate splendours of the past.

[Helen Macgregor



Above: *REMINISCENT of the Cromwellian era, this old carved chair is typical of the pieces which are available to the small collector for "a mere song."—pieces, moreover, which need not be despised as companions to more ambitious purchases*

Left: *A CHIPPENDALE table (circa 1760) with an unusual extension to the side of the graceful shaping of the front. Another example from Messrs. Liberty's collection, recently offered at £50 and now at £27-10-0*



A FINE collection of Oriental rugs, suitable for the scheme of antiques, are at Messrs. Liberty's

I AM a dog, and my name is Punch. Sometimes people have asked me what sort of a dog I am. I do not know. Nobody seems to know. I am just a dog.

But there are lots of things I can tell you.

Why are men so silly? Why are there so many things they do not understand?

Now, my Mistress says my Master is dead. But He is not dead. I am always telling her so. But she will not understand. She just cries and looks sad.

It all happened in a very funny way.

When I was a small dog, there were several of us, and so all but one were going to be drowned. But as no one had the courage to put us in the water, they chose one of us because he was fatter than the others and kept him, and then left the others lying about in the street outside. We all crawled away, in different directions. I saw one of my brothers picked up.

I crawled about for a little time and then smelled some food. I followed the smell, and then sat on a mat outside a door.

A woman opened it soon after and said, "Oh, what a poor little dog!" and took me inside. I have been there ever since.

I was not really a poor little dog, but I had managed to look like one. I soon learned that, whenever I wanted anything, I had only to look like a poor little dog. Then I got it. I think it is the people who are poor. But they do not know.

In the evening, my Master came home, and I saw Him for the first time.

I do not know what He is, but He is somebody very important.

"You must be tired, dear," they said to Him, and brought out some slippers, and sat Him in a chair.

Then I crept from under the chair and looked at Him. He looked at me and said, "Hullo, old fellow." Then I loved Him always.

Ever since, I have always sat near Him when He has been at home. He talks to me and I talk back.

But, although I can understand what He says, it seems too funny to me that He does not know when I reply.

MEN people do not know, but, when dogs love them, they do not have to hear the words they say. They can tell it all by what they think. We cannot tell men that, but we know it. We try to tell them, but they are so silly they will not understand.

Nor do they know why they love us so. The real reason is that, as we go by their thoughts, and not by the sounds that come from their mouths, we understand them much better than anybody else. Often they think one thing and say another. We know what they think. So we know. And, when you know, you love Him.

Master is very important. He used to bring home large papers and read them by the fire and worry. Sometimes Mistress would say, "Shall we get through it?"

Studies in Psychology: No. 1

. . . The touch of a Vanished the Sound of a Voice that is

I used to hear words like "crisis" and "business." Month by month Master used to get greyer and seem more tired when He came home, and He used to sit and worry more.

But, all the time, I would be by His chair or even up on His lap. He would sit thinking for hours, merely saying now and then, "Dear doggie."

When Master was not at home, Mistress used to tell people how worried He was about "affairs," and how brave He was, and how the country depended upon Him.

One day I tried to tell her that He was ill. I knew it. It was not the worry outside, but He was all tired inside.

But she took no notice. I was quite clear about it. I barked every word very clearly. But she merely said, " Do be quiet, Punch."

Master got tireder and tireder. Then, one terrible day, when I tried to get into His bedroom to wake Him up, as usual, they would not let me in.

Then a tall man came, looking very serious, and went inside. For days the door was shut, except that they opened it quietly every now and then, but always kept me out. Every time I tried to tell them that I wanted to go inside, that I would be very quiet, they got angry, and at last I was shut in the kitchen.

People used to call and ask how Master was. Then Mistress began to cry. All the time, I knew that Master was inside the room and that He wanted me. But they would not let me inside.

Then, one night, nobody went to bed. Sometimes they crept in and out of the bedroom, but, all the rest of the time, they sat crying.

DOGS KNOW . . .

Hand and still—there

By

Hannen Swaffer

Then Master stood beside me and said, " Hullo, Punch, I'm better now." His face shone. The grey lines had gone. He did not look tired any more.

I barked with delight. He sat down in a chair and I crept up beside Him. It seemed funny, though. There was more room in the chair than usual.

" Tell them it's all right, Punch," He said.

I ran out to Mistress and barked away with delight.

" Come in, Master wants you," I said.

But someone slapped me and said, " Do be quiet, you naughty dog!"

So I went back and talked to Master.

" Tell them it's all right, Punch," He said.

I kept on barking, but every time I barked, I was slapped.

When I looked round again, Master was not there. I did not see Him go. But suddenly he was not there. I looked all around, went in all the rooms. But He was not there.

Well, all this time, Mistress was crying. Then people began to call, and say " How dreadful!"

I wondered what was dreadful.

I was so glad, now that I could see Master again and talk to Him, and not be shut out of the room where He was lying. I kept on barking my joy. But they always slapped me.

" Be quiet, Punch," someone said. " Don't you know your Master is dead?"

I did not know what they meant. I only knew that for days I had been talking to my Master again and that he looked quite well and so happy, and was smiling.

(*Continued on page 82*)

Illustrations by
Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

SIR EDWIN WENSON, of the C.I.D., happened to read this insidious slabber while indulging his week-end passion for breakfast in bed with the Sunday papers

Waddini Wahid

Another *Adventure in* the Astonishing *Career* of Major Jimmy L*ace*—not *to* mention Scotland Yard

By F. E. VERNEY

THE VISCOUNT HOLLYROOD earns his nightly caviare and bicarbonate by airing the underwear of Mayfair at so much per line. Two million charming women read him every day—and, if the truth be told, nearly as many men. He has nothing to do with this story, thank God, beyond the causative fact that Jimmy Lace once kicked him in the pants for venting in the army that gift for scandal which he now capitalises in Fleet Street. Wherefore, in due course and retrospective malice, this hidalgo of fashionable tittle-tattle wrote in his Sunday column :—

" The Younger Court Set will be deprived a little longer of its two most popular members, Major Jimmy Lace and his charming wife, Lady Patricia. They have recently been on a joy-ride to Cape Town, and are returning *via* Egypt to give a *cachet* to the Cairo season. Jimmy, who is half American (and original, anyhow), is one of those few remaining Guardsmen (Ah, me !) who ride the wreckage of Death Duties and hard times with that *élan* which once caused the Iron Duke or someone to remark of the Guards in battle : ' It is magnificent, but it is not war.'

" In Jimmy's case this achievement is remarkable, for it is not long since he was taxed completely out of those hereditary estates upon which he contrived to serve his King and country as an officer and a gentleman. Yet he not only continues to do this with superb efficiency, but is, I am told, the mysterious philanthropist who at this late date is extensively financing a ' place-in-the-sun ' scheme for indigent ex-warriors of the Great War. Having regard to the fact that Jimmy's financial education has been limited to paying heavily for the privilege of being shot at in War and stared at in Peace, the feat is a miracle in two senses. I takes off my hat and bows. But—considering the pay of a Guards officer would not keep a Socialist M.P. off the Westminster dole, I wish the gallant Jimmy would tell me what market he is playing."

Causative fact number two. Sir Edwin Wenson, of the C.I.D., happened to read this insidious slabber while indulging his week-end passion for breakfast in bed with the Sunday papers. Being as completely policeman in black silk pyjamas eating toast and marmalade as he is in one of his notoriously perfect suitings at the helm of his Department, he turned the item over in his mind. At the " Yard " on Monday he called into his room Chief Detective Inspector Curragh, who, as most crooks know, looks like a retired gigolo, but is interested in no jazz that does not end at the Central Criminal Courts.

" When and where was it the last of those Star Ribbon burglaries occurred ? " he asked—knowing the sequence backwards.

Curragh turned on his chief a pair of eyes as human as the keys of a calculating machine, and answered with a brevity that belied the softness of his brogue :

" Cape Town. Six weeks ago to-day. Fifty thousand pounds in notes. Victim, Liebenbaum—shady Rand millionaire. Report's in that file under your elbow, sor."

Wenson thrust at his subordinate the clipping of the paragraph on Jimmy Lace.

" See if that gives you any ideas. It comes to something when we have to get our pointers from a snob-gossip."

Curragh bent a black head over Hollyrood's splurge while Wenson stabbed a case-file with a forefinger.

" Not only was this gilded guardee in the Cape at the time, but you've got it down in your ' contact analysis ' that each of these millionaires who were robbed in England was first approached by him for a contribution to the ex-warrior fund this gossip lizzie gasses about."

Curragh dropped the cutting on the desk. " They were also approached by nearly every begging organisation in the country. As for the Cape affair, Major Lace was at a State Ball at Government House at the moment that millionaire's safe was cracked."

" How do you know he was ? " flashed Wenson.

" I don't know," returned Curragh dryly. " That's the report of the Cape police. I cabled for information when I observed Major Lace's name on the list of passengers disembarking there the day

JIMMY was draping a low basket chair and idly tickling the back of his wife's neck, while she and the Duchess of Newforest smiled at the enthusiasm with which he had just bought from a Pharaonic salesman a miniature garment intended for some small person in England whom he affectionately designated "Her Nibs"

before. Ye'll not be forgetting, sor, that each of these Star Ribbon jobs was the work of a two-fisted professor who's forgotten more than was ever taught at Borstal—leave alone a lily-handed Guards officer. Three of the safes he opened were the latest combinations, and in the case of the whisky millionaire one of our Assistant-Commissioners was in the house at the time."

"Never mind about all that," Wenson said acidly. "You've had every 'regular' on the mat who was not in jail; besides all the squeakers in London. There's a damned sight more in these cases than meets the eye. I don't see any professional planting snippits of Mons ribbon in each crib he cracks, even as a blind. If Lace was as broke as this gossip lizzie says, where's he getting his money from?"

Curragh, who was as theoretical as a steel man-trap and nearly as romantic, offered cynically:

"Out of the fund he's collecting, probably. Overhead expenses is the usual way. Ye are not suggesting that a brassbound officer of the Guards is risking a ten-year stretch to put a lot of old Tommies on velvet?"

"He risked more than that in France to put millionaires on velvet. Check him up again, and if you can't find where his money's coming from, send your best man to Cairo to catch him on the hop if he's gone there to plant another ribbon. I've had five Parliamentary questions to answer about these affairs. Somebody's going to get the sack if we don't get to the bottom of 'em soon—and it won't be me."

Curragh had gained neither his implacable reputation nor his position by ignoring the highly improbable. Furthermore, he already had made a personal vendetta of the Star Ribbon burglaries. Turning over the problem from this new angle, he decided ruthlessly:

"I'll go myself—and fly there if you'll sign the expense 'chit,' sor."

FIVE miles along the Gizeh road from Cairo by trolley-car, taxi, or *arabeah*, is a Franco-Oriental edifice fringed by a few palm trees and known as the Mena House hotel. It is from here that intrepid travellers venture by camel across the waterless desert (ten minutes) to gaze on Egypt's trade mark (Baksheesh gentlemans), and to have their photographs taken on the plinth of the Sphinx, or the summit of—the camel. Its popular tea terrace is admirably adapted to listening-in to the conversation of other people, and behind the tub of blue hydrangeas and cerise geraniums that separated their tables Curragh was having an unobserved and leisurely close-up of Major Jimmy Lace, C.M.G., D.S.O.

Long-limbed and bronzed, in a grey flannel suit slashed at the neck with the blue and red tie of the Brigade of Guards, Jimmy was draping a low basket chair and idly tickling the back of his wife's neck, while she and the Duchess of Newforest smiled at the enthusiasm with which he had just bought from a Pharaonic salesman a miniature garment intended for some small person in England whom he affectionately designated "Her Nibs."

Curragh sipped his tea as if it were full of sand. Having proved that Lace had no means beyond his regimental pay, he was now intent on squaring everything else into key with the mysterious Star Ribbon artist. Consequently, he had at least hoped to find his quarry scratching the neck of another man's wife, or buying cocktails for something in the platinum blonde line. Excepting on the films, easy-money merchants, from Ivan Kreuger to the humblest "wipe" thief, do not run domestic complexes. Nor in Curragh's four-square experience did crooks —case-hardened pro's or gifted amateurs —exhibit between jobs such authentic ease of manner with an overdue penitentiary trip still in debit. Yet during that day he had observed half a dozen or more local acquaintances slap Jimmy unexpectedly on the shoulder without even disturbing his eyeglass.

But the real set-back was that Jimmy and his party were merely doing the usual forty-eight hour liner jump to Cairo—according to the purser of their East

AND it was the gold emblazoned King Fuad that passed Curragh discreetly but ruthlessly in the rear

Coaster and the room clerk of their hotel. Precious little time to stage a burglary of the foolproof Star Ribbon type. And, by unguarded remarks Curragh had picked up whilst sharing their rail compartment from Alexandria docks, Jimmy's main problem was to show his wife all the sights in that time and yet help the Duchess find two Arab horses for her breeding farm at Newforest. So far he'd shown not the slightest interest in anything else. But once on a trail Curragh never let go until his man was where he intended putting him. He was, however, seriously considering using his throat on a pint of iced beer at the inside bar, in preference to going on stretching his ears for the kind of thing that would not be said anyway, when for the first time that day he observed Jimmy's manner crisp up to something more kin to Ranelagh's star polo thrill. He was staring past his wife and Curragh to the sandy road below the tea terrace, where the piastre dreams of donkey boys and squatting camelmen had been peculiarly disturbed by the arrival of a large white Daimler. From this five Egyptian notables were escorted by a tensely suave manager and grovelling attendants to a reserved tea table.

The focal point of this group and the eyes of a terraceful of tired tourists and idle rich was a tall Cairene with the features and deportment of a well-fed Rameses, Savile Row clothes and a scarlet National *tarbushe*.

"What a grimly handsome sheik, Jimmy!" remarked Lady Patricia Lace. "Why—it's Waddini Wahid. We met him at the Prime Minister's last season, auntie."

"We met him everywhere, me dear," contributed the Duchess along the handle of a lorgnette. "He was an epidemic, like Chaplin and Gandhi. Too odd that he should have red hair. What's his stable history, James? They say he's descended from Cleopatra."

Jimmy helped himself to a cube of chewing gum from a gold cigarette case that bore the diamond feathers of the Prince of Wales, and drawled lazily:

"The Cleopatra that guy's descended from, auntie, lived in an unsavoury part of Suez—and I reckon there was a good slope in the descent at that." And he chewed reflectively while he watched the notorious Nationalist leader fling commands to salaaming waiters

Command Invitation of His Majesty into the Royal Palace next evening of Jimmy Lace and his womenfolk

A STOCKY Egyptian in a fez and dinner suit like Wahid's appeared at Jimmy's elbow and inquired his business

like a movie star registering omnipotence on a Hollywood "lot."

"What do you mean by that tropical remark, Jimmy?" his wife wanted to know.

"Just what I say, honey," he told her amiably. "In ways of siniquity, your boy friend had Cleo beat before he'd finished plucking hairs from the bellies of the bazaar donkeys—excuse my Spanish. So if you are thinking of asking him over for a highball, don't."

The Duchess regarded Wahid with renewed interest, and said so, while Patricia smiled and said:

"Tell us more. He sounds terribly more amusing than the Sphinx. Isn't he champion of all the 'down-trod' Egyptians?"

"Outside his own country," agreed Jimmy. "In point of fact, he is the biggest racketeer since Nero. Give him his head and he'd make that ancient 'spot' merchant look as simple as yonder 'deb' with the Baedeker."

"Surely not," the Duchess demurred. "Our statesmen were all over him. He was at two of the Royal Garden Parties."

"That's politics," drawled Jimmy. "A slap on the back for all the Neros of the Great Peace and a gutter-merchant's licence for all the heroes of the Great War. Six years ago, when I was here on duty, he was having leave-going British officers gunned in their bunks on the desert express, and dropping bombs on bunches of inoffensive Tommies in the bazaar cafés. And in the Great War, daddy, he divided his time between pinching train-loads of soldiers' comforts and filling the hospitals with—well, that's enough to be going on with."

"You seem to have a down on him, darling," said Patricia. "Have you got him on that comic Black List of yours?"

Jimmy got up at that moment to speak to an Egyptian friend who had just arrived at an adjoining table.

"What Black List is that?" asked the Duchess, and Curragh listened intently for the answer.

Patricia laughed. "Jimmy's charity list. He's collecting for some war fund and, with his usual divine humour, restricts the cadging to people he dislikes."

When Jimmy returned she asked:

"Will the ubiquitous Wahid be at King Fuad's party to-morrow night, I wonder, Jimmy?"

"We'll see when we get there," he said.

She stared at him in astonishment, and Curragh leaned forward again.

"Don't be septic, Jimmy. You know perfectly well we've got to get back to the ship. Besides, you refused to go to a Buckingham Palace party when you heard Wahid was going."

"One of the main functions of a near-

American husband, young woman," he smiled, "is to occasionally provide his wife with her heart's desire. You said you'd like to give Fuad's Court the once over; so consider it done. Now, auntie, we'd better go and see my pal Abbas, the horse thief."

CURRAGH returned to Cairo by the next trolley-car, and went direct to the British Chief of Police.

"I want," he said, "an invitation to King Fuad's reception to-morrow night; the loan of your two best sleuths, and some inside notes on Waddini Wahid." And as he backed this request with a personal letter from his own Chief to Captain Kilhame, he got what he wanted.

"Does Wahid hoard anything that would interest a European crook who specialises in big stuff, and knows how to nail it?"

"Tucked away in his *harem* or somewhere, we believe Wahid has the famous emerald crown of Tutankhamen," Kilhame told him. "He was foreman of the Caernavon digging gang when Tut's tomb was dug up. The crown was missing at the official opening. It is worth a mint of money, but I don't suppose you—much less your crook—ever heard about it."

"That's fine," acknowledged Curragh grimly. "Now, would Wahid be likely to take that emerald crown to the King's party for any reason?"

"As likely as you are to take one of the Pyramids," proclaimed Captain Kilhame dryly. "The King and Wahid have as much use for each other as you and your crook. Furthermore, Wahid happens to be having an opposition show of his own the same night."

"I'll have an invite for that as well," said Curragh.

"There'll be no Europeans at Wahid's party, my friend—least of all my nominees. What's the great idea, anyway?—poaching on my preserves."

"That I hope to tell you within the next forty-eight hours, sor—unless I'm trailing the wrong man. Meanwhile I'll still have that invite to the King's Palace."

And it was the gold emblazoned Command Invitation of His Majesty King Fuad that passed Curragh into the Royal Palace next evening discreetly but ruthlessly in the rear of Jimmy Lace and his womenfolk. This time the tall Guardsman's appearance—to anybody but the relentless Curragh—made the suspicions of the "Yard" look more fantastic than ever. Although he wore ordinary evening clothes, there was about him an authentic aristocracy which reduced the polyglot assembly to a small town huddle. On his left lapel hung a wide string of miniature fighting decorations that made the three war medals on Curragh's democratic breast look like three silver sixpences in the palm of a Ritz head-waiter. It was, however, the austere cross of St. Michael and St. George swinging beneath Jimmy's white butterfly tie, in close proximity to the insignia of the Légion d'Honneur, that symbolised Curragh's peculiar satisfaction at having taken the trail in person. Presumably that was why his subordinates had not seriously considered Lace in the first place. But that kind of hooey cut no ice with him. To pin on the wearer of such high-hat distinctions the most workmanlike series of crimes in this generation would afford him grim content.

Watching Jimmy move about Fuad's throne room with his beautiful wife and the Duchess—coiffeured with the Newforest coronet—in a background of eminent Egyptians liberally splashed with jewelled orders, avoirdupois, and similar authentications of social rectitude; observing him hob-nob with the Royal Princes, Viziers, judges; and witnessing his intimacy with the British Commander-in-Chief, whose red tunic gleamed as copiously with decorations as his forehead did with sweat, Curragh smiled sardonically.

At ten-thirty Lady Patricia remarked to her husband:

"Jimmy, who is that rather good-looking man over there? The one with the sad eyes and the three war medals. I've seen him before somewhere. He seems very friendless."

"He would be, honey," Jimmy replied lazily. "He's a Scotland Yard man—so Billy Finche, that chatty A.D.C., tells me."

"Good Lord! and I thought he was trying to get off with me! What is he doing here, I wonder?"

"Looking after Fuad's spoons, I imagine, young woman. So don't collect any souvenirs while I am playing bridge. I'm going to put the Culbertson across the Personal Staff presently. You and auntie can find your own way home if I get hung up."

But it was to the Palace exit that Jimmy went exactly at eleven o'clock—duly stalked by the unrelenting Curragh. He stood for a few moments in the Grand Porch inspecting the stars, and a forecourt well stocked by guards and plain-clothes police, and then lounged out to the public sidewalk. A solitary taxi came cruising past. Jimmy got into it and told the driver to go to the Semiramis Hotel. If he heard the driver answer in Arabic the question of a nearby loafer, he took no apparent notice. Nor did he look twice at Curragh's "*dragoman,*" who lounged at the hotel entrance when he paid off the taxi and entered the hotel.

At eleven-thirty a corpulent Frenchman joined the cosmopolitan crowd in the hotel café, and drifted out past Curragh's watching sleuth.

With the *bonhomie* of the genuine Franco-Egyptian *boulevardier* registering on his whiskered face, and *La Vie Parisienne* under his arm, he peacocked away to Shepheard's Hotel, and had an *absinthe* at the Long Bar. Then he came out to the car park, where he entered a yellow Renault with a long bonnet and Alexandria number plates.

Six minutes later Jimmy stopped the Renault a hundred yards short of Waddini Wahid's residence, got out and said:

"Turn your car round, keep her engine warmed up, and wait here. If I am longer than an hour, return to the garage."

WHILE Fuad's Palace of prestige and authority was knee-deep in guards and police, Wahid's house was invested by nothing but bunches of bazaar loafers and idle *fellaheen*. They squatted in the dust outside the compound gates, (*Continued on page* 78)

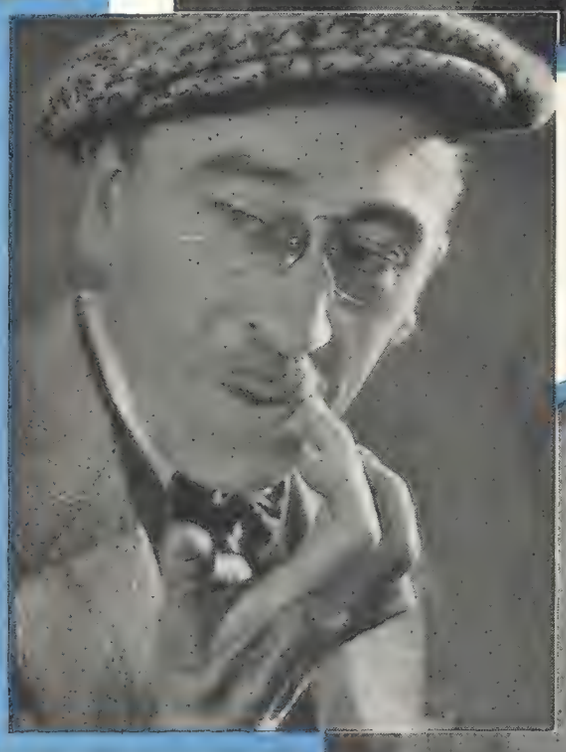
JIMMY did not look round to see whom Wahid was addressing, for he felt a circle of cold steel at the back of his bare neck and heard the crisp command: "Stick 'em up!"

CONRAD VEIDT, the super-crook in "Rome Express," about to make his escape by jumping off the train

By Peter Quennell

Stars and

As *the* star-system becomes *more* *to* forget how *much* they *owe* to brightest, need *a* setting. Take *the* pictures *in* which brilliant acting *is*



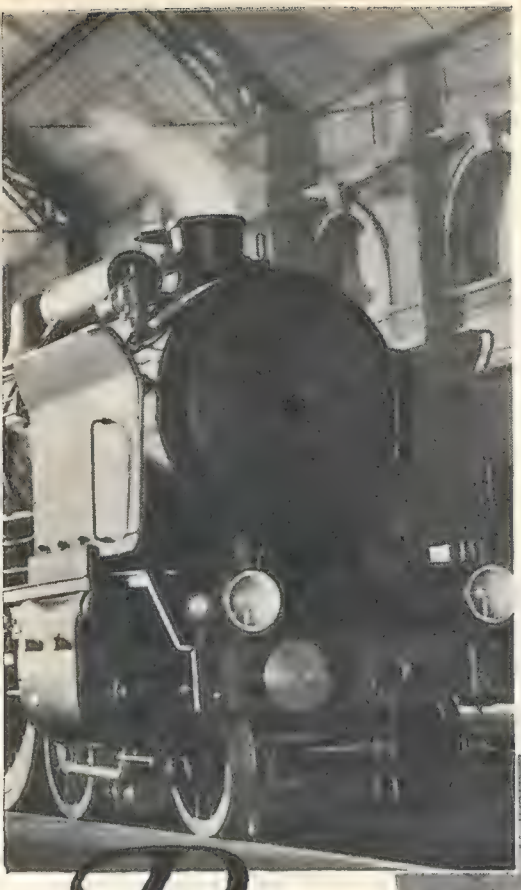
GORDON HARKER, an interfering friend of the lovers on "The Rome Express"

THE runaway lovers, played by Joan Barry and Harold Huth, discover, to their dismay, a corpse in their compartment on "The Rome Express"

LOVE Me To-night is Chevalier with a difference. Previously to enjoy one of his pictures—for example, the triumphant *Love Parade*—it was necessary to have fallen victim to his famous charm, to watch him rather than the film in which he acted. It was advisable to adopt the mentality of a downright fan. The story itself was there to give him his cue; Chevalier "did his stuff" from beginning to end against a background Ruritanian or Parisian—it really mattered very little which—but his stuff, though admirable in its own line, was seldom recommended by originality. The same roguish leer and pouted underlip, the same way of dashing across the screen, usually to try his luck with Jeanette Macdonald; and, when beauty proved intractable and frigid, the same celebrated disarming doggy smile. . .

In his new picture Jeanette Macdonald is still to the fore. She tosses her curls and flashes her teeth just as of old, and is still encircled by a musical-comedy halo. Once again Miss Macdonald is a princess; but at that point, thank heavens, the resemblance ends. For the first time, Chevalier is well directed and is able to make the most of his undoubted gifts.

Mamoulian is a vast improvement on Ernst Lubitsch. Both directors, as I have tried to indicate above, produce a



Producers

and *more* important, we *are* apt producers, *and* that *stars*, even *the* case *of* two *widely* successful supported by clever *showmanship*

romantic mixture of song and sentiment which recalls the lavish efforts of the musical stage; but whereas in Lubitsch's hands the mixture was treacly, Mamoulian manages to strain it almost clear. He gives his theme the odd charm of a Grimm fairy tale. Some film-goers may not have forgotten *Cinderella*; they will notice that the Princess's maiden aunts, three of them, always embroidering or brewing potions, are modelled on a reminiscence of that film and that their presentation is tinged with a similar fantasy.

THE whole picture is deliberately a little fantastic. And why not? Why select an improbable theme, and then treat it as a cross between historical drama and a musical comedy which has somehow strayed into a film-studio? Here is a fairy tale that remains a fairy tale. A gallant tailor—Maurice Chevalier, of course—penetrates an aristocratic château in pursuit of a spendthrift nobleman who owes him a bill. Charles Ruggles takes the part of the improvident marquis. He persuades the handsome tailor to stay as his guest, introduces him to his uncle and the Princess Jeanette. She is proud, but he sings her several ditties. She is yielding, till he reveals his lowly origin.

None of which is really of any consequence. Personally I didn't enjoy the various lyrics—that must be according to age and temper—but I did enjoy the movement of the film and the ingenious combination of sound and imagery. Its sound effects are brilliant in the extreme. When the three aunts have discovered that the supposed baron is actually a tailor and a dun, and have hurried downstairs to tell the news to the assembled guests, one of them overturns and breaks a vase. The noise of its crashing impact on the slippery parquet is exaggerated so that it sounds like the crack of doom.

A dog yaps, mimicking the old women. Mamoulian has suggested in a dozen touches the dreariness and immobility of life at the château, where Jeanette is a kind of Sleeping Princess, as opposed to the hero's plebeian verve. He makes a clever use of slowed-up sequences. Thus, the apathetic bridge-players in the ducal saloon deal out their cards with such deliberation that they appear to be only half alive. And through it all races and grins the modern Prince Charming, up and down stairs, as uncontrollable as a grain of quicksilver.

Love Me To-night is decidedly a picture to visit. Even though you can't bear Jeanette Macdonald, and are tired of seeing her in bed among her curls, yawning—she was always fond of a good yawn—and are critical in your attitude to Maurice Chevalier, you will appreciate Mamoulian's excellent work. This is a satire, but it avoids becoming farcical: a fairy tale which walks the tight-rope with some success.

BRITISH films have at last scored a triumph. *Rome Express* has been compared to the Shanghai version, as though it were a mere derivative of the earlier picture; which, I think, is neither discriminating nor kind. Let the admission be made for what it is

(*Continued on page 78*)

MAURICE CHEVALIER as an apache, one of the roles he plays in "Love Me To-night." In this film he is well directed and is able to make the most of his undoubted gifts

JEANETTE MACDONALD as Princess Jeanette in "Love Me To-night"

BOOKS

Reviewed by Arnold Palmer

"Tell me a story"—Yes, but how?

THE novels mentioned below are all in the old tradition—that is to say, they are meant to provide entertainment rather than instruction, to amuse rather than convert the reader. Narrative is throughout of the first importance, and the success of the narrative depends on the author's power of presenting significant detail. Close observation is valuable, but is not, in itself, enough. The author must know how to select, from the mass of data collected by his senses, what is significant. Not all of our authors are capable of doing this. Some of them are content to pass on to the reader everything they know, the whole of their material, and thus leave him to do as best he can the work they should have done. A skilled, a professional novelist begins at the point where these amateurs leave off. It is perhaps a pity that there is not a plain and definite wall of technique round Literature as there is round Plastic Art and, still more, round Music. Such a wall at least makes people hesitate, and even keeps a few out altogether.

As an example of the skilled, professional story teller, Mr. Somerset Maugham is hard to beat. His prose is very spare and fit, his narrative moves swiftly and without laboured breathing. For his new novel, *The Narrow Corner* (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.), as for all his works, the right and immediate word is —brilliant. There will never be a more readable novel than this. The characters are firmly drawn, the descriptions are vivid and often beautiful, the sequence of events is logical and yet romantic. It is not until one lays the book down that any shadow of doubt arises. But then the lively company begins to fade with surprising rapidity. Why is it that the formidable Dr. Saunders and the sinister Captain Nichols refuse to take up their abode in the memory? It is hard to say. Perhaps Mr. Maugham's work for the theatre has led him into over-simplification of character. The story owes much of its excitement to the fact that all the men and women in it seem to have a secret in their lives which they wish to keep from the rest of the world. But there is a still deeper secret which they refuse to impart even to their creator. I feel that all his characters have a side to their nature which they have never shown him. Such a feeling is no doubt a tribute to his powers of weaving a spell; but it is not the highest possible tribute.

The lights are high in Mr. Maugham's novel. If it were a play, the instructions to the theatre electrician would, one imagines, be "Full up. Flood." You can guess vaguely at the number of bulbs which have been employed when you return to the comparatively dim light of an ordinary novel like *Mary Dallon*, by Herbert Asquith (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.). Mr. Asquith's story is far more improbable than Mr. Maugham's. It is a wild romance of the English countryside, but it is related in the most sober, matter-of-fact tones. The heroine is the daughter of a showman with a travelling bear. She

MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM. For his new novel "The Narrow Corner," the right and immediate word is—brilliant

SIR HENRY BIRKIN, after winning the Irish motor Grand Prix at Dublin in 1931

Library: *Samuel Butler:* By Clara Gruening Stillman. (Secker, 16s.)

IN the Biographical Dictionary (published 1912) which I use, there is over half a column on *Hudibras* Butler, but *Erewhon* Butler, though he is mentioned as his grandfather's biographer, is not thought worthy of a separate entry. Time's changes have been unusually swift with the two Samuel Butlers. To-day, twenty years later, there must be a thousand readers of and debates on *Erewhon* to every one of *Hudibras*.

Mrs. Stillman, who is nothing if not up to date, deals with the nineteenth-century novelist, not with the seventeenth-century poet. Her matter is much better than her manner. She makes no real addition to our knowledge of Butler, but she collects and arranges very conveniently what she has gleaned from all the authorities, from the writer himself down to Mr. MacCarthy. Thus she manages to present as a coherent whole the life and the work of this fascinating but complex author. Readers on this side of the Atlantic, where we are not distinguished for energy, may be a little staggered by the weight of her culture; a little worried by the position of the break in "knowl-edge"; a little envious of sentences such as "He was penetrated with the sense of ambivalence . . . nature abounded in fluctuating and opposing values, in relativities and contradictions." But Mrs. Stillman has that rare gift, common sense. The opinions she reaches are always worthy of serious attention, and generally of acceptance; she is especially sound and sympathetic in her accounts of that most difficult and important aspect of Butler's life, his relations with his family. For a picture of the man, Mr. MacCarthy's few pages are worth Mrs. Stillman's entire book. But she does succeed in the useful task she has set herself, the task of bringing into perspective and harmony everything that is known about Butler.

Studio: *Sir William Orpen: Artist and Man.* By Sidney Dark and P. G. Konody. (Seeley Service, 25s.)

IT may be doubted whether this handsome volume says the last word on Orpen either as man or painter, but nevertheless we are lucky to get so good a book at such short range. It is barely a year since Orpen died. His personality, his industry, his skill, all combined to make him a Master with a reputation throughout the world; and that sort of man is not summed up and labelled in twelve months, nor in twelve years. Some critics affected to despise Orpen's work when he lived, and one of them continued to attack it even when Orpen's body was awaiting burial. I think posterity is more likely to laugh at the critics than at the painter. In any case Mr. Konody, whose views on Art are not precisely those of Sir William, does himself credit in his reasoned appreciation of one of the most brilliant painters born in the British Isles. "Brilliant" seems the word. There is a brilliant quality about Orpen's paintings, so that they are at their best on the big occasion. They are better in a public gallery than in a private house and, in public, have the power of reducing quieter and perhaps more subtle pictures to silence.

Because Orpen shone in Society people used to suppose that he was socially inclined. They were wrong. Never was an artist more wrapped up in his art, more anxious to keep himself to himself and to avoid being muddied by cliques and movements. He had an instinctive hatred of being cornered. And the instinct was a true one. He could see very clear and deep, and he rightly prized that gift beyond all else. If you have seen his war pictures at the Imperial War Museum, you will know that, beside his work, the other pictures and drawings are mere arrangements in line and tone. This gay, successful little man cherished, and suffered from, loneliness. There was a spring of bitterness in his heart. Every now and then it would well up and purify the spirit of the great portrait painter.

MISS M. J. FARRELL, whose book, "Conversation Piece," pictures an Ireland which is still more interested in horses than in anything else

HON. HERBERT ASQUITH, author of "Mary Dallon." It is, in cold blood, a nightmare of a story, but it has a quiet charm and is pleasant to read

decides to go into service, and is taken on at the first house at which she calls. (Her afternoon off is on Friday—p. 35. No, it is on Thursday—p. 40. No, it is on Friday, after all—p. 43. Did I say Friday? I meant Wednesday—p. 46.) Then she goes to London, and her father follows, with bear. She goes abroad, and her father is arrested for murder. And so on. It is, in cold blood, a nightmare of a story, but it has a quiet charm, and is pleasant to read.

IF variety is the spice of life, I have spent a tasty month. After the sophisticated Mr. Maugham, the quiet, credulous Mr. Asquith; and after Mr. Asquith, the round-eyed, child-like modernity of Mr. Louis Malone. His *Roundabout Way* (Putnam, 7s. 6d.) belongs to a rather large class—the clever, up-to-date novel with too much to say for itself—but it is better than most of its mates. Mr. Malone sees the world with the eyes of a child, to whom everyone over thirty seems fabulously unreal. A rather self-conscious child. "Time," he tells us, "like a bored dragon spits blood in his sleep." What can one say about that except "My dear, too marvellous"? I think that if Mr. Malone, during the writing of his second novel, were to relax completely and avoid all strain, his third novel might be good. He has talent. Admittedly, talent needs development. But I don't like to see it wearing a worried look. It suggests that it is misunderstood at home.

Laura Seaborne, by Julian Hall (Secker, 7s. 6d.) is also a "modern" novel by a new author. Here we have a *reductio ad absurdum* of pure narrative. The characters, with their acts and their talk, have apparently been copied down direct from the life. The result is, naturally, banal beyond belief and almost beyond endurance. The art of novel writing consists of something more than mere shorthand transcription to the length of so many thousand words. Presumably this curious novel is a *roman à clef*; but I doubt if there is anything of interest behind the door.

Of the earlier books of Miss M. J. Farrell I have read none. But her *Conversation Piece* (Collins, 7s. 6d.) persuades me that her publishers do not exaggerate in claiming that she is "the rightful successor to those famous collaborators, Somerville and Ross." I do not know whether I should enjoy her pictures of Ireland less if I had been there. I could hardly enjoy them more. She writes of the Ireland which is still more interested in horses than in anything else, and she shows us the Irish taking their pleasures, a little seriously but with terrific zest. *Gipsy's Luck*, by J. Fairfax Blakeborough and Christopher Somers (Philip Allan, 3s. 6d.), will also attract horse lovers, for the first-named author is known to all followers of racing. He might have given us what we have never yet had—the real thing in racing stories. It is, then, most disappointing to find the usual, preposterous romance of girl jockeys and dastardly opponents. Even the description of Newmarket paddock is full of mistakes, although it must be as familiar to Mr. Fairfax Blakeborough as the sight of Joe Childs' mackintosh or Sir Walter Gilbey's billycock.

There can be very few people who take less interest than I do in motor cars, whether still or in motion. The sight of Sir Henry Birkin's volume of recollections, *Full Throttle* (Foulis, 7s. 6d.), aroused in me no expectation save of boredom. It is, then, with a slight feeling of disloyalty to my inner nature that I confess to having been enthralled and excited by every chapter of an unusually lucid book. It is lucid because it doesn't require the reader to know anything about cars beyond the meaning of a few words like "jack" and "bonnet." It is exciting because of the author's narrative skill. How many racing motorists are there, I wonder, capable of writing so well as Sir Henry?

1932 was remarkable for its lack of memorable novels and for the success of biographical, educational and political volumes, and the growing number of books on Russia. Since divisions of Time are arbitrary and our conditions show no signs of improvement, one may expect the literature of 1933 to be at least as serious as that of its predecessor. But labels, however meaningless, have their effect. A new date may provide a new spirit.

Theatre:

I Had Almost Forgotten.

By Charles B. Cochran. (Hutchinson.)

Merely Players.

By W. G. Fay. (Rich & Cowan, 5s.)

C. B. Cochran

MR. COCHRAN'S book is supplementary to his earlier volume, *Secrets of a Showman*. As he has been in the business for nearly forty years, and has met and known every theatrical celebrity in the world, there is no reason why Mr. Cochran should cease to write his recollections while his strength lasts, and no reason why any volume should fail to be of fresh and absorbing interest. It is utterly impossible to give an orderly review of his book. All the hard work, the drudgery and worry of his career are omitted. Nothing is given us but the sparkle, the fat, the jam. A too filling diet, save in small doses; but then, how good! This is the mouthful I enjoyed most: "On hearing 'God Save the King' played, Coward was alleged to have remarked with a puzzled frown, 'Isn't that one of the tunes from *Cavalcade*?'"

EVERYONE has heard of Mr. Cochran; the man in the street has hardly heard of Mr. Fay. Yet in the English theatre, one must be almost as well known as the other. As actor, producer and director, Mr. Fay is one of the most experienced men alive. The ordinary theatre lover connects his name with the heyday of the Irish players, but the Abbey Theatre was only a phase, and an early one, in Mr. Fay's career. His little book of 150 pages contains the pith of his knowledge of acting, make-up, production, management, and other stage affairs. Every young professional, and every amateur of any age, will find it as valuable as it is interesting. I have never acted in my life, and I have been absorbed in Mr. Fay's pages. Sir Barry Jackson has written a short preface to this book; and Mr. A. P. Herbert a long one to Mr. Cochran's.

• *Recommended*

The Art of Being a Woman. By Dr. Olga Knopf. (Rider. 12s. 6d.)

The Maid of the Mountains: Her Story. By José Collins. (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.)

The Home Front. A vivid and important presentment of life at home during the Great War. By E. Sylvia Pankhurst. (Hutchinson. 18s.)

London is a Fine Town. By R. S. Woodthorpe. (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 7s. 6d.)

Bunga-Bunga. By Stephen King-Hall. (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 7s. 6d.)

Justice in the Jungle. By Frank Hives. (The Bodley Head. 8s. 6d.)

The Rich Cargo. By F. E. Mills Young. (The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.)

Christmas Pudding. By Nancy Mitford. (Thornton Butterworth. 7s. 6d.)

A NOTE of the MONTH

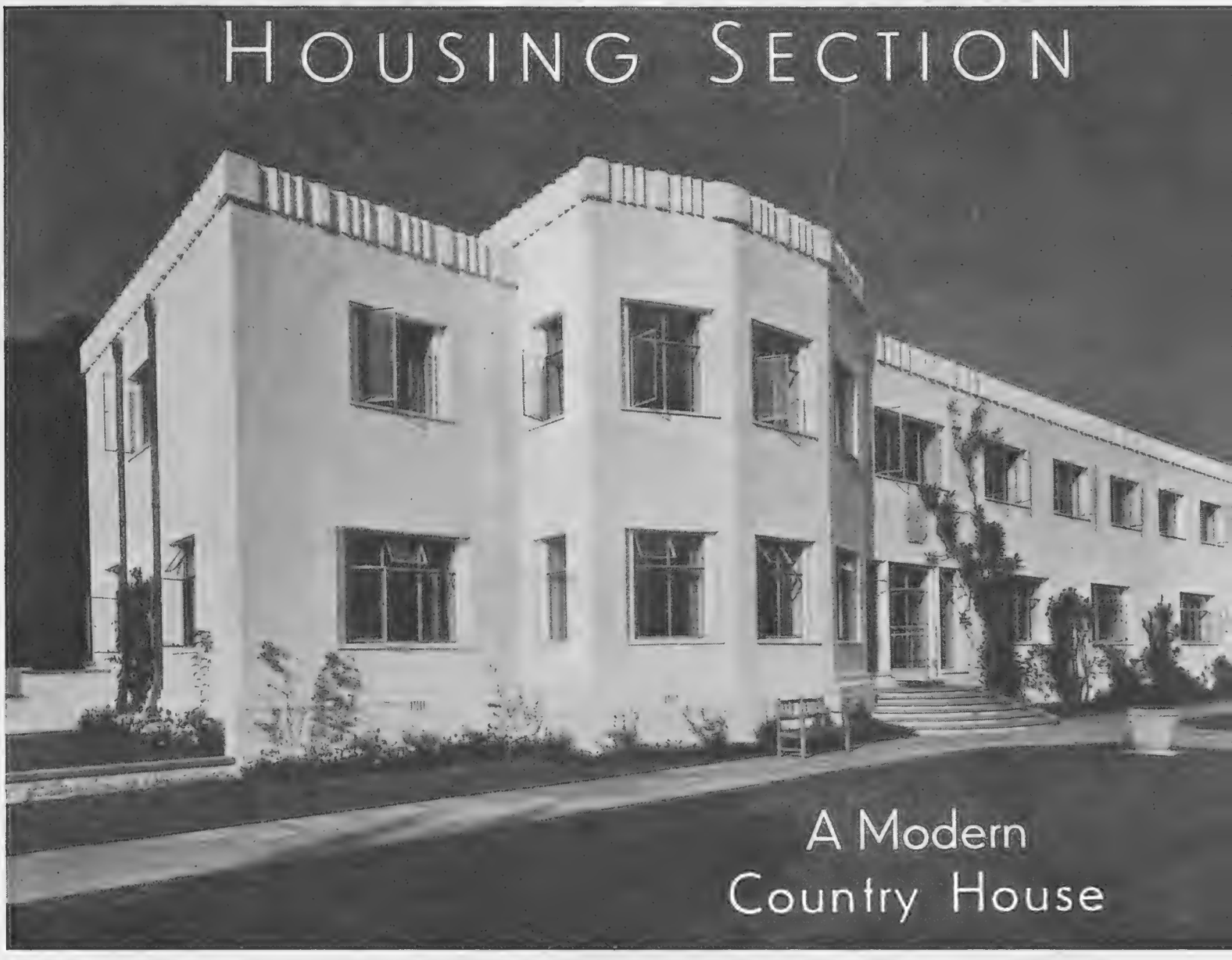
HAIR so cleverly cut that it clings and moulds the shape of the head, Greek curls with lacquered tips and a smooth outline reminiscent of antique sculpture, these are the essentials of this exquisite coiffure created and executed by Vasco

A WHITE velvet turban from Agnès has no trimming other than a heavy chain of the material which forms a striking contrast to the smooth dark hair of Miss Doris Zinkeisen, who proves to be every bit as decorative as her most attractive drawings

[*Photographs by Helen Macgregor*]

THIS time last year we were getting excited about the growing popularity of buttons and saying how lovely velvet was, and now we have burst the button bubble and are all wearing, and getting tired of, velvet; nor do we refer to the "new high" waist, but to the coming "lower" waist. Such is feminine fidelity. We have worn crinkled and blistered materials of every kind until the description of "smooth, soft satins" sounds like an out-of-date poem, and we have resisted with vehemence the attempts of the milliners to make us wear large hats. Hairpins remain mythical, and the start of horror with which we greeted the idea of lacquered hair has dwindled into a mild curiosity as to whose curls are kept in place by such means and whose are not. The revival of such fashions of the 'nineties as the leg-o'-mutton sleeve and the boned waistbelt have not resulted in the return of black stockings or starched petticoats, nor has the Directoire influence, so noticeable in some of our evening gowns, brought with it the shawls beloved of Josephine. Our coats, which last year were of a dashing military appearance distinguished by large revers and a plethora of metal buttons, have become more subtly feminine and have learnt, in many cases, to dispense with a belt

HOUSING SECTION



A Modern Country House recently built at Ascot.

Architects—
Minoprio and Spencely

THE front porch is rounded with recessed mouldings and has a very beautiful wrought-iron door

IT is not often nowadays that a new house is built which, although in accordance with contemporary ideas of simplicity, is definitely designed as the home of future generations. Such a house is the one illustrated on this and the following two pages, and, new in design though it may be, it appears in perfect accord with the age-old landscape which is its background. The site was originally occupied by a rambling and inconvenient house built towards the end of the last century, but this was found to be totally unsuitable for modern conditions; it was therefore demolished and an entirely new structure was designed which utilised the old foundations and cellars as far as possible. This new house, which is L-shaped, is built of rustic bricks whitewashed and is so planned that all the principal rooms have a south aspect, while the service wing faces east and west and is separated from the main block by swing doors on both floors.

EXTERNALLY the building relies mainly for its effect on the contrast of the white walls with the fine background of trees, lawns and gardens. The plain walls are relieved by the double window reveals and by the unusual cresting above the parapet. Over the doorway to the terrace is a coat of arms carved in Portland stone by Mr. James Woodford, a Rome scholar in sculpture, who was also responsible for the panels of pigeons and sea-horses on either side of the dining-room window, and for the series of tablets on the wall of the terrace bearing the initials and device of each member of the family. The lead fountain in the garden was designed some years ago by Mr. Maurice Chesterton, F.R.I.B.A.

THE main entrance is from a forecourt on the north side: a wrought-iron and glass front door of an unusual rounded design opens into a lobby with cloakrooms on either side, beyond which lies the hall, which has French windows opening out on to the south terrace. To the west of the hall is the study, and to the east the drawing-room and the dining-room. All four of these living rooms communicate one with the other with double doors between each. The very beautiful main staircase is of reinforced concrete faced with polished green marble composition, and the wrought-iron balustrade is painted a bronze-green in happy contrast to its grey oak handrail.

An effect of perpetual sunlight is obtained in the hall, which has electric lights placed above the skylight, and owing to the use of more skylights in the flat roof the interior of the house is always particularly bright.

TO the right, at the head of the stairs, is the principal bedroom suite, and to the left is an archway leading into the long gallery, which runs almost the length of the house and contains built-in china cabinets illuminated by concealed lights. The floors in the gallery and in the main rooms are of wax-polished maple boards, and the doors and other woodwork are of unpolished limed oak.

The interior of the house is extremely simple and has been designed as a foil and background to the owner's antique furniture, but great attention has been paid to detail, particularly to the fireplaces. That in the drawing-room has a mantel of biscuit-coloured travertin and black marble and is topped with a grey oak shelf which supports a few decorative china pieces. In the study the fireplace is of greyish-brown Napoleon marble; and in the principal bedroom the mantel is of Swedish green and black marble with a grey oak surround. This room has pale pink walls and a powder-blue ceiling and contains a very fine canopy bed hung with an old-fashioned chintz.

Original colour schemes distinguish several other rooms and the dining-room is particularly successful. The table and sideboard are of mahogany, but the chairs are of red lacquer

THE study has book-lined walls with bookshelves made the doors—unpolished limed oak. Note the simple

THE long gallery runs almost the length of the house and is lit by a glass skylight. It contains glass cabinets illuminated by indirect lighting

THE bedroom has pale pink walls and a ceiling of the faintest powder blue, a charming background to the mahogany four-poster bed and its chintz curtains

IN the dining-room cream table and with a fine set

of the same wood as moulding of the door

and a red-lacquered cabinet let into the wall contains some beautiful silver.

THE windows have metal casements with large panes of plate glass, and these, set into the brickwork without window frames and painted a brilliant green, are most effective against the white walls. All the curtains in the house are lined with orange casement cloth in order to give a uniform appearance from outside—a detail in house decoration which might be followed with happy results by many more owners. Inside, the curtains are of varied colours and materials chosen to harmonise with the character of the room in which they are hung, but all are equipped with pelmets of limed oak. In the study, an eminently successful room, a further use has been made of this unpolished wood, of which the bookshelves which line the walls are constructed, and its greyish tinge forms a particularly happy background for the many-coloured book-backs. All the doors in the house are also made of oak, and their simple construction with one deeply recessed moulding surrounding the large centre panel is an eminently successful essay in restrained modernism.

THE drawing-room fireplace is in travertin and black marble with a limed grey oak shelf on which stand some beautiful eighteenth-century English china. The walls are cream coloured

THE study fireplace is of grey-brown Napoleon marble in a solid and most successful design. The pair of wrought-iron dogs are particularly fine

walls and a grey carpet contrast with a mahogany sideboard and of scarlet lacquer chairs. The cabinets are also lacquered scarlet

THE staircase is a symphony in grey and green with a grey carpet, green marble steps, and a bronze-green balustrade. The rail is of limed oak

THIS is an ideal playroom, light, airy, and designed for the child, not for the grown-up. Every article of furniture is adapted to the size and needs of a miniature person

The Young Person's Apartment

Children need surroundings adapted to their small size and special requirements

BEFORE 1880 a special play apartment set aside for the children was practically unknown in the average household. Since then, however, each year has brought the child more and more into prominence, until to-day we find the nursery domain given far more attention than any other section of the modern home.

Objects which attract the eye and can be felt occupy the mind of a small child, and it is very necessary that nursery furniture should be so designed as to guide the child towards gaining correct focus and a sense of proportion. Thus, a small child should not be overwhelmed with heavy, ponderous furniture nor with gloomy dark objects. Bright colours, variously shaped bricks and playthings which enable him to discriminate and discover differences between textures and qualities are essential.

No child should be surrounded by objects which require nothing of him in effort and ideas. Even chairs and tables can be attractively designed to assist in developing creative talent. At the same time, the simpler both furnishings and playthings are the better.

Size of furniture is very important. In all play there is nothing dearer to children than moving furniture. The preliminary to most games is a furniture clearance, hence tables and chairs should be light and easy to lift.

During the second year of childhood both will and intellect begin to develop rapidly. Emotion and caprice play important roles, and it is essential that the child's surroundings should be peaceful while at the same time stimulating. Dull or drab backgrounds tend to bore, but garish decorative schemes or anything that tends to irritate should be avoided, therefore walls of light-coloured washable distemper are best. The idea of an animal frieze is excellent as a play device because it opens up a whole story-book of amusing incidents which can be enlarged or modified at will.

Needless to add, a day nursery should be sunny, if possible lofty, and not less than fifteen feet square for a nurse and one child. Good ventilation is everything: pure air is as necessary to growing children as to plants.

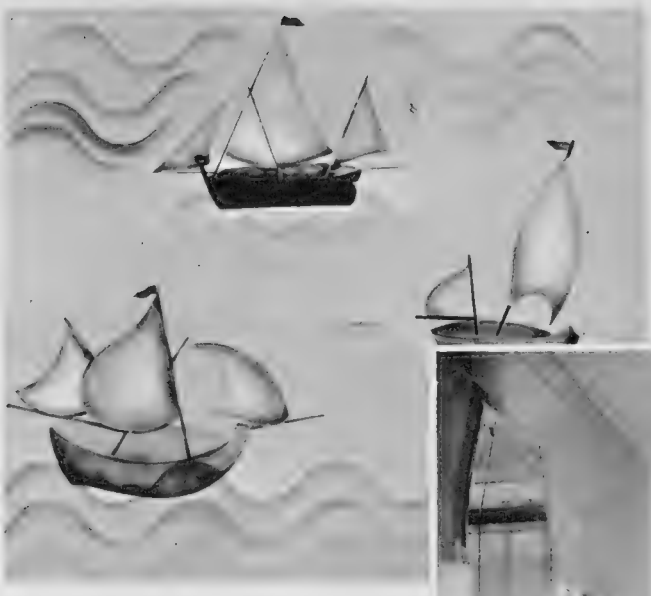
Flooring is also important. It should be, above all, draught-proof, because small toddlers spend a great deal of their time on all fours, and a draughty floor may set up the first seeds of rheumatism. Asbestos flooring is exceedingly useful and has the advantage of being jointless, but the ideal underlay is Linovent, for this cork preparation is both sound and damp proof and has the added advantage of more than doubling the life of the carpet or linoleum which covers it.

THE colour scheme of this nursery is pale jade green and sunshine yellow relieved by touches of red and brown. Note the attractive electric fire

SHELVES for toys replace pictures in this nursery, which has a special toy chest and a doll's house

New Ideas *for the* Bathroom

Coloured designs adorn these curtains of translucent oil-silk



A CHARMING design of ships sailing on very wavy waves would be most appropriate for a bathroom

CONTRAST in colouring is effected in this room by curtains of bright yellow oil-silk against tiled walls of a paler shade

THIS geometrical design looks attractive on curtains which divide the bathroom from the dressing-room

ONE of the most difficult decisions for the amateur decorator is that concerning the bathroom curtains, for in no other room in the house is one's choice so limited. Most materials are ruled out by the ravages quickly effected by steam and by splashes of water, and those which are left require constant attention and cleaning. The soft, smooth curtains of rubber, which were hailed as the perfect solution to this problem and which can be obtained in such attractive colours as well as white, have proved to be a fraud, because exposure to the light quickly perishes them

A PINK bathroom has curtains of pink oil-silk patterned with large green leaves and deep pink flowers

and they fall, sighing, to the ground. There remains oil-silk. Until now this really practical material has been obtainable only in a range of plain colours, and though many of these are extremely attractive the effect, in a room in which the decoration must of necessity be extremely limited, has been somewhat cold. Now, however, one can obtain from Froy's, of Bond Street, this same material patterned in a number of most delightful and unusual designs. Several of these are illustrated on this page but the gaiety of their colouring should be seen to be appreciated. The ground can be of a number of shades provided it is light enough, and the flowers, ships and geometrical designs are stamped on it in vivid colours guaranteed not to fade. The material washes and wears just as well as when it is plain, and its vivid patterns are a welcome contrast to smoothly shining walls of washable distemper or tiles.

Wallpaper *Renovations*

IT is the little details which count . . . . . and the pennies which make pounds

WHEN repairing a hole in a floral-patterned wallpaper, tear the piece you intend to use for patching—don't cut it. After tearing unevenly, place it face downwards on a piece of glass and, with a sharp knife, scrape all the edges until they are very thin. This will make the join almost invisible when the paper is in position on the wall

AFTER pasting the back of the patch, place it on the wall over the hole. Be sure to match the pattern all round the edge. This is important if your work is to be successful when finished

(Left):
WHEN repairing a wall-paper with a tile pattern, cut out the patch very carefully along the edge of the tile, instead of tearing it. After this, the process is the same as shown in photographs 1 and 2

A LITTLE skilled attention given to the walls of a home will often mean a considerable saving of money. Any housewife, by following carefully the pictures on this page, will find it is a simple matter to make a satisfactory job of repairing wallpaper, or removing grease spots.

When the wallpaper only requires cleaning, tie a clean soft duster to a broomhead with a long handle and then dust down the walls lightly with this. If this is not sufficient to remove all the dirt, make a soft dough of flour, plaster of paris and water, Use equal parts of flour and plaster of paris. Roll a handful of this into a ball and rub it gently all over the surface of the paper until the dirt disappears. Take a fresh handful of the dough as soon as the piece in use becomes soiled.

SHOULD a wall be spotted accidentally with grease, mix a little fuller's earth into a paste with a little water, and paste this over the spot with a table-knife. Allow it to dry thoroughly, and then brush off with a clean dry brush. Sometimes a second application is found to be necessary

FASHION SECTION

MRS. PATRICK DAVISON, who was before her marriage Miss Bessie Guinness, wears with distinction an unusual evening gown which illustrates a delightful colour scheme. The skirt is of deep wine red, while the bodice is of soft blue with a wide band of pale grey satin accentuating the waistline and the V décolletage at the back.

Photograph by Dorothy Wilding.

A BRIEF

THREE examples of the different types of hat now being worn. The tricorne toque trimmed with wings from Debenhams, the felt cloche for country and morning wear from Marshall and Snelgrove, and the ubiquitous small béret from Debenhams

A PLAID flannel blouse extremely well cut and to be obtained in a wide variety of attractive check designs in the thinnest and finest flannel comes from Debenhams

A SCARLET woollen dress with raglan sleeves and a slimming waistline is trimmed with cuffs and a bow of starched white crochet lace. From Debenhams

A BLACK woollen dress with a scarf collar tied in front is completed by a separate scarf of green wool which gives the effect of a short coat. From Marshalls

ONE of the new apparently crinkled velvets, which in reality never crush at all, makes this well-cut velvet gownwhich comes from Richard Sands

PLEATING has returned to favour and is seen to advantage in this model of classic inpiration which is carried out in black satin and comes from Marshalls

A TEA-GOWN cut on unusually becoming lines has an asymmetrical hipline and wide puffed sleeves trimmed with openwork seams. From Harvey Nichols

SURVEY of the FASHION FIELD

Some suggestions for a good beginning and better continuance of the New Year wardrobe

By MADGE GARLAND

A NAVY-BLUE coat and skirt of distinctly original cut has a short jacket with a fitted waistline, several little cut-outs on the sleeves, and a tucked collar. Harvey Nichols

CORDUROY velvet of an attractive dull shade of pink makes this Matita suit, which has double epaulettes, novel fastenings, and a beige tie

HARRY HALL can be guaranteed to achieve a perfect cut and fit, and tailored costumes of tweed or English suiting such as the one on the right can be made from 7 gns

BROWN and white ribbed jersey is used for this smart coat and skirt from Woollands which makes an interesting use of its diagonal lines

PRINCESS lines distinguish the evening gown on the left, which has a velvet coatee of contrasting colour with amusing ruched sleeves. It comes from Corot.

LACE is always becoming, and this dress, which may be obtained on the famous hire-purchase terms of Corot, is unusually attractive, The strap is of velvet

WE begin a New Year—with good resolutions? We are bound to break them. With a new outlook on life? That would be helpful in many cases. With a new fiscal policy? That would be too much to hope. But a supplement to the wardrobe—that at least we can manage, and a smart new costume is conducive, I am sure, to many pleasantly good resolutions; so on these pages are some sketches from the London shops, and here are some further suggestions which may give you new ideas.

A blouse of plaid flannel sounds Wild Westernish, but is really extremely smart—go and see those at Debenhams and you will agree with me. They are, of course, not made in the thick and scrubby material which used to go by this name, but in a smooth woollen fabric comfortable to wear and extremely smart in brightly coloured checks. At the other extreme of our wardrobe are the little tulle jackets which now accompany our evening gowns, whether they be of velvet or satin and which, although they don't sound exactly draught-proof, are considerably warmer than you would expect. Anyway, they look delightful, and are an easy method of giving a new lease of life to a rather tired dress. Another popular extra is an elbow-length cape bordered with fur, for these are worn a good deal over afternoon gowns and will, as the year advances, undoubtedly put in their appearance on the streets. The best bridge between our very wintry clothes, of which by now we are getting thoroughly tired, and new spring costumes, which are not to be contemplated for at least another month is, I think, a smart coat and skirt, but it must be one which will be a gracious companion to a fur coat and, later, equally able to exist by itself. When buying, be sure that your skirt is not too short, dispense with a belt on your coat if you can, tie your blouse high up beneath your chin with a bow, don't allow your hat to slip backwards or sideways, and be sure your gloves are large, dark, and fit loosely.

Our Paper Pattern Service

No. 352

An alternative neck treatment can alter the character of this frock

THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in.; Hips, 4 in. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/- each; blouses, lingerie, hats and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post

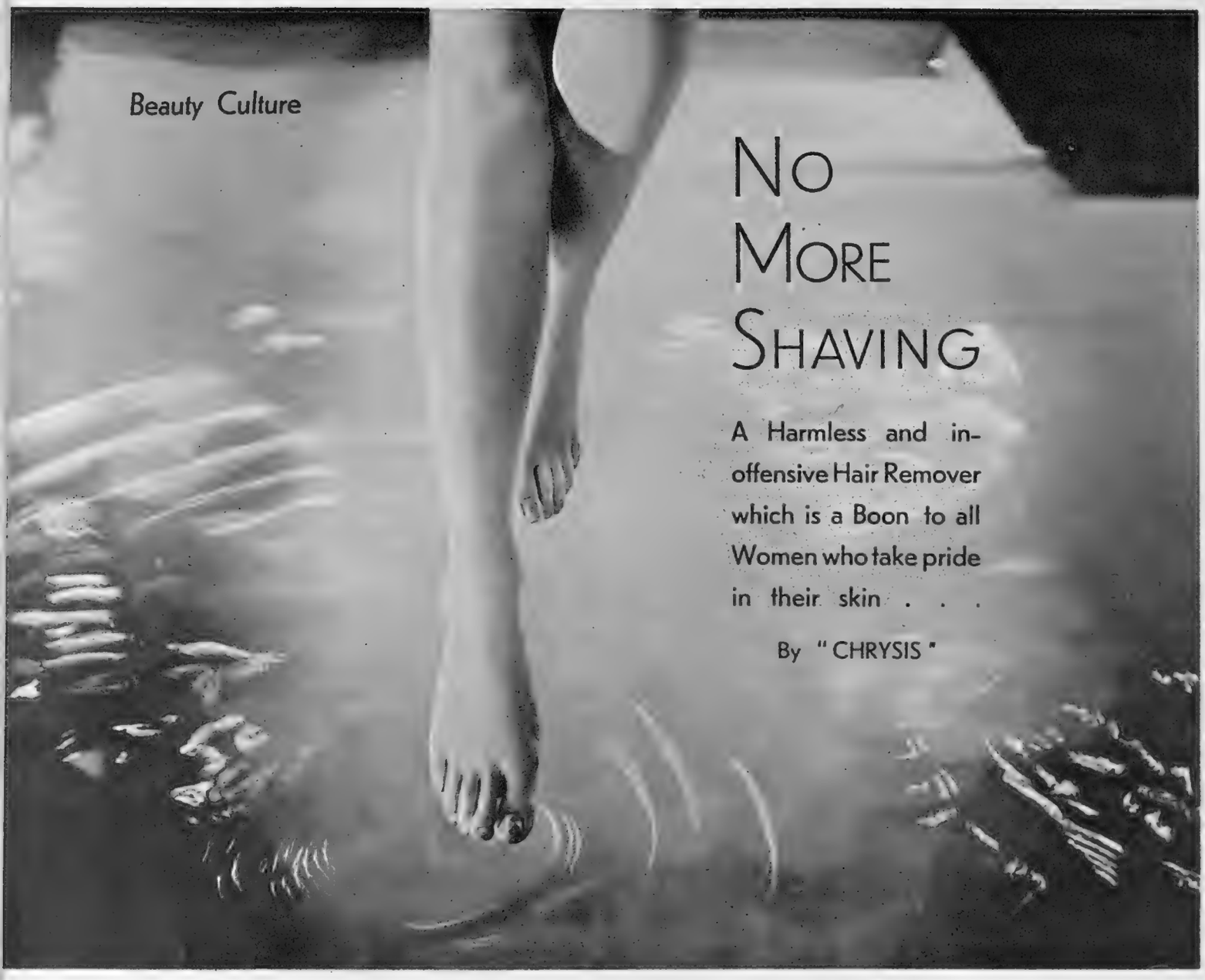
No. 352. This useful house-dress is made of a thin woollen material with a yoke and collar of georgette edged with lace, or, alternatively, with a buttoned yoke of its own material. The belt can continue all the way round the waist or can begin on either side of the front panel. 3¼ yards of 54" material are required for the dress and ⅜ of a yard for the vest and collar. Price 1/-

FOR the HOME DRESSMAKER

The chemisette allows this gown to grace many different occasions

No. 353. Here is a dress which can play many rôles. It is made of a dull satin crêpe, and, without its sleeved chemisette, is a conventional smart evening gown. The addition of of a chemisette of silk organdie with puffed sleeves makes it into a charming informal dinner gown. Alternatively, it would be smart in white with black organdie and the sleeves can dispense with one of the puffs. 4¾ yards of 38" material are required for the dress and 2¼ yards of organdie for the chemisette. Price 1/-

No. 353



No More Shaving

A Harmless and inoffensive Hair Remover which is a Boon to all Women who take pride in their skin . . .

By "CHRYSIS"

THE amount of correspondence which is invariably a sequel to any article I have written on the subject of hair-removers and depilatories has proved to me the almost universal interest in this subject and this interest has perceptibly increased since, instead of the removal of hair being a secret, almost shameful process, women now quite frankly regard it as almost obligatory to remove any hair they have on their legs, arms, and under-arms. It is well known that the use of a razor coarsens and darkens hair, and therefore any process which is really harmless and does not injure the skin has a special appeal.

As the demand increases so does the supply, and scientists have devoted themselves to perfecting methods of removing hair painlessly, which do not require any particular skill on the part of the operator, and do not harm the epidermis.

The latest product, manufactured in England according to scientific formulæ, while effecting the desired result and removing hair painlessly and quickly, has the added advantage of being inoffensive. This depilatory is pleasantly perfumed, and its mild and gentle effect on the skin is actually beneficial; it has been found to remove blackheads and pimples and leave the skin fine, smooth and soft, as well as being invaluable to women for use on limbs and under arms.

It is particularly effective when a strong growth of hair has to be dealt with, and in addition to this primary function it has a definite action on the hair follicles, so that the growth of hair after its use is slow, silky, and fluffy. After using this depilatory the parts from which hair has been removed feel refreshed and the skin is white and soft.

This product is in the form of a smooth powder which, when mixed with hot water, makes a paste which is easy to apply and to remove.

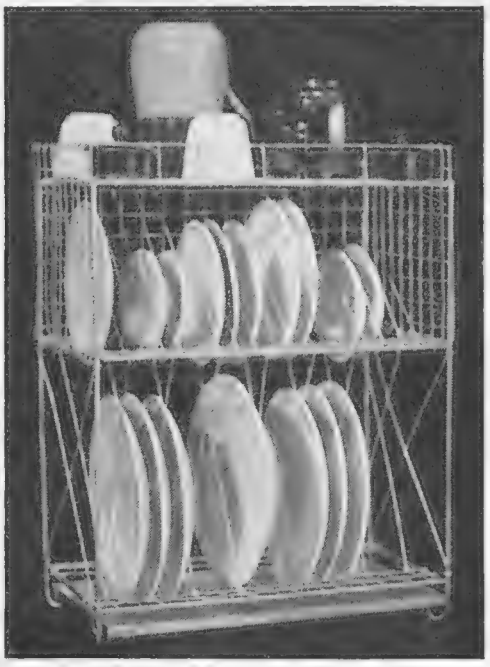
Since it does not injure the skin or make it sensitive, it can be used as frequently as desirable. The actual method of application is to mix one tablespoonful of the powder with an equal quantity of water, and this paste should be removed within four to six minutes, according to the delicacy of the skin and the strength of the hair.

If the growth is particularly strong and thick it is necessary that the paste should be applied more thickly than elsewhere in order to cover the hair. After the removal of the paste, wash with cold or tepid water, and in the case of a very sensitive skin a thin layer of cold cream or olive oil should be applied and allowed to remain on some time if convenient. This depilatory, at first used regularly and then at intervals of increasing length, will eventually so discourage the growth of fresh hairs that they will cease, and the skin, entirely unharmed by the treatment, will be left smooth and unspoilt by any unsightly growth. Those women who wish to appear at their best when the bathing season begins this year will do well to begin to use this product at once.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining "Alluhr" please write to the Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2., who will put you in touch with the nearest agents from which this product can be procured.

Madam, *did you* Know?

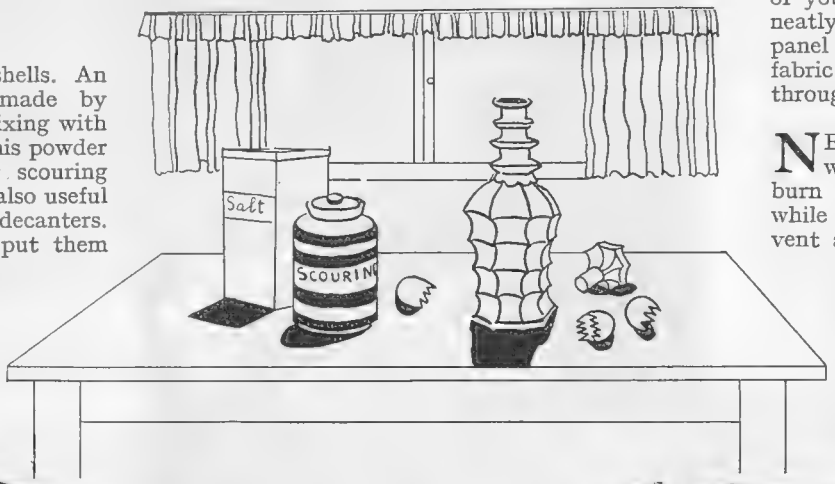
Practical Paragraphs for the Housewife



THIS new rack for dishes is a great improvement on the old-fashioned wooden variety. It is made of galvanised rustless metal and has a removable tray at the bottom. It is hygienic, easy to clean and is ideal for heating plates. It measures 18 in. wide by 24 in. high by 10 in. deep, and costs 10/-

TYING a cloth or greaseproof paper over the top of a basin containing a pudding to be boiled is no easy matter. The string works loose while the knot is being secured, or slips right down the outside of the basin during cooking. It is a relief to know that cloths of various sizes with draw-strings attached can now be bought. Or a good notion with a paper covering is to use elastic instead of string. It slips over the top in a moment—and stays on too ! Why not join up a length of boiling elastic and try ?

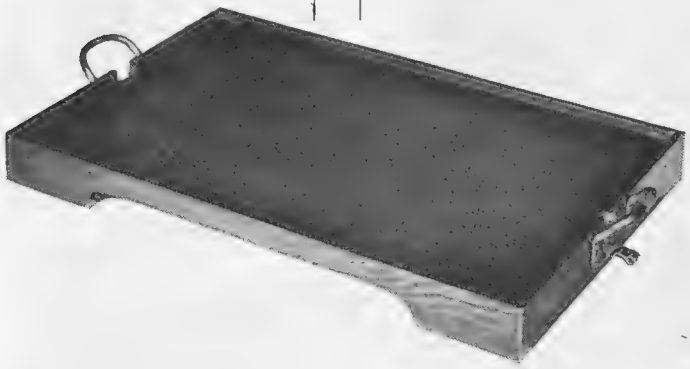
DO not throw away egg shells. An excellent cleaner is made by crushing them up and mixing with common salt. A jar of this powder should be kept ready for scouring purposes. Egg shells are also useful for cleaning discoloured decanters. Break into small pieces, put them into the bottle and shake up well with water. The stains quickly disappear.



HOW often food becomes spoiled because of little details escaping one's attention ! Potatoes, carefully cooked and left to dry off in the saucepan, still persist in being sodden by the time they reach table. Somebody forgot about the tightly fitting lid of the vegetable dish, and the potatoes inside are busily steaming and absorbing their own moisture !

GLASS door panels, costing only a few pence, can be made to look so attractive. Cut out a piece of cretonne or silk the exact shape of your piece of glass and glue it neatly on to the door. Screw the panel on directly over it, and the fabric will make a pretty design, seen through the transparent covering.

NEVER clean a burnt saucepan with soda and water, or it will burn again at once. It is worth while taking a little trouble to prevent a second disaster. Fill the saucepan with a strong solution of salt and water and leave it to stand for twelve hours. Then bring the water slowly to the boil. With a good scrubbing the burnt particles will come right away and the saucepan be quite safe to use again.



THIS Servex tray-table is a boon to all maids and to their mistresses. It is obtainable in any colour with a cellulose finish which prevents it showing any mark or stain; it is light to carry, and so easy to adjust that one touch will turn it from a table to a tray or *vice versa*. It costs 17s. 6d. Information as to where this and the dish rack illustrated on this page may be obtained from the Woman Editor, BRITANNIA AND EVE, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

Your Very *Good Health*

Rheumatism

You can *take* a *Cure* at Home

AT the appropriate seasons, that is, during the months when it is fashionable to go abroad, wealthy sufferers from rheumatism, gout and various digestive troubles, are gathered together in the name of health to relieve one another's tedium by comparison of symptoms, weights and diet charts, at foreign spas.

One can assume that those who can afford to do so would not continue to visit annually the bads and spas if they did not derive benefit from so doing. It is manifest that an enforced regimen and the cleansing of the system from acids and impurities, which the various " cures " are designed to do, will correct the evils resulting, in many cases, from over-indulgence in the delights of the table, both solid and liquid, reduce superfluous flesh and high blood pressure and dissipate accretions of uric acid—the admitted cause of rheumatism and gout.

Strictly speaking, there is no absolute and permanent *cure* for rheumatism. The rheumatic subject is virtually a factory for the manufacture of uric acid, but a great deal can be done to prevent and retard the formation of the acid, to eliminate it from the system and relieve the attendant pain and stiffness, without moving from your own home, where all the essentials of an expensive " cure " can easily and cheaply be carried out.

The basis of treatment for rheumatism is the alkalisation of the blood,

(1) by diet,
(2) by drinking " the waters,"
(3) by baths,

while a certain amount of exercise and (or) massage is prescribed to limber up the joints and stimulate the circulation so that the blood assists in carrying away the acid secretions.

Anyone who has been under medical treatment for rheumatism or has studied his own dietetic reactions knows, roughly, the foods and drinks he should avoid : red meat and red wines stimulate the formation of acid ; too much sugar *and too much salt*, certain fruits—such as rhubarb and tomatoes—are harmful. Meals should be light and digestible, so that no delay or fermentation occurs in any part of the alimentary canal. Plenty of green vegetables and wholesome raw fruit and salads should be on the menu. Lemon juice, which, in conjunction with the digestive fluids, forms a citrate, is excellent and an acknowledged blood purifier.

It has always been a mystery to me why it should be considered necessary to travel hundreds of miles in order to drink an alkaline water. Table waters from the various spas can be obtained in bottles, or a pinch of bicarbonate of soda or lithia will make ordinary tap water alkaline. A glass of water so treated taken one hour and another half an hour before the two chief meals of the day will constitute an important part of the " cure," while hot water and lemon last thing at night and first thing in the morning will accelerate it. If necessary, salts should be taken in the morning, as it is essential to keep all the eliminatory organs active.

NOW for the baths : their essential virtue is that the waters are naturally alkaline and their action is to neutralise and cause the expulsion of acid secretions by the pores of the skin. This can effectively be accomplished at home by adding to the ordinary bath water some alkaline salts such as Radox. The water should be hot enough to cause, with the pore-opening action of the salts themselves, a slight perspiration. Any danger of chill can be obviated by cooling off the water before the end of the bath and by brisk rubbing afterwards. Better still is a friction of eau-de-cologne with loofah gloves after the bath. This is part of the ritual at some of the spas. It stimulates circulation and exfoliation. Acid which has been drawn to the surface by the hot alkaline bath is literally rubbed away. If thoroughly executed, the friction, followed by some intelligent exercises, will take the place of professional massage.

If you have pain or stiffness in your joints or any rheumaticky skin conditions, try a three weeks' course of the " cure " I have indicated and see if it is not surprisingly effective. Not only will it relieve immediately any present symptoms, but if persisted in will undoubtedly have a permanent and beneficial effect on the system. If more people could be induced to take such precautions *before* they are seriously affected, we would hear less about the disastrous results of rheumatism.

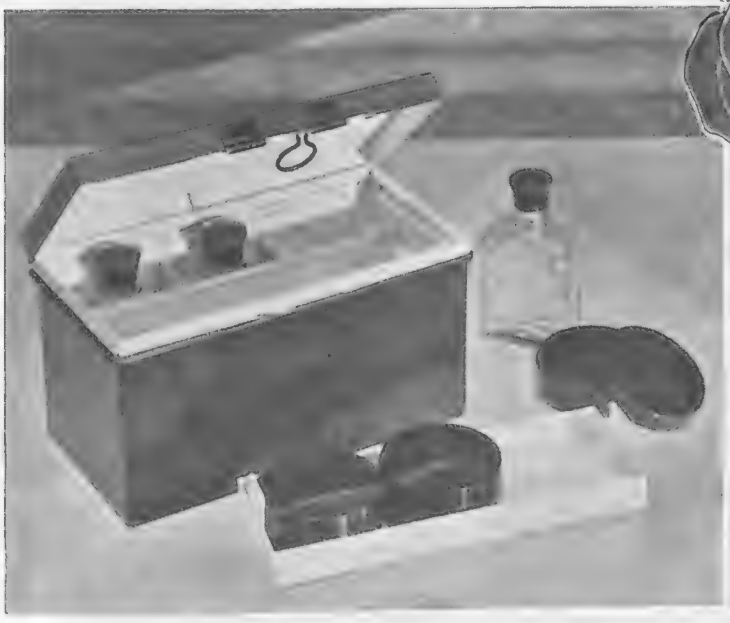
What I *have* Bought *this* Month

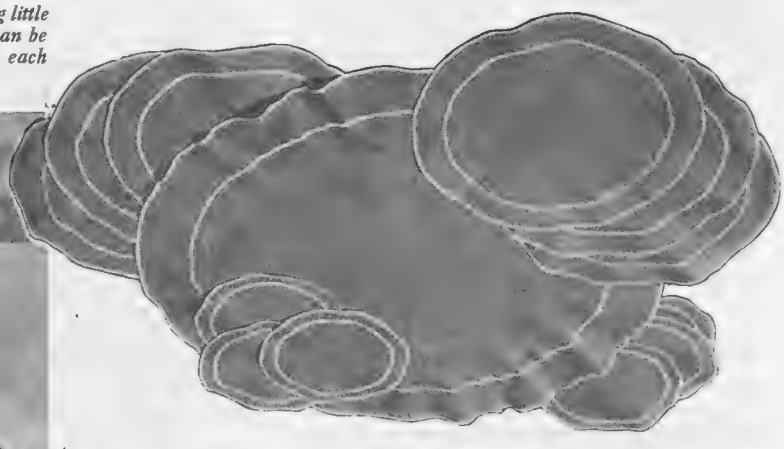
THESE exquisitely sculptured hounds are of Spode china and are a credit to the modeller's art. They are carried out in black and white in two sizes and several different poses. The large hound costs 33/6, and the smaller 16/6

FOLEY china of modern design is so restrained in shape and colour that the most conservatively minded would be delighted with it. The tea-set in white with a coloured design in stripes and spots costs 32/6. A cigarette box may be obtained to match, 5/6

THE names and addresses of firms from which articles described on this page can be obtained will be supplied to any interested reader on receipt of a postcard addressed to the Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2

EVERY excuse for the opening of bottles is given by these amusing little corkscrews. They are chromium plated, British made, and can be obtained in a number of different zoological shapes. They cost 5/- each

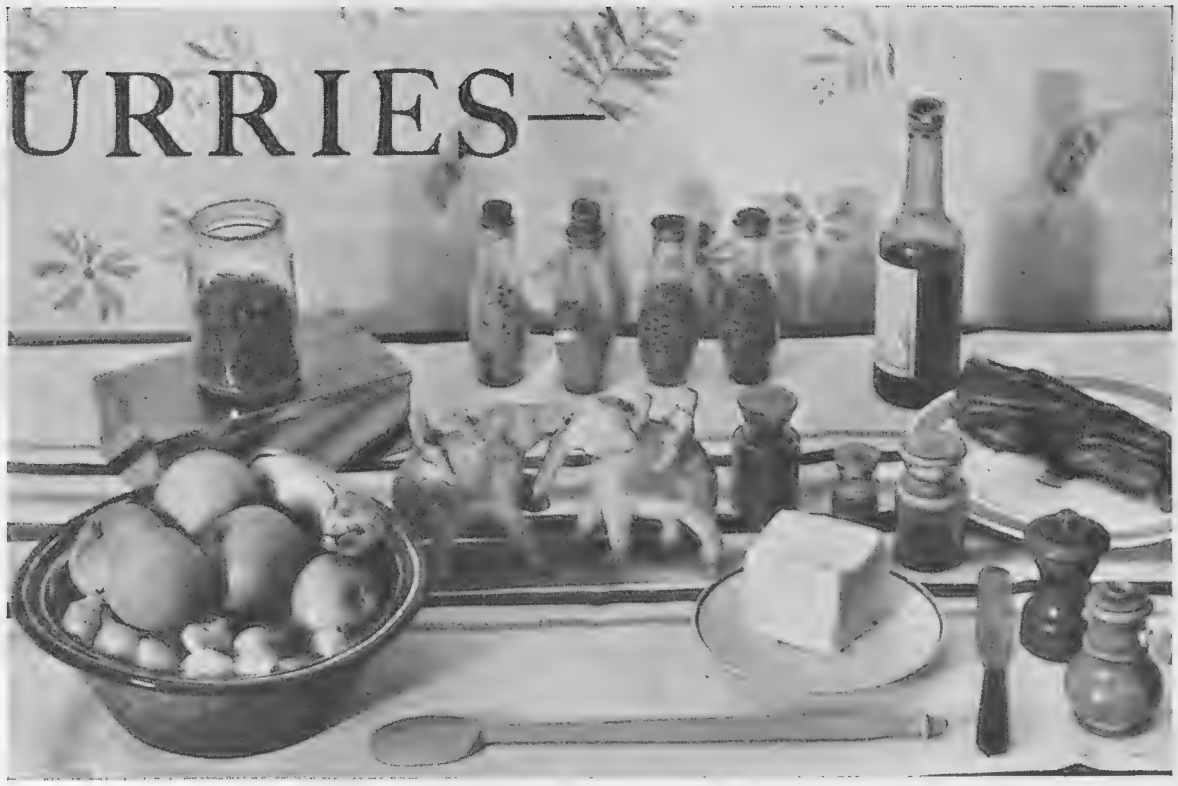




AN unusually pretty and inexpensive set of luncheon mats are made in green, blue or rose coloured linen with embroidered circles and edges of white thread. The set consists of one large centre mat and six plate mats and six glass mats. Price 8/3

(Left)
A GOOD travelling companion is a lacquered box which contains three bottles, guaranteed not to leak, and three pots for cold cream with screw Beatl tops, beneath which there is a space for cotton wool or other accessories. In black or several colours, price 10/6

CURRIES—



CURRY is not only a very good dish, it is essentially an economical one. Almost anything can be used in it, and there is romantic charm in the spices of India with which the powder is made

Hot, Sweet and Spicy: By A. H. Adair

OF all the dishes in the world, curry is perhaps the most essentially British, and it is therefore surprising that it is so often badly prepared by English cooks. French people, who like it very much, do not make good curry, but they are usually disappointed when they taste it in England, and say that the thick, floury gravy tasting of harsh and uncooked curry powder is not what they hoped to get. And therein lies the whole secret. The curry powder itself must be so thoroughly cooked before it is mixed with any liquid matter that when the dish is complete you get all the spicy richness without the raw and burning taste, and a thickened stew to which powder has been added can never be a good curry.

It is well worth taking trouble with curried dishes, for they are extremely economical and invaluable for the using of remains. They can be made entirely of vegetables, can be used for eggs or fish, and curry is a dish which is never out of season; for in hot weather it will revive the most jaded appetite, and on a really cold day there is nothing so stimulating and warming.

Curried Eggs

Take half a pound of onions, half a pound of tomatoes and two apples. Prepare these and cut into small pieces. Fry the onions first in butter or bacon fat until lightly brown, add the other vegetables and cook for a few minutes, and then put in curry powder to taste—I always use a heaped tablespoonful for four people—cook slowly until the vegetables are quite soft, adding salt and more fat if necessary and mashing with a fork occasionally, so that at the end you have a thick *purée*. This dish can be served in two ways: quite dry with the curry in a dish and the hard boiled eggs cut in two placed on top, or as a sauce, in which case you add, just before serving, enough hot milk or stock to make a thick sauce. Squash this through a fine strainer on to the eggs cut in two and arranged in a hot dish. Serve with little pieces of lemon.

Vegetable Curry

Peel and chop one pound of onions and cook them slowly in butter or bacon fat. Remove the skins from one pound of tomatoes, cut them up and add to the onions with one banana sliced and an apple peeled and chopped. Cook together for a few minutes and add salt and also a tablespoonful of sugar and the curry powder. Let this simmer gently for as long as possible, stirring occasionally, but it must simmer at least for half an hour. Add enough boiling water to cover the vegetables and cook until all the water has evaporated. When the curry has become dry again, add two tablespoonfuls of milk, stir well together and just before serving break in one egg, which you stir vigorously into the mixture with a fork. Serve with chutney and dry rice.

Fish, Meat or Chicken Curried

First fry an onion finely chopped in butter; when it is brown, add salt, curry powder and a tablespoonful of flour. Work to a smooth paste and cook gently for twenty minutes, stirring constantly. Add sufficient stock little by little, until you have a good thick sauce—in the case of fish the water in which you have boiled the fish can be used for this purpose. Meanwhile trim your meat or chicken—even if you are using cold cooked meat it should be treated in the same way—cut it into small pieces and toss these in butter for a few minutes; if fish is being served this should be boiled, drained well and broken into small portions. Add the fish or meat to the sauce, see that it is all thoroughly hot and serve with dry rice and chutney.

Plain Rice

Rice, which is so many people's stumbling-block, is really extremely easy to prepare, but the most common mistake is to cook it too much, which makes it sodden and watery.

Take a handful of rice (unwashed) for each person, put it in a saucepan with salt and cover it—no more—with cold water. Bring to the boil and stir lightly with a fork, keeping the fork flat. The water will soon disappear, when you add more and continue in this way until the rice is cooked. Taste a grain occasionally, but, above all, do not let it get too soft. Pass through a strainer, and you will find that each grain is firm and separate. Dry for a few minutes in the oven or in front of the fire.

ANOTHER and absolutely fool-proof method of cooking rice is the following one.

Take a flat pan, melt some butter in it and add, for every cupful of rice, half an average sized onion very finely chopped. Toss for a few minutes over the fire and add the rice, cook for five minutes, then put in twice the amount of water as you have of rice. Bring to the boil, cover with a greased paper and cover the pan with a lid. Put the pan in a moderate oven and cook for exactly seventeen minutes: no more and no less.

Home-Made Cakes

By Claire McInerny

A simple foundation mixture, together with five variations on the same theme

IN spite of the fact that home-made cakes are invariably appreciated, they are more and more rarely offered to one, and people openly confess that although they would enjoy being able to make them in their own homes, constant failure in the past has made them grow chary of further effort. This is not surprising. Few of us nowadays can afford to waste materials and labour in vain, but with a little knowledge of the different methods employed, and a clear understanding of the principles of oven management, difficulties disappear and success becomes assured.

The same method of making is often used for large or small cakes, but as they differ so much as far as baking is concerned, the making and baking of small cakes has been given special consideration in this article. Fancy cakes are usually an elaboration of the simpler kinds, so that if one is able to make the plain cakes without any trouble, variations become an easy matter.

As the oven must be ready for the cakes so that they are put in as soon as they are mixed, always attend to it first. Ovens vary a great deal and many kinds of heating mediums are used, but this does not make any difference to the management, as the underlying principles are always the same.

Place the browning shelf in the top of the oven and put a second shelf below it on which to cook the cakes. Leave sufficient space between the shelves to place the cakes without crushing and to allow them to rise.

Here *is the* recipe *for a Creamed* Mixture

3 oz. butter, 3 oz. castor sugar, 4½ oz. flour, 2 eggs, ½ teaspoonful of baking powder.

METHOD.—Grease 1½ doz. small patty tins. Sift the flour and baking powder and add any prepared fruit and chopped nuts to it. Beat the butter and sugar until white and creamy. Beat up the eggs to a froth. Add the eggs a little at a time to the creamed mixture, beating well between each addition. Stir in the flour and any other dry ingredients lightly, using a metal spoon. Add any other liquid. Fill the tins two-thirds of the way up, place them on a baking sheet and cook at once. Cool on a wire rack.

Light the oven or apply any other heating medium. All small cakes are cooked in a moderately hot oven, but there must be sufficient heat to brown them lightly in the first ten minutes. Consequently the oven is heated beforehand, the heat is reduced as the cakes are put in, and the oven automatically retains its heat until the cakes are brown.

The cakes need a certain amount of attention, but avoid opening the oven door too frequently. To ensure even browning, turn the tray round after the first few minutes, being careful not to shake it unduly or to lift it into a draught.

Twenty minutes in all will be required, so if the cakes appear to be cooking too quickly towards the end, reduce the heat further or remove them to a lower shelf. When cooked they should feel firm and set in the centre. Avoid over-cooking, as this makes them hard and dry.

Variations of the Creamed Mixture which will give you five quite different sorts of cakes to suit all tastes

ALMOND AND CHERRY CAKES.
Add 1½ oz. cherries, 1 oz. almonds, grated rind ½ lemon.

CHOCOLATE CAKES.
Add 2 large teaspoonfuls cocoa, ½ teaspoonful vanilla, 1 tablespoonful milk.

COFFEE AND WALNUT CAKES.
Add 1 teaspoonful strong coffee essence, 1½ oz. walnuts.

ORANGE CAKES.
Add grated rind of one orange and 2 teaspoonfuls of strained juice.

QUEEN CAKES.
Add 1½ oz. currants, 1½ oz. sultanas, ½ oz. candied peel.

A High-Waisted Pullover

This Navy Blue Jumper has a Scarf Collar of Yellow, White and Blue

THIS jumper is easy to make and could be varied by having several scarves of different colours

Materials

7 oz. Navy Beehive Shetland Floss 2 ply, 1 oz. lemon, 1 oz. white. 1 pair No. 11 and 1 pair No. 9 Knox knitting needles.

Measurements

Length 17 in. Round bust 34 in. Sleeve 19 in. underarm seam.

Fancy Stitch

First 4 rows stocking stitch. 5th row: K. 2 plain for edge, then K. 2 tog. until last two stitches are reached. Knit these plain. 6th row: K. 2, pick up thread between stitches and knit it, then K. 1 pick up 1 to end of row, but do not pick up st. just before the last K. 2 stitches.

A BECOMINGLY high waistline achieved by a deep band of purl and plain gives chic to this pullover

Back.

CAST on 104 stitches. Rib in 1 plain, 1 purl for 6 in. on No. 11 needles, then change to No. 9's and start pattern. After 4th row of holes increase 1 stitch at each end of needle. Also after 5th row of holes, 108 stitches when pattern measures 4 in.

Armhole.

Cast off 6 stitches at the beginning of the next 2 rows (after a row of holes), then K. 2 tog., every other row 4 times, keeping to pattern. Continue without further decrease till work is 16½ in. long. Cast off straight across.

Front.

Cast on 104 stitches and repeat instructions for back until armhole. Cast off 6 stitches, knit to centre, place these stitches on a stitch-holder and continue across to other armhole.

Next row.—Cast off 6 stitches, purl back to centre. Armhole end as back. Neck end K. 2 tog. every 4th row till 14 patterns are worked in all. Continue straight until work measures 17 in.

Shoulder.

K. to within 8 stitches of armhole, turn and purl back. K. to within 16 stitches, turn and purl back. K. to within 24 stitches, turn and purl back. Knit right across, turn, and cast off.

Sleeve.

On No. 11's cast on 56 stitches. Rib for 6 in. Then use No. 9's. Pattern, increasing each end of needle every 8th row until there are 88 stitches. When work is 18 in. long decrease for top of sleeve thus: K. 2 tog. each end of every other row till 7 patterns are worked—then *every* row till 21 stitches remain. Cast off.

Collar.

Cast on 3 stitches in blue—K. 1 row. Then in moss stitch K. 4 rows, increasing every other row at each end inside moss stitch border for 2¼ in. Continue, keeping 3 sts. each end in moss stitch and centre in stocking st. till 22 on needle, then join yellow and increase each end once.

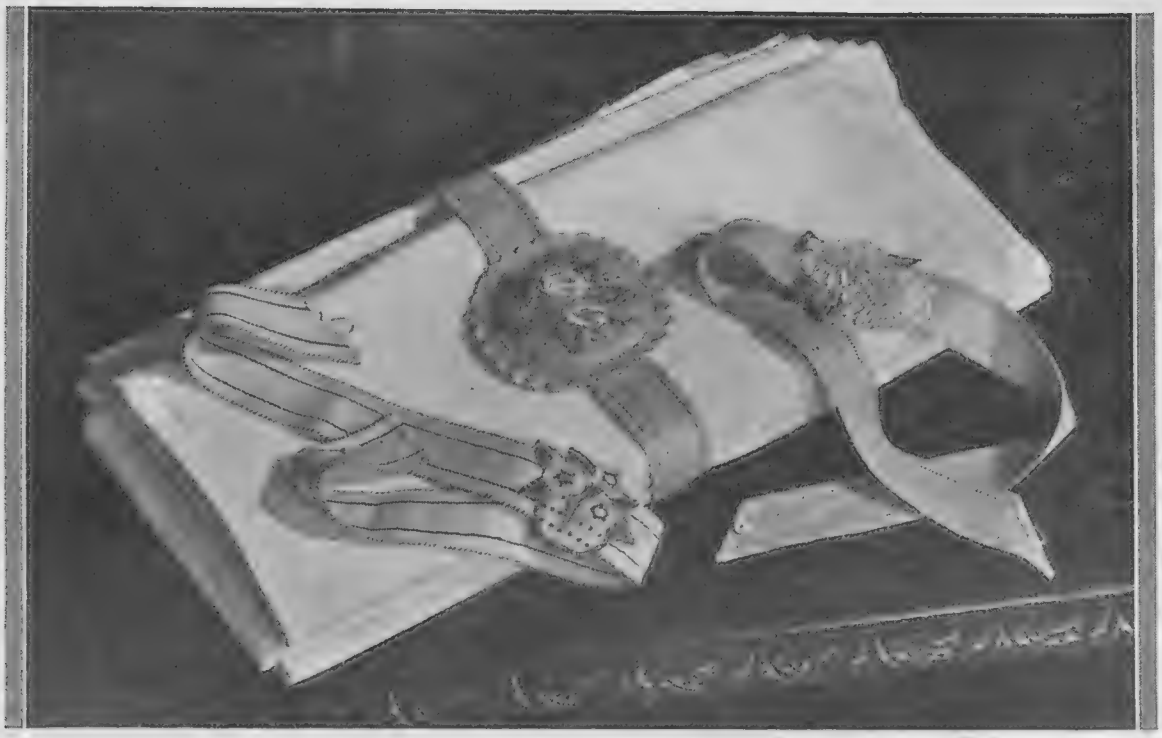
Do 1 in. in yellow, 1 in. in white, 1 in. in yellow, 1 in. in blue.

Continue in this order with 3 sts. moss each end till band is 31 in. long.

Then decrease as you increased until 3 stitches remain. Cast off. Make a small band in navy 1½ in. wide to sew at V neck for the tie to pass through—12 sts. with moss st. border.

Press the various parts carefully with a damp cloth. Sew together. Sew the collar round the neck, then pass the ends through the blue band.

This jumper would look equally well with a scarf of red, white and blue, or carried out in dark brown with a scarf of yellow, beige and white. Several more attractive suggestions for making novel garments in Paton & Baldwin's wools are to be found in their new monthly magazine *Stitchcraft*.



[*Reproduced by courtesy of "Fancy Needlework Illustrated."*

THESE decorative bands may be used for house-linen or for the lingerie drawer, and will prove a considerable aid in keeping your possessions in order

For *the* House *Proud* Needle-woman

Embroidered Perfume Sachets Trim these Linen Bands

FOR the making of these bands and motifs fadeless linen has been chosen, and for the embroidery Dewhurst's "Sylko" Mouliné (Stranded Thread) has been used, three strands for the most part being threaded into the needle.

The lengths of the bands and the method of fastening them is a matter for individual decision; some people may use three press-studs or three buttons at intervals in order to make the length adjustable. Others will merely tuck under the ends of the linen, which, provided the bands are long enough, makes quite a secure fastening.

For the band with the *Marguerite motif*, the following shades have been selected:—

Nos. 701, 702, 705, 836,
725, 873, 821, 753.

In this case the band is of pale apple-green linen hemstitched with No. 705, while the motif is worked on buttercup yellow linen. The flowers are outlined in buttonhole stitch in Nos. 701 and 702 with stroke stitches down the centre of each petal in the same shades. The centres, outlined with backstitching in No. 836, are filled in with French knots in No. 705. Buttonhole stitch in the shades mentioned above outline the leaves; a line of green stem-stitch marks the centre vein, and on each side of this is worked, to serve as a light filling stitch, a row of slanting open buttonhole stitch in a contrasting green.

When the embroidery is finished, the motif is affixed in place on the band.

Finally take a piece of organdie rectangular in shape, turn in the edges and fix three sides of it with little stitches under the motif and band. Next fill the little pocket with lavender or pot-pourri, and fasten down the fourth side of the muslin.

For the band with the *oval motif* with the scalloped edge, the following shades have been chosen:—

Nos. 701, 702, 705, 725, 873,
821, 753, 742, 746, 709.

Both band and motif are worked on pale sky blue linen. The scalloped edge is buttonholed with No. 702; the oval line which surrounds the flower posy is worked in coral stitch in No. 725. (A line of this stitch, by the way, is worked in the same green on each side of the band.) The three roses are worked in different colours; the petals of one rose are outlined with buttonhole stitch in No. 702 and filled in with satin stitch in No. 701; another rose is outlined with buttonholing in No. 746 with satin stitch filling in No. 742, while the third rose is outlined and filled in with No. 746. The leaves are treated like those already described in the marguerite motif; the forget-me-nots are worked in satin stitch in No. 709 with a French knot centre in No. 705.

In this case the little muslin sachet is oval in shape and is invisibly affixed to the back of the motif on the line of green coral-stitching.

FOR the *vase of flowers motif*, the following shades have been chosen:—

Nos. 701, 702, 705, 836,
816, 821, 853, 725, 873.

The motif is worked on mauve linen mounted on a primrose yellow band. The vase is outlined with buttonhole stitch worked in No. 836, while rows of herring-bone stitch in No. 816 and French knots in No. 836 decorate it. The flowers are outlined in Nos. 701, 702 and 705 with a centre of No. 836 in each case. The leaves are worked in the various greens mentioned, using a buttonhole stitch taken from the centre vein of each leaf, the vein being in No. 836. When the motif has been carefully cut out, it should be affixed to the band with little invisible stitches, the band having been previously decorated with two rows of backstitching in No. 836 and overcast edges, No. 873 being used for this purpose. All that then remains is the fixing of the muslin sachet.

Transfers of these three attractive designs will be sent free to any interested reader on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope. Address your letters: Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2.

THE Lanchester "Ten" Saloon, price £315. Fitted with Daimler transmission and supplied in eight attractive colours with corresponding choice of upholstery

A Remarkable New Light Car—

The 10 H.P. Lanchester

By The Earl of Cardigan

TO many people, I imagine, and in particular to motorists of long standing, the announcement of the new 10 h.p. Lanchester must have come very much as a surprise. Although, of course, it produced many cars of low horse-power in earlier times, the firm of Lanchester has more generally been associated with cars of the large, luxurious and relatively expensive type. A Lanchester light car is, nowadays, a novelty.

The combination, however, of Lanchester quality with light car convenience and economy is a highly interesting one. I may say at once that very few, if any, of the traditional Lanchester qualities are sacrificed in conforming to 10 h.p. limitations. In appearance, the new car "fills the eye" in a very satisfactory manner, and is, in fact, quite exceptionally roomy.

My usual test of body space in a small car is, first, to sit in the driving seat, adjusting this to the position most comfortable for a six-foot driver. I then go round and sit in the back seat immediately behind the imaginary "six-footer." If I can stretch my legs and find ample space for my knees (as I easily could in the Lanchester), then I class the car concerned as a genuine, full-sized four-seater.

In road performance, likewise, the Lanchester contrives to suggest something more than a mere 10 h.p. The four-cylinder engine is exceptionally smooth running, almost to the extent of being mistaken for a small "six," and is completely free from vibration at all speeds. Even when running on full throttle, it is never aggressive or noisy.

The maximum speed is not far short of 60 m.p.h. Under rather unfavourable circumstances, I twice recorded 55 m.p.h. on a speedometer which appeared to be admirably honest. In third gear, the maximum should be around 40 m.p.h.

The transmission, of course, is of the special type introduced by the Daimler Company, a four-speed epicyclic gearbox being combined with the Daimler "fluid flywheel." This is a combination which ensures absolutely silent and easy gear changing, together with absolute flexibility from 0 m.p.h. upwards. It has already amply proved itself as an asset to large and medium-sized cars, and it is no less valuable—in fact, rather more so—in the case of a small car.

A little engine cannot give a really good performance without the assistance of a gearbox freely used, and therefore the small-car driver, unless he is an expert, requires gears which he can manipulate with ease. Similarly, a little engine cannot be ultra-flexible at low speeds, and thus it benefits very greatly from any flexibility permitted by a fluid clutch or flywheel.

In the case of the Daimler and Lanchester cars, recent developments have resulted in a range of vehicles, varying in size between 10 and 60 h.p., all of which are exactly equal both in ease of gear changing and in flexibility of running. The large cars only excel the small ones in the matter of speed, power and carrying capacity. None makes greater demands than another upon the attention of its driver.

TO return to the Lanchester "ten"; in addition to these special features, it has no lack of the more conventional virtues. The steering is very light and pleasant, the springing is good, and the car holds the road excellently under all conditions. The brakes are hydraulic, and therefore exceedingly smooth and progressive. An unusual feature (although an established Daimler practice), is that the hand-brake is pushed, not pulled, "on," and thus the lever does not obstruct the driver when the car is stationary.

An excellent minor point is the way in which economy of space has been combined with accessibility. Thus, when one looks underneath the bonnet, which is not of excessive length, one finds, in addition to the neat and compact engine, a good-sized tool box on one side, and the electric battery on the other. Altogether, with a saloon model selling at £315, the 10 h.p. Lanchester makes a genuine claim to the attention of the economically minded but discerning motorist of 1933.

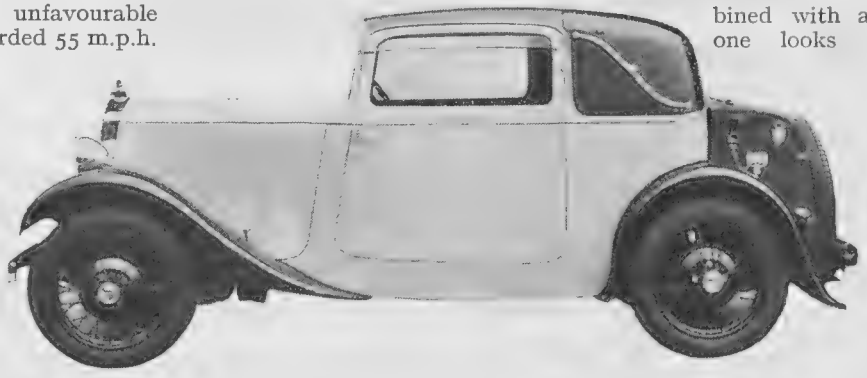
This Month's Motoring Hint

Driving in Fog

OF all the unpleasant conditions with which motorists occasionally have to deal, fog is undoubtedly the most trying, and also, I imagine, the most dangerous.

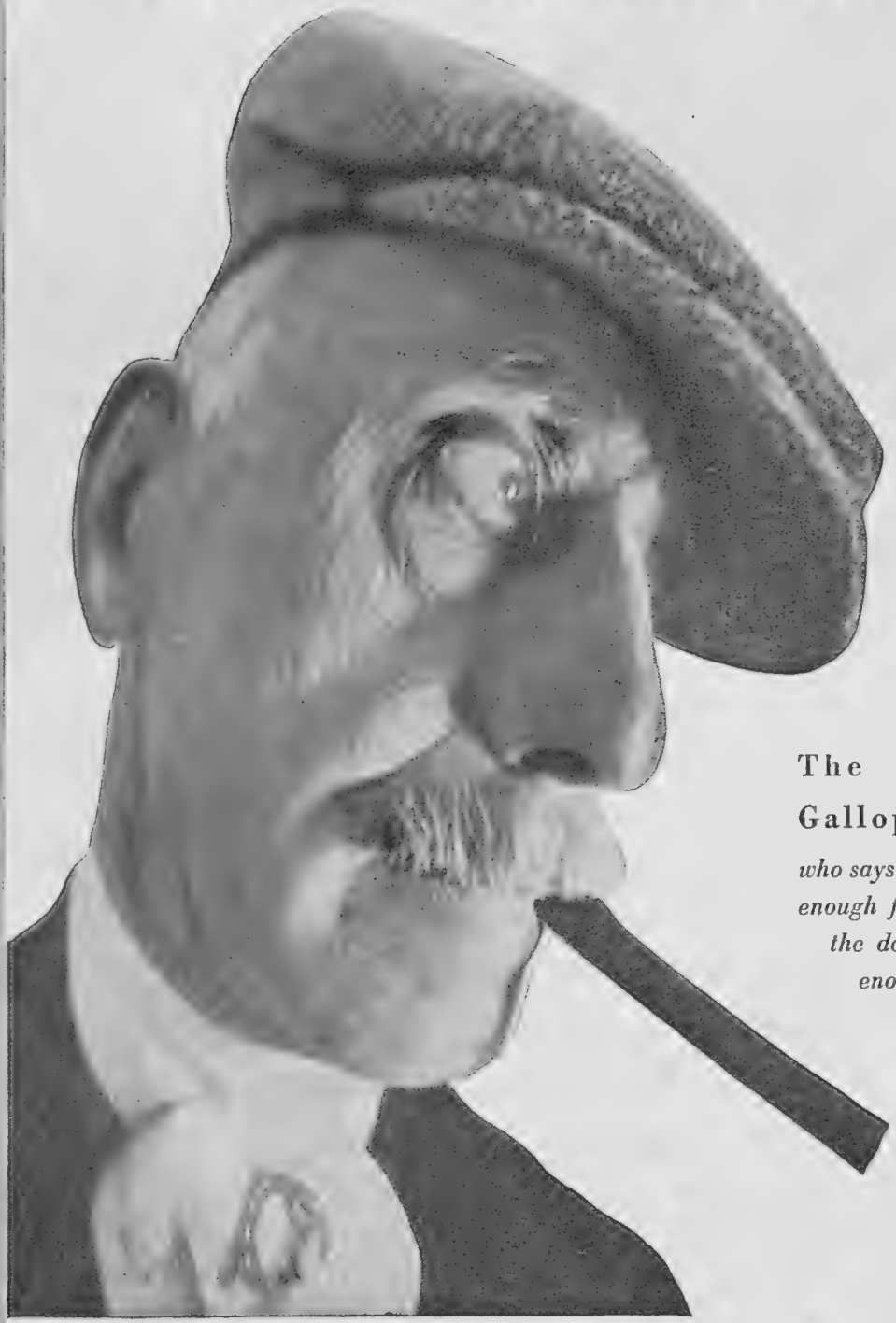
At night, of course, fog is doubly disagreeable, owing to the dazzle of reflected light. The best plan is to direct the head-lamps well down and well to the left. In this way at least one patch of road—a small area of the left-hand kerb—is reasonably well illuminated.

Even more awkward, however, is the fog which is accompanied by frost. In this case, the moisture freezes on the windscreen, and no ordinary wiper is capable of clearing it. In buying a car, beware of the one-piece windscreen which only opens a few inches for ventilation purposes. In foggy weather, it is worse than useless.



THE Lanchester "Ten" Sportsman's Coupé, fitted with the Daimler transmission and self-changing gear

PEOPLE WE DO NOT CATER FOR

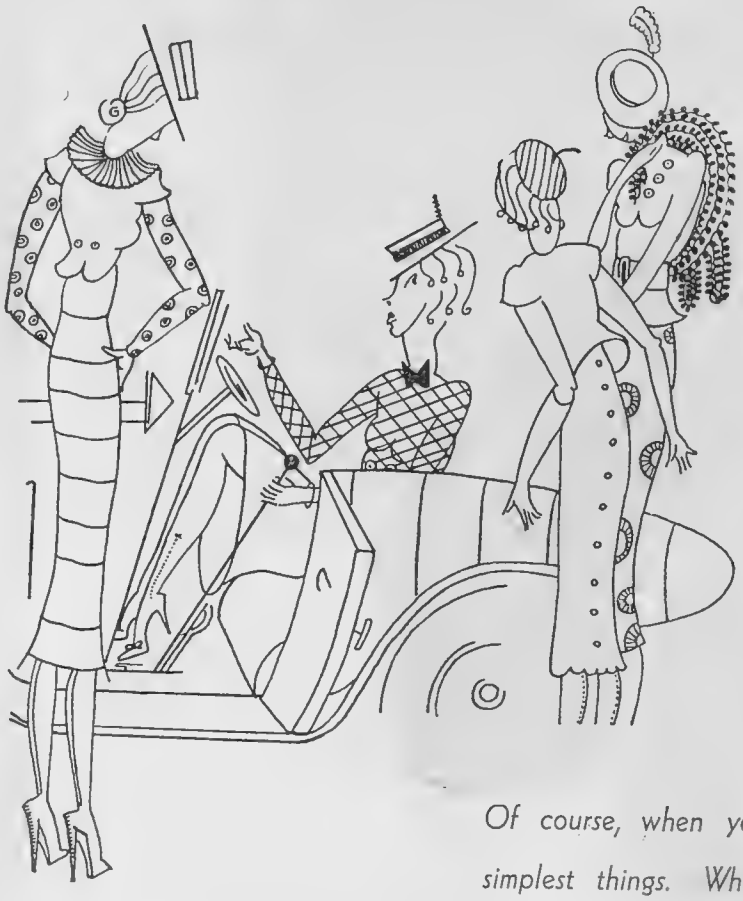


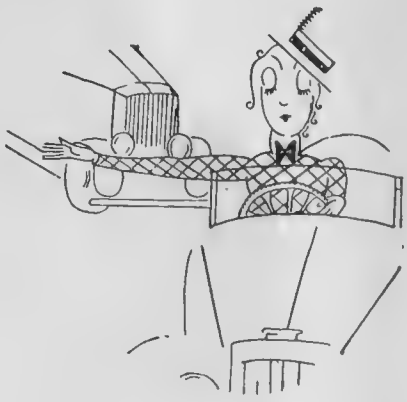
The
Galloping Major

who says a horse was good enough for him, and why the devil isn't it good enough for you?

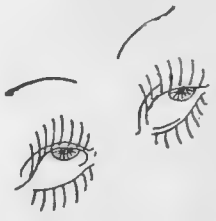
You can be sure of Shell

WINTER SHELL PETROL IS SPECIALLY BLENDED TO GIVE QUICK STARTING IN COLD WEATHER

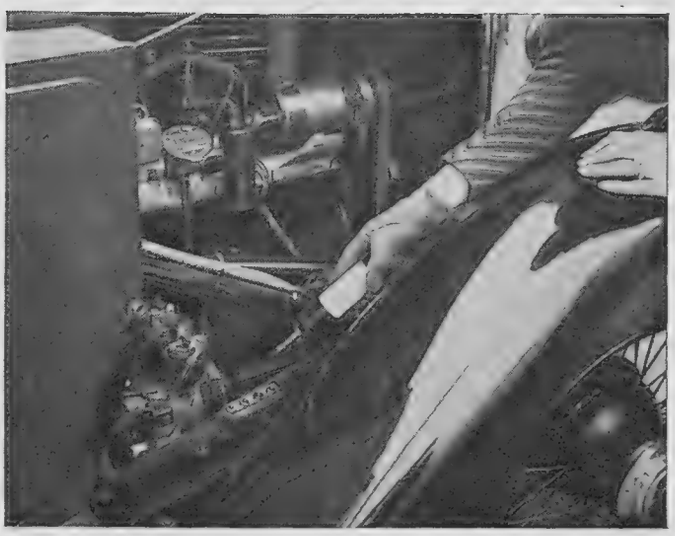




Of course, when you **understand** *them, cars are just the simplest things. When you want to start you waggle your left foot, waggle your right foot and waggle the long handle with the knob on it. When you want to stop you signal with your hand. When the thing won't work, you open the bonnet and wait for someone to come along. Then you do this with your eyes. But the man says that I must be kind to the engine and always use Castrol, and then the thing won't not work. So you see, cars aren't nearly as mysterious as people think.*



THE modern bonnet often covers unused space. Here advantage has been taken of every possible available position to locate the entire tool kit where it will be readily available (Hillman Minx)



AN excellent feature: The greasing nipples are conveniently grouped in an easily accessible position (Standard "Little Twelve")

Give us ACCESSIBILITY!

Good and Bad Points of the Modern Car

By the Earl *of* Cardigan

EVER since the first owner-driver bought his first motor-car, the demand for accessibility seems to have been continuous and urgent. The difficulty of effecting small repairs and adjustments has been the subject of innumerable jokes, such as that which tells of the American car in which it was necessary to dismantle the back axle in order to obtain access to the dynamo! An exaggeration, perhaps, but one which contains a distinct element of truth.

Are modern cars, I wonder, better or worse than their predecessors in the matter of accessibility? In some ways, I fear that they are worse. There is a modern phrase which is very dear to the heart of the writer of catalogues and captions—"the engine is of very clean design." This "cleanness" may be an admirable quality in some respects, but unfortunately it often tends to make the various components of the engine very awkward for the amateur to get at.

The old-fashioned type of engine was, of course, a horrifying jumble of wires and belts and projecting accessories, but its apparent complexity actually made for simplicity when some minor defect required attention. Let us suppose, for instance, that the jet of its carburettor was partially choked up.

In this case, one got out a screw-driver and a spanner. There was the carburettor, sticking out a foot from the cylinder block. By unscrewing two nuts one could remove it altogether, and inspect the jet at leisure. Alternatively, by removing one screw, the jet could be withdrawn independently, falling either into one's outstretched hand or into the recesses of the engine tray. It was all perfectly straightforward!

NOWADAYS, a carburettor may take almost any shape. It is complicated by air-cleaners and other gadgets, and may have several jets cunningly concealed, perhaps beyond the reach of ordinary tools. It is intended never to go wrong, and seldom does so, but its behaviour when the unforeseen defect occurs is uncommonly like that of a jig-saw puzzle!

It is the same with defects of the electric wiring. Formerly, one merely had to select the right wire from the general tangle, bind it with insulating tape, and carry on. Now, so neatly is unsightly wiring concealed from view, it is often extremely difficult to locate either the individual wire or, indeed, any wiring at all.

There are, however, compensations. It is not to be denied that the modern "cleanly designed" engine is exceptionally reliable so that the need to investigate its interior economy very rarely arises under ordinary conditions. Apart from the engine, clutch and gearbox, moreover (these units now being usually combined), the modern chassis is not deficient in convenient features.

Greasing is now much simpler than it used to be, although many one-shot lubrication systems have to be taken "on trust." Where ordinary grease-caps or nipples are fitted, these are usually placed in reasonably accessible positions. Brake adjusting mechanism is also much more conveniently located than it used to be.

ANOTHER excellent modern system is the provision of a tool-kit either underneath the bonnet or in some equally handy position. Similarly, the battery nowadays is much better placed, and is no longer invariably carried in an obscure position underneath the car. No one likes having to remove the floorboards in order to do some perfectly ordinary job, and this nowadays is seldom necessary.

Nevertheless, there are still very few cars which try to emulate one famous make which I recently examined. This had an engine in which, if I remember rightly, only two sizes of nuts were used. Thus, with only one double-ended box spanner, one could practically dismantle the entire engine, while a similar double-ended spanner sufficed for all, or nearly all, the chassis nuts. Assuming that these nuts were conveniently placed, the result, in the hands of the private owner with a smattering of mechanical knowledge, must have approached very near to the ideal.

In most cases, there is still room for improvement in this respect. The average private owner still awaits the coming of a designer who, when he fixes a nut to the chassis, will provide not only a spanner to fit it, but also a means whereby spanner and nut can be introduced to each other without either the barking of knuckles or the need for contortionist technique!

Does Petrol Vary?

I OFTEN wonder what the ordinary driver thinks when he studies the advertisements of different brands of petrol. It is claimed for each sort that it will improve the running of his engine, but he will probably form the conclusion that, with an average medium-efficiency power unit, the difference between the three or four leading brands is relatively slight.

There are, nevertheless, real differences between different grades of petrol, which can be detected very readily when testing an engine of the highly efficient and sensitive type. There is also this difference: some petrols are more consistent than others, and can be readily obtained at any place and in any country. A good example of this is Shell petrol, which, as every experienced motorist knows, can be obtained in every place to which a car can penetrate. I myself have motored in perhaps a dozen countries, and Shell has nearly always been the one reliable alternative to the dubious "local brew."

It is the same with oil. I was flying an aeroplane on the Continent last summer, and was very anxious to use only the best type of lubricant. At every aerodrome I visited, Aeroshell oil was available. No other brand familiar to me seemed to be stocked at all. "What oil do you require; Aeroshell, Greasol or Stictite?" was the almost invariable query of foreign mechanics. The answer, I think, is fairly obvious!

The Toast (*Continued from page 9*)

she hadn't given him any hope, in spite of Angus.

Lord Feringay, sipping his port, gave George his unqualified approval.

"You can hardly go wrong with the Services," he told her; "it sounds to me as if you've got hold of a first-class fella."

"But I couldn't live in India."

"What's that?" he said sharply, "a soldier's wife can live wherever her husband is. That's no way for an Englishwoman to talk."

"I'd have to leave the stage."

"Well, all the better. Remember, one day it'll leave you. Now this George is the one for you," he added with certainty. "Marry him, go out there and put all these faded women in the shade. You can, you know."

She smiled at the compliment. Then with sudden inquisitiveness: "Who was the most beautiful woman you ever saw?" she demanded.

Lord Feringay didn't answer for a moment. He was settling himself in the big chair again, Fancy beside him, in a low chair on the left.

Then: "Her name was Emily," he said, and that seemed a sufficient answer, for he added no more, lapsing into silence. Fancy felt an urge to speak more, an impossible wish to keep both his good opinion and the money. He was tolerant, made allowances, treated her as a friend, but he had not toasted her. . . .

"I don't want you to think me commercial," she said pleadingly, "I wish I could make you understand. I was horrid when I first came, but there's a good deal on my side really. You see, half the people in London would think me quite good enough for Angus. Girls like me go everywhere, to lots of smart parties; we have a better time than Angus's sister, for instance. Yet he didn't think me fit to be his wife. It seemed to me an insult."

"And you wanted a bit of revenge. Well, that's natural."

Still, Fancy wasn't satisfied. Something stirred in her brain, at her heart . . . some impulse she couldn't define.

A door slammed in the distance. Another was thrown open, and Angus stood in the doorway, hat and stick in hand, the snowflakes still on his coat, looking at them with angry, incredulous eyes.

"God bless my soul, Angus, what have you turned up for?"

"I came to see if you'd got the letters," he stammered. "I didn't know Fancy was still here."

"The matter is settled," said Lord Feringay. "Miss Dean has accepted six thousand pounds, and she will destroy the letters to-night."

"You believe that?" burst out Angus.

"Of course I do."

"Well, I don't. Why should she, if she gets the money without producing them? Sorry, Fancy, but it's best to speak plainly."

"I've nothing to say to you, Angus," she answered, but she spoke quietly. There was no need for any heat. The presence of the old man gave her an immense feeling of protection. Besides, she meant to show him that she could be dignified, like the women of his world.

"I've plenty to say," said Lord Feringay. "I'm acting for you because you're my nephew, not because you're in the right. I've told Miss Dean you're not good enough for her. She's better without you, and after the damned ungentlemanlike things you've just said I'll ask you to go."

Angus stood an instant, looking from one to the other, baffled and defeated.

"Well, there seems nothing more to be said."

"Oh, yes," said Lord Feringay. "Good-evening to you, and a happy Christmas. You'll find the usual cheque to-morrow," he finished kindly.

"Good-night, Uncle Jim. Thank you."

With a stiff bow to Fancy Lord Feringay's heir got out of the room.

"Stupid fella," said his uncle. "I told you he wasn't good enough for you. If it had been Jack or Roddie now——" He closed his eyes wearily.

Outside in the square the waits were shouting of the snowy walk of good King Wenceslas. Their harsh young voices hoarse with the cold, yet carried with them some age-old message.

Fancy's delicate hand fell on Lord Feringay's, stretched stiffly along the arm of his chair, her carmine nails tiny discs of violent colour in the dimness.

"I've changed my mind," she said. "I shall burn the letters, but I don't want the money."

"Eh, what?"

He seemed to rouse himself with difficulty. Fancy felt wildly anxious he should understand. She spoke louder, her lips close against his ear.

"I don't want your money . . . not like that . . . and I shall burn the letters to-night whatever happens."

His hand moved and covered hers. Then:

"Where's that champagne?" he said. "Pour out two glasses, will you?"

Half the big bottle was still left, and Fancy, moving deliberately to the table, carefully poured out a full glass and carried it to his side. Then another, not so full, for herself.

"Now then, are you ready?" he said. Then, at her nod, he held his glass towards her. "I drink to your very good health, Miss Fancy Dean," said General Lord Feringay, "and I never drank a toast, even to my sovereign, with greater pleasure."

Then drinking, he put down the glass.

"You're a woman in a thousand," he said.

"And you're a pet," replied Fancy, at a loss for an appropriate word.

Lord Feringay smiled.

"I've never been called that before," he remarked, "but it's been a very pleasant evening."

With twelve silvery strikes the clock in the corner struck midnight. A coal fell with a little clatter on the bright steel below.

I really must go, thought Fancy, and crossing to the window pulled the velvet curtains to one side and peered into the flurry of snow that darkened the street lights. But there was no car.

Outside was the London she knew. In a few moments it would claim her again, after this strange pause, dazzle her eyes with its familiar brilliance, deafen her ears with its many voices. Behind the curtains between which she stood another world had been conjured up to-night, where long dead people had lived again for her. Now they had flitted away like phantoms, all except one, surely the best of them all.

Dropping the curtains, she came back to him, for she had just seen the lights of his car.

"I'm going now, Lord Feringay."

Lord Feringay didn't answer, which was a little awkward. He had folded his arms, and his head had dropped a little on his breast. It was a pity to disturb him, but she wanted to say good-bye. Leaning over him, her hand on the back of his chair, she began again.

"I'm going, Lord Feringay. Good-night and good-bye and thank you ever——"

She stopped, her words trailing into silence.

What was the matter? They weren't alone. It was as if all the lights had been turned down, and the windows flung open to admit a Presence.

It was natural Fancy could not recognise the intruder. Lord Feringay could have reassured her, he had often met It before, though never face to face till now. But at last Fancy knew what had happened.

For a brief awed moment she stood looking not at Lord Feringay but at the picture over the mantelpiece. It seemed to glow with added life, to draw all the life of the room to itself.

"He's young again," she thought, as the picture was suddenly blurred by a mist of tears, blotting out the power and grace of the man on the horse, bringing her back to the present where there was much to be done.

She must warn the faithful servants, send word to Angus, leave him in the care of his Own.

And after this there was something more for her to do.

To go home and thrust six letters into the heart of the fire.

END

A New Method *of* Permanent Waving

THE two photographs shown on this page are examples of the excellent results obtained by the new Madison method of permanent waving. This (painless, please note!) method can either wind the hair from the roots (for long or wavy hair) or from the tips (for short and curly hair), but its chief claim to fame is that it can be used on hair that has been bleached. Hitherto, as only too many ex-platinum blondes can testify, bleached hair has never been able to take a permanent wave satisfactorily, but with the Madison method the hair is left absolutely soft, lustrous and supple, and there is no danger of it becoming brittle or discoloured. This method is employed in the Salons of Phyllis Earle in Albemarle Street, where these exquisite coiffures were evolved.

Don't be vague—ask for Haig

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

GOOD OLD MATURED WHISKY IS THE BEST AND SAFEST BEVERAGE AT ALL TIMES.

Stars *and* Producers (*Continued from page* 49)

worth. This film is based on Sternberg's film. That is to say, it has taken over certain hints, has capitalised the romance of a long journey and the odd assortment of people it brings together; but adaptation is always justified if it is successful, and *Rome Express* definitely "comes off."

Though not without assistance from abroad. Esther Ralston, who takes the part of a travelling film-star, was included, I suppose, for the sake of her name, for the Hollywood glamour she helps to give, and contents herself, quite reasonably, with looking sweet, whereas Conrad Veidt, that really accomplished actor, justifies his inclusion from start to finish. Still, the English cast would be remarkable on their own account. The story, alas, is a poor thing, which concerns a stolen masterpiece, a gang of crooks, a double-crossing crook who is foully murdered, and a guilty couple who are implicated in the discovery. Joan Barry takes the part of a runaway wife. It is not a very interesting or hopeful part, since it entails a great deal of indecision—of wearisome "Do you think I really ought to? Darling, what would happen if somebody saw us?" which becomes a little exasperating before the end; but, seconded by her seducer, Harold Huth, she struggles through it very nicely to a virtuous close.

There is at least one magnificent secondary rôle. Gordon Harker is a bore of epic dimensions, a fine specimen of an all too common breed, a back-slapping "good fellow" with a fund of anecdotes. His employment of the French language is horribly lifelike. So is his interest in picture postcards—there is a slight contretemps when the douaniers unearth his collection; he retorts indignantly that they are "artistic." So are his check cap and his plus-fours, his golf-clubs, his accent and his way with porters.

But Conrad Veidt carries off the film. It is always difficult to convey an effect of wickedness, of genuine deep-seated malicious cruelty; and Veidt's face seems to have been created for that very purpose. He has a wonderfully diabolic grin. I have seen many crooks in my film experience, from James Cagney—a nice boy who has gone wrong—to the truly horrific hero of *Scarface*; but few of them have equalled, and none surpassed, Conrad Veidt calmly meditating murder.

The victim is almost as good as the assassin. Donald Calthrop, the double-crossing thief, is the epitome of a surreptitious guile, white-faced, with perpetually furtive eyes. He is done to death by Veidt in the lovers' carriage; they are arrested—but what follows is unimpressive. Veidt, Gordon Harker and Calthrop between them would excuse a more abysmally foolish plot.

A word must be said for the train itself. Great expresses are romantic at any time; and there is something about a train from the Gare de Lyons, rumbling through the darkness towards Italy, that arouses all the nostalgia of travel. Darkened *wagon-lits* have a stuffy attraction; the little bluish light high up in the roof glimmers upon a row of swaying garments. The long pounding rhythm of iron wheels is broken by brief halts at mysterious stations.

This romance has been caught by the producers. We are made to see the train as a separate universe of which some inhabitants are sleeping an i some working, some lying awake and trying to sleep, some wakefully thinking over their own concerns. Some toil that others may stretch in comfort. Frontiers are crossed in the dead of night. Bridges sound hollowly as the train passes. And sleepy-faced attendants thread the corridors at the sharp imperious squeak of an electric bell.

In fact, *Rome Express* shows imagination. I should not recommend it as a good story—the dramatic element is noticeably weak and hardly rises to the level of the average detective drama—but as an intelligent work which gives promise of better things. At all events, it has demonstrated that a British film need not be work of bungling amateurs.

END

Waddini Wahid (*Continued from page* 47)

smoking cigarettes and hookahs and spitting *betel* with the freedom of the enfranchised, placidly exploring their eternal obsessions of women and piastres. And just beyond, where the road hits the river bank, Wahid's *dehabeah* gleamed against the misty blackness of the Nile with the provocative serenity of a travel-agency sign on Broadway or Trafalgar Square. Inviting meat for a couple of gunmen, Curragh had concluded earlier in the day—isolated as it was by gardens and quiet streets from the night life of Cairo. Just inside the gates stood six big Nubians, wearing on their black foreheads the golden asp of Cleopatra and cuddling to their massive shoulders long-hafted spears of the same era. Two bronzed gentlemen in morning coats and scarlet fezes scrutinised Jimmy and his card of admission and passed him in to the music of three gramophones which were blaring to the stars and a couple of hundred fezed prophets three different examples of the latest jazz records. As a set-off to this composite gesture of Egypt for the Egyptians, Jimmy noted several empty pistol cartridge boxes under a mimosa bush.

By this he paused and inspected the layout. He was in the typical walled garden of an Eastern Nabob with the privacy of a *harem* to secure, and a good deal of exhibited wealth to guard. The only exit was the gate he had entered, or through the house which formed the fourth side of this Islamic stronghold. Passing the fountain that played between four palms, Jimmy sauntered on to the terrace and drifted with other guests into the big central hall.

High overhead and level with the lattice of the *harem* balcony, a great crystal chandelier collected the colours of the stained glass roof and focused their spectroscopic tints on Waddini Wahid. On a gilt stool and a raised section of floor he sat like an emperor, talking to a number of *tarbushed* Nationalists and drinking sherbet—or whisky, thought Jimmy—from a filigree goblet.

A stocky Egyptian in a fez and dinner suit like Wahid's appeared at Jimmy's elbow and inquired his business.

"I should like a few private words with Wahid Bey if that can be arranged," Jimmy told him in French.

"On what subject? I am a secretary. Are you of the Soviet Mission?"

"I am the personal representative of an Indian Maharajah friend of the Bey," stated Jimmy. "My business is with your Chief alone—and the keyword is 'Emerald.'"

The secretary considered this, eyes ranging the prosperous contours of his visitor, and said:

"I will ask if he can receive you."

Jimmy loafed to the shrine-like Arab fireplace, in which date logs smouldered with aromatic charcoal in a cheap and showy tiled grate. Above it, on an incongruous bracket of chromium plate, was a life-sized head of Cleopatra made of the same material and crowned with a golden asp. Jimmy noted this, for he thought it masked the door of a wall safe. But as a pair of gilt Swiss cuckoo clocks obstructed the operation of such a device, he lounged on in apparently casual inspection of the jumble of flamboyant furniture and *objets d'art* that personified nothing but a bank roll run amok in a cheap and showy market.

There was nothing of this note in the small audience chamber to which the secretary presently conducted his visitor. And while Jimmy waited there for Wahid, he swiftly examined the combination lock of the big steel safe. But he was seated in one of the leather club chairs reading his *La Vie* when Wahid entered.

Jimmy rose with a bow that was as much a masterpiece as his make-up, produced the business card of a famous firm of Bombay jewellers, and explained that he was a jewel expert specially commissioned by the Nizam of Scinde.

"I have come," he concluded, "to buy from you two or perhaps three emeralds like the one you sold to His Royal Highness in London a year ago during the Imperial Conference."

Wahid asked in that husky tenor voice with the brutal snap which had helped to daze the women of Mayfair, and would have doubled the pull of any ruthless he-man of the talkies, "Why do you come to talk business to-night?"

"To-morrow, monsieur," declared Jimmy, "I go on to Constantinople to see some emeralds belonging to the late Caliph—if I do not buy yours."

Wahid thought this over, inspecting his visitor with interest.

"Very well—I am ready to talk business of that kind," he decided. "You shall wait—for perhaps half an hour. I will send someone to amuse you."

As part of that amusement Jimmy contrived an effective survey of the river side of the house. Six more Nubians decorating the only entrance on this front, and the windows were Moorish slits high up in the walls. One of the black guards happened to yawn up to the brass alarm gong over his head, displacing the white fleece hanging between his shoulders. Low on his buttocks hung the leather case of a large revolver. Obviously, anyone who wished to depart against the will of Wahid would need luck as well as ingenuity.

Approximately half of the fifty-odd clocks that decorated Wahid's audience hall were chiming midnight when the secretary conducted Jimmy back to the office. Wahid dismissed his squint-eyed vassal, ignored the safe, and led the way to the river exit, and crossed the river path to the gangway of the *dahabeah*. Here again Wahid had combined his dynastic assumptions with his bazaar experience of the psychological value of showmanship. The private *dahabeah* of a rich Egyptian is invariably a commodious craft designed as a floating home rather than as a means of transport; but Wahid's was as big as any two of these. Though the river was low, its white superstructure towered well above the high banks, a long length of the front of the mansion outlined with rose-coloured fairy electrics.

In its main saloon a dozen or more guests lounged in contemplation of a game of chess, and in the well forward of this a number of servants sat on their hunkers doing nothing with the time-honoured efficiency of the East. Wahid went to a large stateroom aft of the main saloon, where an attendant brought coffee and cigarettes.

"Now, monsieur," he said in that saw-husk voice, "we can get to business. You know the sum the Nizam paid me for the emerald I sold him in Paris? Forty-five thousand pounds." And his topaz eyes glimmered at Jimmy like those of the sacred cats on the curtained partitions.

"Forty thousand was the amount, monsieur," corrected Jimmy. "And the place was London—unless His Highness misinformed me."

Wahid raised his heavy eyelids at this precision as if he had not expected it.

"Have you the money with you now?"

Jimmy gestured away the suggestion as an affront to the intelligence of a sophisticated French business man.

"But certainly not, monsieur. It would be of a foolishness to carry about at night such large sums of money. If I select any of your emeralds, we can rendezvous at my bank in Cairo (*Continued on page* 80)

LADY BRIDGETT POULETT, *the popular young sister of Earl Poulett, is very lovely. She has a perfect skin like a creamy magnolia.*

LADY MARY ST. CLAIR ERSKINE, *whose skin is gloriously fair, has blue eyes and curly bronze-coloured hair.*

Lady Mary St. Clair Erskine

AND

Lady Bridgett Poulett

tell why they follow Pond's daily beauty method

These are two of the loveliest young women in London Society. Though of absolutely opposite types, they are alike in possessing the most important item of beauty — a perfect complexion. The secret is simple — Lady Mary and Lady Bridgett both believe in Pond's. Lady Mary St. Clair Erskine says: "I've discovered that it is awfully easy to keep my skin soft and smooth with Pond's two wonderful creams." Lady Bridgett Poulett says, "Pond's is the surest, easiest way to safeguard your complexion." You, too, can give yourself this simple Pond's beauty treatment every day:

TO CLEANSE the skin, apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck every night and always after exposure to wind or fog. Let the gentle oils sink into the pores and float the dirt to the surface. Wipe off with Pond's Cleansing Tissues — and then dab on Pond's Skin Freshener to close the pores.

TO PROTECT the skin and give it a velvety finish, smooth on a thin film of fragrant Pond's Vanishing Cream — the perfect powder base. You can buy Pond's preparations at all chemists, stores and hairdressers.

For sample tubes of both creams send 2d in stamps, in a sealed envelope, to:
Dept. BR.10, POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY
Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex

Name .....

Address .....

POND'S COLD CREAM: In jars, 1/3, 2/6 and 5/-. In tubes, 6d, 1/- and 2/6

POND'S VANISHING CREAM: In jars, 1/3 and 2/6. In tubes, 6d and 1/-

POND'S CLEANSING TISSUES: 6d and 1/3

POND'S SKIN FRESHENER: 1/-, 2/6 and 4/-

to-morrow morning, and complete the transaction in gold standard dollars."

"Very good," agreed Wahid. "I shall bring the emeralds. Please remain here." He passed to the stateroom beyond, closing the communication door behind him. Jimmy, sitting with his back to the scarlet and beige hangings of the main saloon partition, rapidly reviewed the spacous tapestry-hung apartment. It ran from one side of the broad-beamed craft to the other, and was as roomy and airy as the sitting room in his own house in Old Berkeley Street, London. On his right front were two large square open windows, through which he could see the dark mud of the steep bank to which the *dahabeah* was moored. And through the two windows on his left he could see the mist lying close on the face of the Nile. Then he rose and softly bolted the outer door, and crossed to that through which Wahid had disappeared. Putting an ear to this, he reflected with grim satisfaction that it was typical of the Eastern mind to secrete valuables in an obscure hide-up, instead of in that modern safe within the guarded house.

Wahid returned a few minutes later, carrying a small and battered tin hat-box. He looked at Jimmy curiously, a peculiar smile playing at the corners of his Ramesian mouth. With a curved Bedouin knife, handled like an expert, he slit the string binding from the box hasp, removed an old newspaper and laid on the table a small crown of yellow gold. Around its plain rim a frieze of large square emeralds gleamed greenly in the subdued rose of the cabin light, acquiring an almost sinister verity by contrast with the vacant sockets from which a few stones had been removed.

It was perhaps his vanity that impelled him to remark dramatically:

"Monsieur, no eyes but yours and mine have dwelt on that crown for five thousand years," for his topaz slits were focused on his auditor in observance of its effect.

Jimmy drawled quietly but very clearly: "So I understand, my friend. Have the goodness not to raise your voice while your eyes dwell on this."

And Waddini Wahid gazed suddenly into the muzzle of Jimmy's automatic.

Wahid did not flinch, nor did he betray the slightest sign of surprise. He showed his marvellous teeth in a Cleopatra smile and said:

"You were obviously right, Inspector Curragh."

Jimmy did not look round to see whom Wahid was addressing, for he felt a circle of cold steel at the back of his bare neck and heard the crisp command: "Stick 'em up!"

TO the triumphant Curragh, ingrained by the traditional effect of a pistol muzzle in a vital spot, all was now over but the handcuffs. But the Guardsman had not spent four years in front line trenches for nothing. On one occasion—a German raid for prisoners—he had been in a similar predicament. He followed that precedent—with a reflection in a cabin mirror to help him. Slowly he raised both arms, letting his own pistol fall with a capitulatory thump on the table. Then in one quick movement he dropped his left hand to the menacing barrel, arched his neck and jerked Curragh's weapon sideways. The cartridge exploded, as it was bound to do. The bullet struck Wahid in the shoulder just as he hooked the Arab's disembowelling knife into Jimmy's padded stomach. Instantly Wahid's strong-arm squad erupted into the stateroom from the adjoining cabin. Bunching together for a brief moment, ignorant of what had happened or who was doing the shooting, they paused in their rush. That moment was just enough for Jimmy. He grinned, grabbed the emerald crown and dived through the nearest window into the Nile. Curragh, intent only on making a capture, simultaneously succeeded in freeing himself from the tangle of curtains behind which he had been hiding, and leaped for the window also, smoking pistol in hand. Seeing their leader slumped on the divan clutching a blood-stained shirt-front, Wahid's gang misinterpreted the situation, and jumped for Curragh. One knocked him senseless across the window ledge with a brass bludgeon, and another completed the transaction by instantly upending him into the river.

Jimmy saw the body fall as he struck out for mid-current. Assuming it was one of Wahid's Arab retainers in close pursuit, he waited for this menace to break water. Curragh's body bobbed up a few yards downstream. Jimmy dived for a surprise attack. A clean getaway was impossible with a strong swimmer close in his wake. But the moment he gripped the other's throat he realised he was handling an unconscious man, and then saw it was the detective bleeding profusely from a bad wound in the head. Looping the emerald crown on one arm, he turned on his back and towed Curragh into midstream.

He had covered a hundred and fifty yards when a motor-boat engine began to roar, and he saw the wide beams of a powerful searchlight shoot across the water near the *dahabeah*. If that craft came downstream, as it would do if the steersman had sense, the odds were against making his objective or escaping observation.

The steersman had sense. He cast twice across river opposite Wahid's *dahabeah*, then came threshing down mid-current on a course in direct line with the Guardsman and his salvage. Jimmy struck obliquely across current towards another *dahabeah* and some launches moored at the Sporting Club raft. As if in anticipation of this manœuvre, the pursuing boat changed course when Jimmy was within thirty yards of the hide-up. It was now useless to try to make that cover, for Wahid's speed-boat was within forty yards, its bow light blazing a white wedge in between. Jimmy waited his moment, and dived just in time, taking Curragh with him like a sack of coal. And when he came up gasping for air the speed-boat was thirty yards downstream and curving to the other bank. Jimmy now struck inshore again, keeping on the edge of the swift current, and paddled his man to the boat stage of his hotel as the motor-boat roared upstream on the far side.

TWENTY minutes later, in evening clothes, complete with decorations, Jimmy stood chewing gum on the deck of his hired cabin cruiser, and watched Wahid's boat pass once more upstream. Returning to the shuttered saloon, he found Curragh sitting up fingering the rough bandage on his head and staring at his surroundings. He watched the Guardsman fill a liqueur glass with cognac until the liquid overhung the brim, and hold it up to the silver-plated cabin light with a lean hand as steady as the stone-blue eyes which slowly encompassed the detective.

Curragh's expression suggested a torpid but vicious cobra undergoing the unnatural experience of being mesmerised by a jungle partridge. Jimmy met this menacing stare, handed him the drink, then cocked a long leg across the end of the settee and asked whimsically:

"Well, Mr. Inspector Curragh, esquire, if the question is not too personal, what were you doing bathing in the Nile?"

Curragh slowly drank the brandy, then threw off the blanket in which his rescuer had swathed him. Standing as naked as when he was born, he said ruthlessly:

"If ye think ye are getting off because ye pulled me out of the river, ye are mistaken. It is my duty to arrest ye, Major Lace, for robbery with violence, and on suspicion of being the perpetrator of the Star Ribbon burglaries. Where are my clothes?"

Jimmy considered him through his eyeglass and answered just as ruthlessly: "In that case, Inspector, it is my duty to dump you back in the Nile on suspicion of being a darned mischievous corpse. So you won't need clothes. Now sit down again before you fall down."

Curragh neither fell nor sat. Revitalised by his second cognac, he picked up the blanket and hitched it firmly around his waist. Focusing his hard eyes on the stone-blue pair that were regarding him with the flickerless immobility of bayonet points, he completed his arrangement.

"Besides being a Detective Inspector of the Metropolitan Police, I happen to be on the Committee of the British Legion of ex-Service men. In that capacity I have recently uncovered the information that although ye were penniless six months ago, ye have expended eighty thousand pounds on ex-soldier scallywags and their families. That, roughly, is the amount of those Star Ribbon jobs. A few weeks ago ye capped that by initiating a settlement scheme for war crocks with a donation of fifty thousand pounds.

"By another peculiar coincidence," went on Curragh, with grim precision, "fifty thousand pounds was the sum taken from a Cape millionaire, whilst ye were at a State Ball in Cape Town—*as ye were at the King's palace this night.*"

Jimmy's composure did not falter in the slightest. "I remember something of that affair, now you mention it," he remarked. "But—we are not getting anywhere, are we? You said something about arresting me for something or other. Correct me if I am wrong, but I've a notion you'll need more than mental arithmetic to give effect to that proposition—even if I were disposed to let you. And, believe me, Inspector, I am *not* so disposed."

Curragh ran a talon-like hand over his bandaged head. Suddenly advancing a pace, he thrust forward his long chin and snapped: "I'm fighting ye for ut."

Their eyes clashed, each pair ruthless—Jimmy's an icy stone-blue, Curragh's hard and black, with bloodshot whites.

Jimmy murmured softly, but so clearly that each word registered on Curragh's consciousness like the peremptory notes of a bugle: "I should not do that if I were you, Curragh. Though the one must be sacrificed to the many, there is nothing I'd loathe so much as adding an old comrade of the Retreat to an official casualty list."

Curragh did not answer immediately. Then, slowly, as if moved by some dormant impulse that would not be denied, his gaze moved to the string of decorations on his quarry's breast. There it concentrated on a miniature bronze star. His gaze was focused on that narrow strip of red, white and blue ribbon which suspended from the Star. In the centre of it, visible only at such close quarters, gleamed a tiny tarnished rosette—the rosette of a great and unique brotherhood, mostly dead, some still on the streets selling chocolates and matches. From this symbol of self-immolation Curragh's hard eyes wandered, slowly again, to his own three war medals lying on the table, where the Guardsman had carefully placed them, their gay ribbons darkened by immersion in the Nile. Thoughtfully he turned and lifted these up, holding them on the palm of a hand scarred by a Gheluvelt bullet. Thoughtfully he picked with a finger-nail at a smear of mud and blood on the rosette of his own Star. August, 1914. The stand across the Menin Road. Crash! Stopped one. "'Ere, mate—'ump yerself on my back." Chocolates. Matches. Laying down his medals on the white table top, Curragh swung viciously back to Jimmy and demanded, once more with long chin out-thrust:

"Did ye lave your usual snippit of ribbon on Wahid's ship this avening?"

A faint crinkle showed for a moment at the corners of Jimmy's eyes, but there was no more crinkle in his voice than there was in Curragh's.

"So far as I know, my friend," he said, "I left nothing anywhere this evening. But suppose you spit out all there is to spit out. And we'll see what we can do about it."

Curragh turned back to the table, picked up the brandy bottle and poured out two full tots.

"I'm sorry, sor," he announced slowly and deliberately; "the crack that haythen laid on me skull in Wahid's houseboat has gone to me head entoirely. I cannot remember wan thing since I saw ye and your lady wife at the King's party this avening." And he handed

(*Continued on page 82*)

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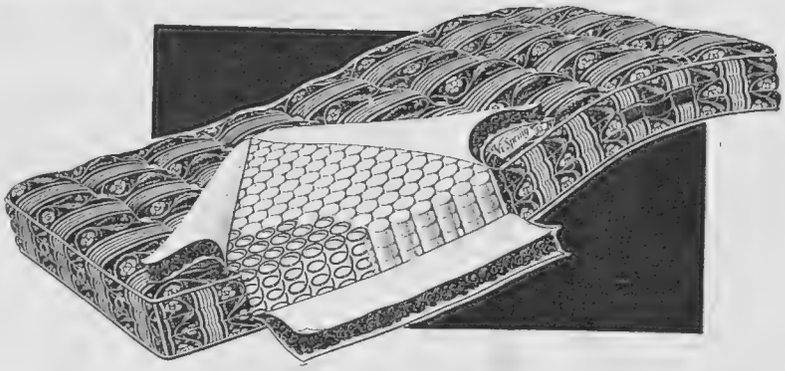

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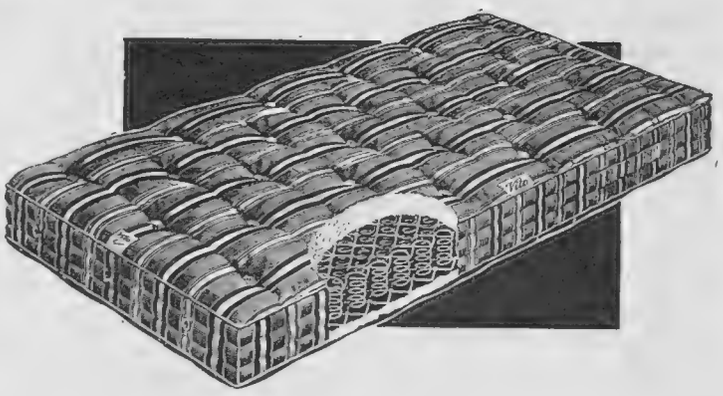

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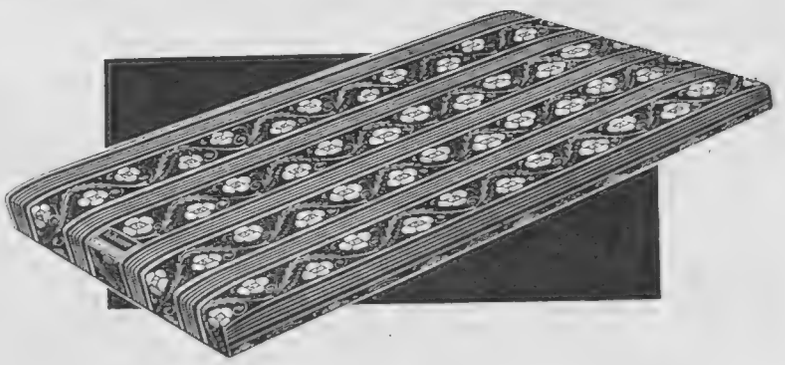

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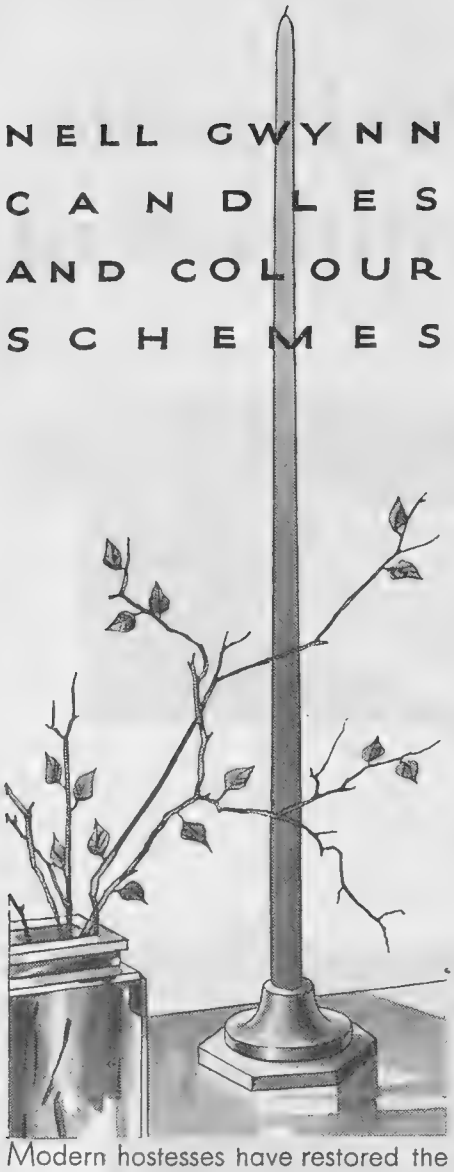

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EST. 1642 IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES I

Jimmy one of the glasses. Jimmy considered him for a moment and said:

"I'm not sure, Curragh, but I am inclined to think that is rather decent of you."

Curragh coughed and sniffed at his glass. "I'm not so sure meself, sor, for the matter of that. As ye didn't lave your card this time, I'd have a great dale of difficulty in getting ye as far as Dartmoor. My very best respects, sor."

"Chin-chin, Curragh," smiled Jimmy. And eye to eye, comrades of a nearly forgotten battlefield, they drank.

Curragh reversed his empty glass on the table, smacked his lips and said reflectively: "Considering all the circumstances, there is just wan thing I'm very sorry indade about, Major—and that is Mr. Wahid's crown."

"Oh," said Jimmy, pausing in the act of putting his glass on the table. "And what is that?"

"Ah—of course!" he murmured. "I was forgettin' ye know nothing about that, sor. It was a little ornament me Egyptian acquaintance used to bait a trap this evening. A *bazaar* copy of the famous emerald crown of King Tut. I regret to say, sor, it is worth no more than wan hundred *piastres*. A very cautious rascal is Mr. Waddini Wahid."

Waddini Wahid

Dogs Know . . . .

(*Continued from page* 41)

Then a lot of flowers were brought. I smelled them, but then they slapped me again, and said, "Punch, keep away from those wreaths."

I did not know why I had to keep away from such lovely flowers. But everything I did was wrong. When I had barked before, people used to say how happy I was. Now, every time I barked, I was slapped. But I went on barking, telling them I was so happy that Master was well again.

Then they came out of Master's bedroom carrying a big box. Four men carried it, and they took it down the stairs. Then I saw that Mistress was dressed in black and that a lot of people had called, all of them in black. Most of the ladies were crying, and the men looked very sad.

Then I saw Master standing beside me.

"Ask them what all this fuss is about, Punch," He said. "Tell them not to cry."

I barked to tell them, and then I was slapped again and pushed on one side.

"Go on, Punch, tell them I am here," said Master. He was smiling, and He looked—oh, so happy!

"Tell them all the pain has gone, and that I am with them still," He said.

I barked it all, word by word. But I was slapped for every bark I made. So I ran down the stairs.

Outside there was a large crowd, and carriages, and lots of flowers in coaches.

Master came down with me, and said, "Come on, Punch! We will go, too."

They all got into carriages, and I walked behind. No one noticed me because they were all crying so. But Master walked by me.

"What are they all crying for, Punch?" He said. "You and I are not crying. Tell them not to be so silly."

But it was no good trying to tell anybody. All along the streets, crowds were gathered. And all the people took off their hats.

"What a lot of fools, Punch," said Master. "Don't they know I am here? Why do they suddenly get sorry now? Lots of them disliked me before. Why do they all take off their hats now?"

WE walked miles along the streets, and there were crowds all the way. Master laughed all the time and said, "Good old Punch! You and I know. But what a lot of fools the others are!"

All the people saw me, and all of them seemed to wonder what I was doing, walking behind.

"Look at that dog!" they said.

No one seemed to notice Master. It was a funny day.

Then we came to a place where there were some boys wearing white, and they started to sing. We went in a small building, so small that only a few people could get in. The ones who were crying most seemed to get inside. They carried the box in. And a man in white said a lot of words. And the more he said, the more people cried.

"Tell them to stop it," said Master. "Tell them to stop crying. Tell them it's all wrong. Tell them I am here with you."

I barked to tell them. Then they kicked me outside, and I had to hide among all the people.

Master came with me and shouted, "Don't kick him, you fools. The dog has got more sense than you have . . . Come on, Punch, let's get away from them."

He started walking home, and I went with Him. Then, when I looked round, He had gone. I got in the house and waited. Some time later the people came home, and they beat me and said, "You dreadful dog!"

So I hid under a chair. It was no good telling anybody anything. The world is a silly place.

When Mistress came home, she sat in a chair and went on crying for hours. I crept up near her, but every time she pushed me away.

"Go away, you dreadful dog!" she said. "Don't you know that Master is dead?"

I barked back, asking her what she meant, and then I was thrown out of the room.

They kept me in the kitchen for days after that, and no one spoke to me. But Master used to come and see me.

The maids went on with their work, just as though He were not there. No one took any notice. I could not understand it at all.

"Tell them to tell Mistress I am here, Punch," He said.

But every time I barked, they beat me. That has been going on for days and days. It is dreadful. I used to be such a favourite. Everyone used to say, "What a darling dog!"

Master comes to see me often, and I sit on a chair beside Him, for hours at a time, just as I did before. Sometimes He talks to me, just as He used to, in what He thinks is dog talk. But nearly always He keeps on saying, "Go on, Punch, tell them I am here. Tell Mistress not to cry. Tell them I shall always be here. Tell Mistress that whenever she wants me I will come in a minute. Tell her I can help her more now—more than I could before I was ill."

Very often I walk up to her chair, and pull her skirt to tell her that Master is standing beside me. But she does not seem to see Him. Sometimes He strokes her hair. But she does not seem to feel. Sometimes He kisses her. But she does not seem to know. She just cries or looks sad.

I do not understand it.

Master and I are perfectly happy when we are alone. I just talk to Him and He talks to me. All that is just the same as before.

But then, after a long time of that, He says, "Go on, Punch! Tell them."

Then I get slapped again.

I feel I have something so very important to tell Mistress, or Master would not keep on telling me to say it. But no one will listen.

They only say I am a silly dog, or else a naughty dog.

How can I be a naughty dog when Master is so happy?

I asked another dog about it, one day, when someone brought him to tea. All he said was, "Oh, Men fools do not know anything. You and I know. The best thing to do is to keep it to ourselves. Then they give us cake."

But I do not want cake. I want to tell Mistress, so that she can be happy again, as happy as I am.

What is a dog to do?

The Drama *of the* Road

(*Continued from page* 13)

Thence, he says, he drove to the *Times* office and handed his manuscript to Mr. Delane himself. The great editor immediately had it set up, a leader written, and the paper hastily printed off. All this took only two hours, and the enterprising Mr. Allport set off on his return journey and arrived back in Sunderland some hours before the declaration of the poll, with copies of the *Times* newspaper announcing the result of the election. With all his changes, the mileage was accomplished at an average speed of forty miles an hour.

That this rapid transit was not accomplished without risk we learn from the memoirs of the day. For instance, in a journey by a slow train from Oxford, taken by a certain fashionable cleric in the year 1847, he describes how he transferred into the Didcot express—" that reckless train "—at the expense of an extra sixpence. Ten years later the same traveller's wife speaks of the rapid excursion train to Brighton as liable to " decant you sooner into the next world than one might desire." Indeed, the accounts of the casualties arising from the dangers of speed are truly alarming. In the very early days Queen Victoria, as a girl of nineteen, observed to Lord Melbourne that the steam carriages were very dangerous, and could not be stopped in a short distance, whereupon the then Prime Minister replied, " Oh! none of these modern inventions consider human life." A sentence which might be put without anachronism into the mouth of any Justice of the Peace of the present day.

It must be confessed that at first the railways paid little attention to the rights of the people. Extra fares had to be paid by all expresses, and the pace travelled by the ordinary trains was—we read in our friend the cleric's memoirs—" *lentissimo.*" The pleasure of racing at forty or forty-five miles an hour was a luxury enjoyed only by the rich.

What, meanwhile, was happening to the deserted highways, and, above all, what had become of the thousands and thousands of horses which had been employed in the regular mail services? There is no record. But those of us born in Victorian days will recall the roads empty of traffic—the wide margins of grass in the middle of which, ignorant of the future, telegraph poles were planted—the bustling inns half closed, one dreary ostler replacing the whole merry crew of coachmen, guards and postillions. For a full half-century the roads of England slept unused, and the railroad, undisputed and supreme, was the sole method of travelling.

Yet we must not, in the interests of the road, forget the debt which nowadays we owe to these same railroads. How comfortable they are, how cheap with their day return fares and excursion tickets! But the circumstance that the giant was benevolent does not detract from the fact that he was a *Dictator of Traffic.*

Act III opens with a paradox. *The Road*—if I may personify the principal character of the *Drama*—abandoned like Ariadne, refused in her mortification to recognise that any good could come through her destroyer—*Steam.* Therefore, the very means by which, to come to prosaic fact, the surface could be kept in repair was deprecated and made as troublesome as possible. Figure to yourself another chief character advancing slowly with swelling port and majestic gait—the *Steam Roller.* It was a cruel surgeon; it crushed and flattened the suffering Road, but left a surface such as McAdam would have welcomed in his dreams.

Was it welcomed by the lovers of the highway? No, indeed; it was banned for the benefit of the horse, which was alarmed out of its seven senses by this portentous apparition. To make its use as difficult as possible, a law was passed that the Steam Roller and (*Continued on page* 84)

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all other "mechanically propelled" vehicles might only proceed along the King's highway if a man carrying a large red flag walked solemnly in front. So there was the situation. The roads were deserted and the means whereby they would be restored to service was forbidden by law. It was like the crisis of one of the old fairy stories in which the enchanted owl or serpent prays that her head may be cut off, and, when the Prince has reluctantly complied, turns into a beautiful Princess.

The man with the red flag was abolished in 1898, and, hey presto! swift, efficient machines instantly glided on to the highways. The transformation is complete . . . The mail coach becomes the saloon coach . . . The horn becomes the hooter . . . The coachman, the chauffeur . . . The ostler, the mechanic . . . the inn revives, the posting centres turn into huge garages, and the roads themselves are widened, re-metalled, tarred, and finally supplemented by huge bye-passes on which cars may journey at a speed which our fathers would have held miraculous.

There are disadvantages—but, yet, the general joyful exodus into the country from congested cities must be a cause for rejoicing. Think of a busy Sunday afternoon—the road alive with cheerful traffic; the girls riding pillion behind their boys on motor-bikes; the car, with the whole family on board, travelling, its sunshine roof rolled well back, to the nearest common where they all intend to picnic. The *bona fide* traveller is on tour with luggage neatly piled behind, the fine old inns are refurbished and refurnished, ready to serve all customers with luncheons, dinners, beds and—how our ancestors would have wondered!—innumerable teas. Neat maids in picturesque caps flit about the lawn under the many-coloured umbrellas. The old signs are revarnished and new ones, freshly painted, creak their satisfaction as they swing in the summer breeze.

And so the curtain falls on the *Happy Ending* of our *Drama*. The Sleeping Beauty has awakened. "The white road athwart the hill" has turned black with tarmac, but at least it is alive again. The people, no longer shut away in boxes on an iron track, discover once more the enchanting highways and byways of their land, and to-day, throughout the length and breadth of England, her sons and daughters sing *The Song of the Open Road*.

END

Justice

(*Continued from page* 35)

Borrodale, it's Mrs. Quale herself. Aye, and I'm goin' to stand meself the treat of telling her that in me own language this very night."

He did not resume his seat, for he understood the dramatic value of a good exit. They were still rapping approving knuckles on the table as he marched from the room.

Alderman Semple was neither early nor late for his appointment. His hostess awaited him in the exquisite Victorian drawing-room. She was seated in a high-backed chair of rosewood. Its floral tapestry made a delightful background for her small, resolute head with its dainty cap of Brussels lace. Her mittened hands lay in her lap. As he came in she waved him to the one armchair which had come to be regarded as his proper place.

"Bring the tea, Violet," she said, "and after that you can go straight to bed."

"Yes'm."

"Oh! I'd almost forgotten! The saccharine bottle. It's in the right-hand top drawer of the table in the clinic."

"Yes'm."

Alderman Semple patted his ample waistline and chuckled comfortably.

"Ey! but you're a marvellous woman, Mrs. Quale. Even to remembering the precautions a man takes to preserve his figure. I shall have to be a bit careful in future, now that statue's erected to show what I have been."

"I wish the statue could show you as you really are," she replied, gently.

The Alderman waved a protesting hand.

"Stop yer flatterin', do."

"I am quite sincere, as I mean to explain. Some men get their deserts in this world, but you never have. I doubt if there is a soul in Borrodale who understands you as I do. Ah! here's tea! Thank you, Violet. Good night."

Mrs. Quale's after-dinner tea was a ritual. It involved the warming of Worcester cups and the most delicate infusion. Into the Alderman's cup she dropped a slice of lemon, paper thin. Unscrewing the cap of the saccharine bottle, she emptied two tablets into his teaspoon.

"There!" she said, and placed the cup into his outstretched hand.

Alderman Semple allowed the tablets to dissolve and sipped the brew appreciatively.

"I've always said nobody can touch you at makin' a cup o' tea," he declared, "and to-night you've surpassed yourself."

Mrs. Quale nodded.

"I think I have, and I'm going to tell you why. And when I've done so I think you will agree that you deserve all the trouble I have taken. The late Queen Victoria once said to me that nothing was too good for the best nor too bad for the worst."

"A fine sentiment, Mrs. Quale."

"I am glad you think so, for I have always endeavoured to be guided by those words. Unhappily, the best isn't always rewarded, and the worst isn't always discovered until too late for justice to be done. Justice is often too slow to take effect, and as a result lots of people get away unnoticed with the good or the bad they have done. In your case I am determined that that shall not happen."

An alarming suspicion that all was not well caused the Alderman to set down his empty cup with a clatter. Mrs. Quale noted the muscular awkwardness of his gesture with satisfaction.

"You put it rather funnily," said he.

"Because I was speaking under a great restraint. There is no longer any need for that. Alderman Semple, you know yourself to be a swindler, but it may be news to you to learn that indirectly you are a murderer, too."

"What's that?" His voice was thick and his body slumped back into the chair.

"A murderer,'" she repeated. "Perhaps you would like to read a letter that I found beside the dead body of a girl this evening. She had taken her own life with gas because she had lost her honour and learned to cheat. It's a pathetic letter. An hysterical girl like that must be easy prey for a man of your abilities. No doubt you promised her things, too. Just as you have promised the people of Borrodale a dividend that they will never see. And no doubt you have arranged to leave here to-morrow morning and join a boat to Brazil or somewhere."

The man in the chair opposite her was gasping for breath. His hands gripped and tugged at the elbow rests.

"I can't get oop!" he whispered.

"You shouldn't have put those tablets in your tea," said Mrs. Quale. "I had thought of having the police here to meet you. But that wouldn't have been fair to the girl you murdered. It was only right that you should die, too."

His voice was barely audible. He said:

"You'll swing for——"

That was all. The breath rattled in his throat.

Mrs. Quale watched, unmoved. It was curiosity persuaded her to examine the contents of the dead man's pocket-book. Her surmise was right. Among other things, it contained a double ticket to Rio. He had meant the girl to come with him, but she had chosen her own way out. Also, there was a receipt from an Argentine bank for a large sum of money.

Mrs. Quale put the pocket-book in a safe place.

The sound of running feet brought her to the front door in time to prevent Arthur Wade from ringing the bell. By the light of the hall lamp his face was ghastly.

"I know all about it," she said, and beckoned him to follow her into the clinic.

He sat down and rested his head against the wall.

"Why, why?" he moaned. "I loved her so——"

Mrs. Quale gave him the letter to read.

There are few better remedies for despair than a desire for vengeance. Mrs. Quale had no doubts as to the course he would take. That was why she stood between himself and the door.

"Let me out—let me get at him."

"Hush! There's no need. I've seen to all that. Come in here."

Presently they returned to the clinic. Arthur Wade stared at her with a mixture of horror and admiration.

"What's to happen? You can't face it and they'll——"

"That would be a pity," she agreed, "for there is much that I ought to do first. It was through me that so many people subscribed and I would like to have put that right as far as possible."

Arthur Wade shook his head.

"They'll find him here."

"He was running away to South America to-morrow. He might as easily have disappeared to-night. Do you hate this man's memory enough to help me in the cause of a lot of poor people who otherwise will be bound to suffer?"

"I'll do anything," he nodded.

She led him to the window. The statue of the Alderman stood like a black scar upon the face of the night.

"The plinth," she said; "it's hollow, isn't it? I noticed when you were working on that pulley thing. No one would think of looking there."

Arthur Wade rubbed his forehead with the palm of his hand.

"But to-morrow morning. The statue must be raised for the men to cement it down."

"Only a few inches," said Mrs. Quale. "It isn't likely anything would be noticed. Besides," she added, "there is a gravel heap in the garden. Some of that might be used."

MRS. COLLINGHAM QUALE was standing at the bedroom window when Violet brought in her cup of early morning tea.

"That's right! Put the tray on the sill," she said.

In the Square the workmen were busy with their trowels. The swathed statue hung six inches clear of the plinth.

"All ready?" came the voice of Arthur Wade.

"Aye! Let her go."

One of the working party spat into the hollows of the plinth—for luck. Arthur's muscles were not as perfectly under control as on the day before. His hands were sweaty and the statue came down on the cement with a wet plop.

"Finish it off as quick as you can, boys," he said.

From the other end of the Square a large van approached. It contained the little gold chairs, which the elect were to occupy for the unveiling ceremony.

MRS. COLLINGHAM QUALE occupied a seat of honour adjoining the mayor. With her customary reticence she had refused to speak. It fell to the lot of the mayor to read the address and supply a little embroidery from his own imagination.

"—in the whole of his magnificent career, nothing could better (*Continued on page* 86)

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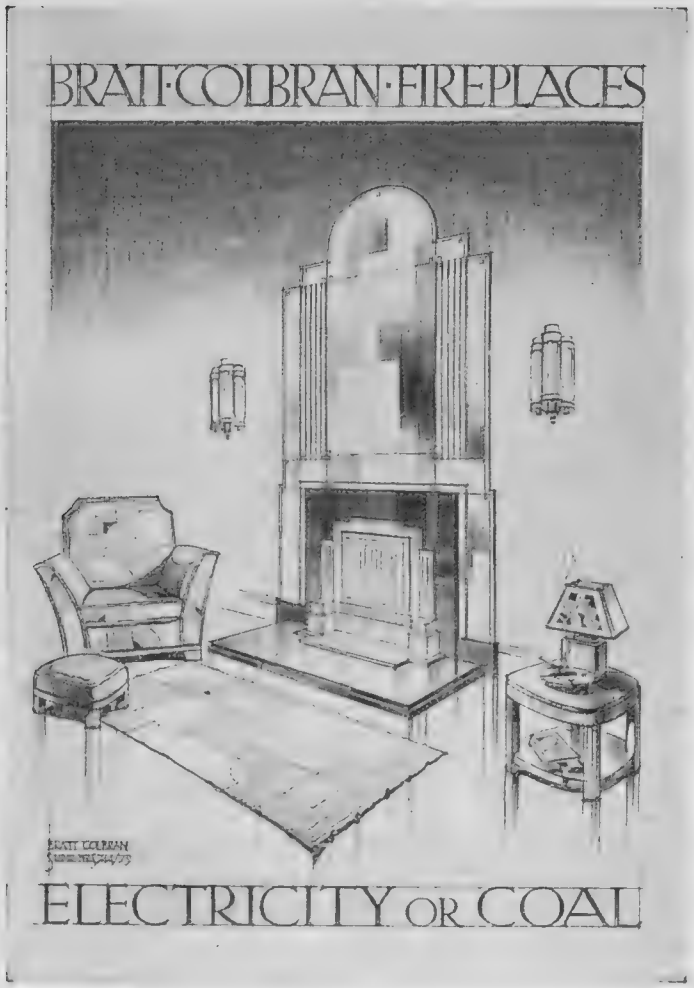

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express the selflessness of Alderman Semple than his modest absence from to-day's ceremony. He warned us last night that he hadn't the courage to face it. In his own phrase he said he meant to hide in a wood until the business was over and done with. And that's what he's been and done. Well, we may miss him, but I'll guarantee that there isn't a man, woman or child in Borrodale that doesn't think all the more of him for the grace and delicacy that such an action betrays. And now, Members of the Town Council, Mrs. Quale, Ladies and Gentlemen, I have the pleasure and the honour of unveiling this magnificent example of art, the statue of Alderman James Semple."

He tugged at the release cord and, amid loud applause, the veilings fluttered to the ground. It was the cue for the Borrodale Silver Band to strike up "He's a Jolly Good Fellow." The audience joined in uproariously.

"And so say all of us—" they bellowed.

"But for how long?" wondered Mrs. Quale, as she entered the garden of her house.

THE trouble did not start until the following morning. It was fostered by the leader in *The Borrodale Advertiser*.

> "While applauding the diffidence that persuaded Alderman Semple to absent himself from yesterday's unveiling ceremony, we cannot but feel that he has been guilty of an error in judgment in neglecting the duties of his office upon the very day on which the first dividend of the Town Stock was due for payment.
>
> "Shareholders who called in person to collect their dividends were not a little surprised to find the office was closed.
>
> "Enquiries prove that no letters were mailed out last night.
>
> "When Alderman Semple performed his modest retirement from the community, he must have been unaware of the suicide of his private secretary, Miss Phyllis Roamer.
>
> "The police, who are investigating this tragedy, have not, as yet, determined what persuaded Phyllis Roamer to take her own life.
>
> "It is doubly unfortunate that the Alderman's absence should have coincided with this unhappy event, and we urge the former to return to his post with the least possible delay."

The article caused an unpleasant stir. By nine o'clock several hundred men and women were gathered outside the offices. At ten-thirty an inspector and four constables rang the bell and, getting no reply, forced an entry. The result of their findings they refused to convey to anybody. At noon a special edition of *The Advertiser* was rushed out. It contained startling disclosures. It revealed the fact that the Alderman's personal belongings had been removed from his house some days previously. Nothing remained but an already packed suit-case. In a wastepaper basket an envelope had been found bearing the inscription of a South American Steamship Line. Half-burnt fragments of a note in the hand of Phyllis Roamer betrayed the fact that her association with Alderman Semple was not confined to a business relationship.

The final bombshell was contained in the lines :—

> "Considerable mystery overhangs the Alderman's financial transactions. The money for the payment of dividends now due does not appear to have been deposited with any Banking house in Borrodale.
>
> "In reply to a question, the Mayor has admitted that the entire handling of the capital and interest of the Stock was reposed in Alderman Semple."

At two-fifteen the Chief Constable applied to the magistrates for a warrant to arrest the Alderman on a charge of alleged fraud and the conversion of public moneys to his own interest.

By four p.m. the town of Borrodale was in a state of raging rebellion and resentment.

At four-thirty Mrs. Collingham Quale reversed all her previous wills and testaments and bequeathed her entire and considerable fortune to any residents of Borrodale who may have suffered financially as a result of investing in the Stock.

MRS. QUALE'S victoria drove her into the Square as the first stone was thrown. The large crowd, gathered before the statue, made it well-nigh impossible for her to enter her own garden. The crowd was growling at the statue as though the man of stone could hear.

A voice cried above the uproar.

"Smash it! Break it oop!"

A woman screamed and threw a tomato. It struck the smug, self-satisfied features and streamed down, bloodily. Somebody laughed. Then a dozen or more went mad. A bag of tools upon a workman's shoulder was raided. A moment later they were swarming all over the statue, smiting, lashing at it. Amid yells of approval, the large square head was broken at the neck. An extended arm and the foot of the crossing leg fell among the watchers below.

Then somebody suggested getting a crowbar under the base and heaving it clear of the plinth.

Mrs. Quale addressed Violet, who stood shivering beside her in the porch.

"Get me the folding chair that goes into a flight of steps," she said.

The frightened girl obeyed. Mrs. Quale dragged the steps down the garden path, slowly.

It was the suggestion of the crowbar that had driven her to take action. She did not want the body of the Alderman to be found and presently to be buried in consecrated ground. She wanted him to remain for ever in that cynical resting place so that future generations would say :

"See that plinth! It was erected for the statue of the worst blackguard Borrodale ever bred."

She wanted his bones to hear the echoes of obloquy for centuries to come.

"Lend a hand, here, and shove it off."

But there was no need. A man with a sledge-hammer smote well and truly. All that remained of the statue toppled off the plinth like a fallen idol.

"Ould devil near crushed me," gasped a woman.

Then another voice.

"Smash up plinth. Wipe out the whole lot of it."

The idol breakers had leapt to the ground with the fall of the statue. The space above was vacant.

Mrs. Quale set up her miniature flight of steps and mounted them soberly.

The habit of respect dies hard. She had no need to raise her voice to make herself heard.

"I agree that you had every right to smash the statue. He was a villain and deserved the fate you gave him. But the plinth was designed by Mr. Wade, who has built us strong houses to live in. No good would come of spoiling his work as well. Listen, people, I want to apologise to you all for believing in the Alderman. Through me a lot of harm has befallen and a lot of money has been lost."

"You're not to blame, Missus."

"Oh yes, I am. I let myself take good for granted and that makes me responsible. But I don't want you to worry too much. There may be delays in paying back the money you've invested, but it will be paid back—it *shall*. You have my word for that. I promise you justice, and if it's the last thing I do in life, I'm going to see that you get it. To prove my words, I want to be let give you a new statue to stand where I'm standing. So will you please all go home and not worry."

She did not wait for the crowd to answer. The Square was empty and as silent as the Alderman's grave by the time she had dragged her little flight of steps to the porch.

"THERE'S no mystery about my visit, Mrs. Quale," said the Inspector from Scotland Yard. "I came to you because it was understood that Semple intended to call upon you the night before the unveiling."

"He did."

"Ah! And did he give you any impression that he was contemplating a journey?"

"Not in so many words, Inspector; on the other hand I had a feeling that he was going away from us."

"What made you think that?"

"I get ideas."

The inspector made a note.

"At the time, had you any suspicions as to his honesty."

"None whatever." Her tone was positive.

"Mrs. Quale, we have established the fact that Semple had booked a double passage to South America. His luggage was on board the ship, but he never arrived. A suit-case, packed with such articles as a man daily uses, was found at his address here. His motor car was not taken from the garage. He was not seen at either of the railway stations, nor by any person *after* the visit he was known to have paid to you."

"And what do you draw from that?"

The Inspector shrugged his shoulders.

"That it seems possible that he did not leave Borrodale that night, if at all."

"You think he may have done away with himself?"

"That kind seldom does."

"I agree. It is the dupes of such men who commit suicide and people whose work in the world is finished."

There was a shade more feeling in her voice and the Inspector was quick to notice it.

"You have the reputation, Mrs. Quale, of being a lover of justice. What would you have done if you had actually discovered what Semple had been up to?"

"Surely the answer is obvious in the case of anyone who loves justice. The man was a swindler and a murderer."

"You are thinking of the girl. But you couldn't bring that home as murder."

"Because justice isn't always adequate. But it was murder for all that."

"And as such, in your opinion, is deserving of the extreme penalty."

"Of course. Are you wondering, Inspector, whether I killed Alderman Semple."

The Inspector forced a laugh.

"Well, hardly," he said.

Mrs. Quale crossed the room and rang the bell for tea. Outside the house there was the sound of clinking trowels, for workmen were busy erecting the new statue. Mrs. Quale returned and seated herself in the high-backed rosewood chair. A shaft of light from the falling sun lit up her features. In the mind of the watchful Inspector an impression arose that she had aged by some twenty years since his arrival. Infinitely tired and frail she looked, yet in her eyes there was a baffling and resolute glitter.

Violet came in with the tea.

"That's right, Violet. And please fetch the saccharine bottle from the drawer in the clinic."

While the maid was absent she poured out a cup for herself and her visitor.

"Sugar?"

"No, thank you."

Violet returned. Mrs. Quale took a single tablet from the bottle and put it in her spoon.

"You are right in saying I am a lover of justice," she said. "Come to the window. I want you to see the new statue I have given to Borrodale to remember me by."

She rose, her cup in hand. The Inspector followed.

Silhouetted against the evening sky stood the classic figure of a woman. From one hand hung a pair of scales and in the other was a sword, held high.

Mrs. Quale pointed.

"That's where the Alderman's statue stood and Justice has triumphed over him."

"But has it?" said the Inspector.

"Let us suppose so," she answered, wearily. "It generally does in the end."

She dropped the tablet into her cup, stirred it for a while and drank. Then she returned to her chair to wait.

END.

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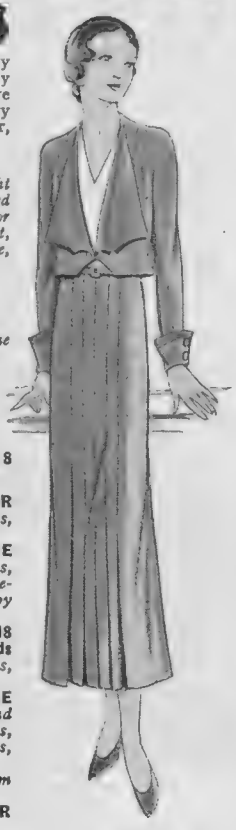

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The Debutante "Racket" *in* America (*Continued from page 31*)

dinner or a ball with only one escort, and it was the usual thing to sup with at least three. For weeks before, during and after my debut, I danced with so many young men in such quick succession that it seems impossible to draw a breath and say something intelligent, even were I capable of it. The world I lived in was a glamorous, glistening world, a hectic disorganised world, in which everything seemed to be gaily out of joint. I had no other responsibility than to enjoy myself. And all this was mine, merely because I had had the foresight to choose a family of means in which to be born.

I learned that *chic* is not essential to the deb. The essential in the life of a deb is men—and few American men know anything of *chic*. If a deb looks alluring, what she wears is of no concern. By the time her debut party arrives she knows what her type is, and dresses to it, "frilly" or severe lines, regardless of whether the result is smart.

MY own deb dance was perfect, and lingers luxuriously and tenderly along memory's lanes. The orchestra was large enough to be heard, and the music left nothing to be desired. I was cut in on every few steps. I had five supper partners. The entertainers were amusing. I got home around seven in a delirium of joyous exhaustion. It was perfect, because it had all been focused on—ME.

All the season's debs were not on my list and there were comparatively few "crashers." This was principally because the affair was held at an hotel where an ex-prizefighter officiates as a "bouncer."

In contrast to the perfection and joyous exhilaration of my debut, an account of another affair which I attended some weeks later illustrates the other side of the shield.

In January I visited for a few days in . . . well, I think it would be more discreet not to name the city. It is a few hundred miles from New York. Let that suffice. While there I encountered an extreme example of social cruelty which exceeded anything I have ever observed in New York.

The second day of my visit a young lawyer dropped in for a cocktail about five-thirty. He is a cousin of my hostess, and belongs to one of the three or four most exclusive families in that city.

"There's a sort of a brawl down at the Crystal Ball Room to-night," he told us. "Why don't you girls come down? I've been told to ask any of my friends, and ask them to bring their friends."

I was a bit curious, so asked him who was throwing the party.

"Well, it's an old codger who has stacks of silver mines somewhere in the West, and he's a client of ours. He wants to give a sort of coming-out party for an Ugly Duckling daughter of his. There'll be a rather mixed jam, but there's a good floor there, a marvellous orchestra, and plenty of hootch."

I learned, a little later, that the silver millionaire's daughter had sent out three hundred invitations to her party, and had received two acceptances and one regret. Two hundred and ninety-seven, by actual count, ignored their invitations. But many of these went, all the same—as well as hundreds of others. It was a frightful jam. I never saw liquor more plentiful. Several of the men, and two or three of the girls, got helplessly tight. One man fell all the way down a long flight of stairs, clutching two unopened bottles of champagne, and sat with great glee, exhibiting the bottles still unbroken. At least two girls collapsed on the floor, helpless, and had to be carried out. A policeman entered the ballroom about two. Some of the boys snatched off his cap, passed it around until it was filled with bills and coin, and then pushed him downstairs.

And what of the hostess? Believe it or not, she did not have one single dance the whole night! Not one boy asked her to dance. After doing her duty in the receiving line I saw her chat, with very evident artificial animation, with her father. Soon he was called away to help with a drunk. She stood there neglected and irresolute for a few minutes, went over and gave some instructions to the leader of the orchestra, and then disappeared for an hour in the dressing-room. An hour later, I saw her there, trying to remove evidences of tears.

Her father took her in to supper. Scarcely anyone spoke to either of them. The young lawyer chatted for a few minutes with the father.

"I think you know my daughter," tentatively introduced the father.

"Oh, yes. How'd'y'do? Marvellous party, isn't it?" he remarked and walked off. In his own selfish interest I would have expected him to ask the girl to dance, but he didn't. He knew he'd be "stuck."

I wonder if any other deb ever had such a tragic party!

So far as I can judge, the average deb's love affairs are not very important. Very few of them want to get married their first year. They don't want a man—they want men. They exist in such a tense atmosphere of nervous excitement that they could never be satisfied to sit around home with just one male. A few get married, of course. One girl from Long Island eloped to Pennsylvania two weeks after her debut. No one knew whether it was "before or after," but they all thought the worst, and she became a local joke. One of my acquaintances married a chauffeur and so got on the front page instead of the society page.

I AM told that there was a time when debs, and others of the much-discussed younger generation, complained that they were too bound by conventions and parental and social restrictions. That is certainly not true to-day. We have too much freedom and we don't know what to do with it. Of course we have our own latchkeys, and parents no longer wait up for us to come home. If they did, they'd soon pass out from physical exhaustion. For weeks on end, during the season, I don't believe I saw dad more than once a week.

This freedom isn't what it's cracked up to be. In some ways it certainly has led to a lessening of womanliness, and to effrontery instead of refinement. It has removed reticences, decreased self-respect.

I have become fairly well accustomed to the fact that many girls with money unblushingly pay their escort's expenses at clubs, hotels and on week-end parties. Some girls use their parents' charge accounts at these clubs and hotels. Others slip bills across to their escorts when the checks are presented after meals. Perhaps I am peculiar, but I don't like this. Nearly all of us entertain most of those boys at our homes or clubs far more than they entertain us. They ought to be given a chance to reciprocate.

The virtual elimination of programme dances has given girls other opportunities to lose dignity, and, I think, lose caste. Girls are so dependent on the "stag line," that it is positively depressing to realise it. Some girls—less womanly or more courageous, depending upon how you view it—go to pathetic lengths to circumvent the tyranny of the "stag line." The pampered brutes will just stand there, seemingly hours, and won't cut in on any girl, usually because they fear to get "stuck."

I'm no anti-masculinist, but I don't see what right boys have, just because they're males, to make our poor, palpitating, feminine hearts thump as they do. To-day, any man who has tails, dances fairly well, has a car, and doesn't eat peas with his knife is held to be a social asset. So many of them are no-accounts, too. There are 3,000 stags listed in the files of New York's leading social mentor and *entrepreneur*. Hostesses frequently invite boys they would cut dead if they encountered them on the street. They're all right—as stags. There are not enough boys with either manners or spirit—in New York, anyway.

One girl, well up in the social "400" too, decided to take her nerve in her hands at one swanky party and, early in the evening, went the length of the stag line, asking each man she knew to promise to dance with her later. "Sorry, Nan, but I'm not dancing to-night." "'Fraid I can't. I've got to get away early." "I'd like to, but I'm tied up the whole night." These and other remarks met her valiant attempts to assert equal rights. Some of the boys just mumbled.

FROM all of this, it may be adduced that I consider the present deb system an unsatisfactory one. I do. But the system, in New York anyway, in perhaps some varied form, is going to stay. I talk to the fourteen- and fifteen-year-olds, and they go into ecstasies about the good times I must be having as a deb, and rhapsodise over their own prospects. Debs probably will be coming out for many a moon yet. The "haves" will always want something the "have nots" lack. It is the American equivalent of a caste system.

But—just exactly what have father and I received in return for the $60,000 investment? My individual opinion is that I, his eldest daughter, have cost father more than I have any right to cost. I am told that I have the poise of a woman of thirty; I can dance, swim, play a bit of tennis and golf, read and speak French. I have travelled and feel at ease on two continents. I can ride. With a little encouragement and practice I believe I could converse. If there were not such a dash for backgammon, bridge and dice after every dinner party—when not dancing—there might be an opportunity to cultivate the almost lost art of conversation. But how much of all this, such as it is, is due to the opportunities of a deb year? And as for Dad—he hasn't even got one of his daughters off his hands!

But for myself, I rebel against the male mastery, its insolence and nonchalance. I rebel against being considered a parasitic unit of society. I rebel at the thought that I have come out to be put on the auction block. I want a husband, but I don't want to be rushed into matrimony, or thrown at a man.

A deb is a girl who seldom reads and never thinks, if you believe my older brother. I became a deb about two years ago, and during the past few months I have been wondering how much of truth and how much of epigram there is in his caustic comment.

It isn't that I have become blasée. But the thrills that I got from my first "rushes" can never be repeated. It was terribly exciting. I was the Queen Bee, and I thought I was the most beautiful girl in New York, the best-liked, the most sought-after, the biggest success. There is nothing quite so dead as a party which is over, or a deb year which has ended.

END

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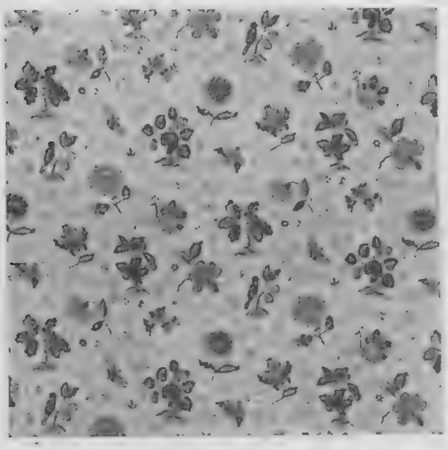

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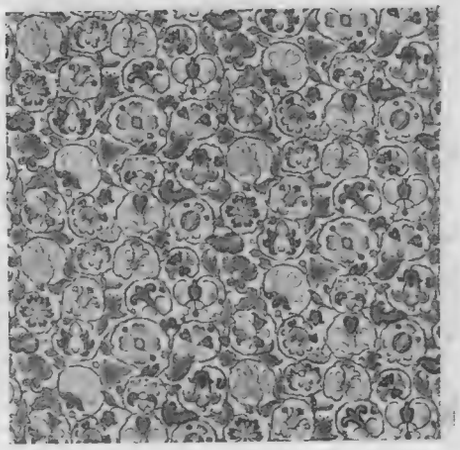

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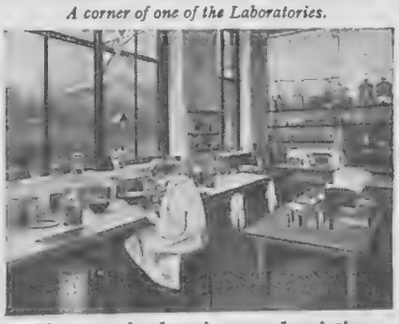

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The Changing Quest

(Continued from page 27)

would speak to Phelps as an equal. "The fashions for women change so quickly," said Mr. Granthorne, on a day when they sat on the Promenade des Anglais. "It is difficult to recognise a—a friend when her dress goes up or down six inches overnight."

"Yes, sir," agreed Phelps. "It is very difficult, sir."

"Damned nonsense!" said Mr. Granthorne. "Should be a law against it. It's practically a disguise." He took off his glasses and wiped them with a silk handkerchief. Staring at the moving procession hurt his eyes.

"Once," said Phelps, "I came back with the Fusiliers from India, sir, an' a girl named Sally Bradley met me at the dock. I had known her quite well before I went out to Bombay, sir, but I didn't know her when she waved to me."

"Why didn't you know her?" asked Mr. Granthorne.

"Her dress was up to her knees, sir," answered Phelps. "I had never seen her legs before, sir."

Mr. Granthorne considered the explanation. "I don't believe you," he said quietly. "I don't believe you at all. About not seeing her legs, I mean."

"Yes, sir," said Phelps. "Very well, sir."

Phelps was very sympathetic during those weeks. The butler found that the conceit and arrogance of his master diminished as the days went by. The pursuit was telling on Mr. Granthorne. It was nibbling at his pride, hammering at the fine fat egoism that had been a byword in Lombard Street.

The chase continued. Never resting. Berlin, Vienna, Rome, Budapest, Venice. Never making direct inquiries. Mr. Granthorne had discountenanced the direct inquiry at the beginning of the search.

"I would wish," he said solemnly, addressing Phelps, "that I might come face to face with—with Mrs. Granthorne in the street or in an hotel lobby. I—I could then say truthfully that the meeting was accidental, inasmuch as I had made no inquiries about her whereabouts. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Phelps. Phelps didn't understand the fine niceties of the matter, but he was too considerate of his master's feelings to demand an explanation.

"A direct question put to an hotel clerk concerning a guest might seriously embarrass the guest if it was reported back," continued Mr. Granthorne. "Might upset the guest to think that someone was spying on them. Is that quite clear?"

"Yes, sir," said Phelps. "Quite clear, sir." The butler thought his master was too sensitive altogether, but he had been jumped on when he had suggested more up-to-date methods of finding Mrs. Granthorne, so he agreed not to put questions to hotel clerks, chauffeurs or others. The fleeing lady wasn't his wife, anyhow.

One day Mr. Granthorne questioned the butler on his, Phelps's, actions after Mrs. Phelps had fled the family hearth.

"Did you—did you pursue your wife after she ran away?" he asked.

"No, sir," said Phelps. "One of these here inquiry agents offered to find her for me for three guineas."

"And why didn't you accept his offer?"

"I hadn't the three guineas, sir."

"I suppose you could have borrowed such a sum if you wished to have your wife back?"

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," said Phelps, "I didn't think it was worth it."

"I see," said Mr. Granthorne. In the silence that followed he considered Phelps out of the corner of his eye. Phelps wouldn't pay three guineas to get his wife back. Of course, Phelps had built up no pyramid of life. There was no visionary knighthood before the eyes of Phelps, no expectation of a summons to join the exclusive Quintullian, no director's chairs waiting for him to drop into. The poor in many ways had all the best of life. A scandal, instead of wrecking their lives, often delighted them and raised their standing in the community.

WEEKS became months. Phelps, eyeing Mr. Granthorne, had a belief that his master was becoming what he described as "a bit babyish."

Phelps, having no confidants, had made this remark to his own reflection in an hotel mirror in Florence. "Yes, if you ask me," said the flesh-and-blood Phelps, staring hard at the reflected Phelps, "I would say that the old codger is gettin' a bit babyish."

An hour before Phelps had made this observation master and man had taken a promenade on the Strada del Duomo. Near the corner of the Corso Umberto the two Englishmen had met a funeral party. The small white coffin of a baby was carried on the shoulder of a strong Florentine, and immediately behind the bearer walked the sobbing mother. She was walking with difficulty, possibly weak from suffering and pain.

Mr. Granthorne, bareheaded, had halted near the edge of the sidewalk, and when the mother of the dead baby was quite close to his position she shrieked dolefully and fell. There was an immediate rush of sympathetic onlookers, but Phelps and Mr. Granthorne were the first to reach the woman.

Mr. Granthorne was excited. He was a little tearful. With the help of the butler he got the woman on her feet, screaming for a carriage as he supported her.

The woman, recovering swiftly, protested. She could not afford a carriage. She tried to shake herself free. The possibility of a new charge being placed on her poverty-stricken shoulders made her hysterical. "*Non, non, signor!*" she cried.

But Mr. Granthorne, eyes wet with unusual tears, soothed her as a cabman drove his vehicle through the crowd. Mr. Granthorne had found his pocket book. He took from it two bills, each of one hundred *lire*, and thrust them at the woman.

Phelps, thinking his master's tears had temporarily blinded him, quickly drew his attention to the value of the bills.

"Pardon, sir," said Phelps. "They're hundreds, sir!"

"Damn you, mind your own business!" cried Mr. Granthorne.

"Very well, sir," said Phelps. "I'm sorry, sir."

Later Mr. Granthorne, quite recovered from his sentimental outburst, made a half apology. "Didn't mean to jump on you," he muttered. "Upset, y'know. Poor devil of a woman fainting like that. Hard on mothers to lose children. Didn't seem—didn't seem to realise it till to-day. Ought to have known. When—when little Lionel died I rather thought Mrs. Granthorne gave way too much to her grief."

Phelps made no reply. A clever fellow was Phelps. Army training had made him watchful in his relations to his superiors.

But the incident upset the butler. He had been in the service of Mr. Granthorne for sixteen years, and he had never known his master to act in what Phelps called "a mushy way." Mr. Granthorne, in the language of the servants' hall, was "a 'ard-'arted man." His grey eyes looked as if tears were a product of which they were entirely ignorant.

A MONTH after the Florence incident Mr. Granthorne and Phelps visited Innsbruck. Dorothy had come to Innsbruck years before her marriage. Mr. Granthorne, endeavouring now to recall every word his wife had uttered regarding Continental cities, remembered that she had once said she liked the view of the mountains from the Maria-Theresien Strasse.

On their second day in the town Mr. Granthorne and Phelps were standing on the Rennplatz when the former, with a strange

cry of joy, sprang from the sidewalk and started in pursuit of a carriage that was proceeding at a fast trot in the direction of the Hof-Garten.

Phelps, alarmed, started after his master. A belief that Mr. Granthorne had gone suddenly insane gripped the butler. He sprinted, but Mr. Granthorne held his lead. His long, thin body drove through the warm air of the August afternoon.

Another carriage coming towards him at a gallop swerved to avoid running him down; but although the driver of the vehicle did his utmost, the rear mudguard struck the arm of Mr. Granthorne and flung him into the dust. He rolled over and over, but when the pursuing Phelps clutched at him he eluded the servant, picked himself up and charged again after the carriage that had attracted his attention.

The cries of onlookers came to the ears of the fat coachman. He pulled his horses back on their haunches, and Mr. Granthorne, covered with dust, came up with the carriage. Five-score onlookers were watching.

Mr. Granthorne cried out the name of his wife, choked, gave a queer yelp of pain and disappointment, and started to stammer out excuses. The occupant of the vehicle, a pleasant-looking Austrian lady, regarded him with amazement.

Phelps helped in the matter of apologies. His master had mistaken the lady for someone he sought.

The lady was gracious. She looked at Mr. Granthorne, sad-faced, dishevelled, and dusty, and with Austrian *politesse* she expressed her regrets at not being able to change herself into the much-sought friend. She bowed sweetly and ordered her coachman to drive on.

Later, in the taxi that took master and man back to the Hôtel Tirol, Mr. Granthorne spoke. "I was certain that it was Mrs. Granthorne," he said tearfully. "I was so sure. I'm sorry, Phelps. Lots of trouble for you."

The butler spoke again to his reflection after he had attended to his master. "Old codger is crackin' up all right," he said. "Another six months o' this gipsy stuff of hoppin' from one place to another an' starin' at every woman he meets, an' I'll be leadin' him up to a nice, quiet loonatic asylum an' askin' terms by the year."

IT was plain to an observer that Mr. Granthorne was changing, but the change did not presage the dire consequences that frightened Phelps. Phelps saw a stern master becoming quiet and reasonable, and his servant brain was startled, but a trained student would have seen no danger. Of course a new Granthorne was evolving. The carapace of conceit was cracking and a rather sensitive and likeable man was becoming more visible with each day that passed.

Mr. Granthorne knew that he was changing. He was puzzled. The worry induced by the possible criticisms of City men and club members did not keep him awake of nights as it used to do. In the first weeks of that quest he visualised little groups of men in the smoking rooms of "Bannock's" and the "Margin," heads thrust together, whispering. He even heard their whispers when he dozed fitfully. "Did y'hear that the wife of old Harold Granthorne has bolted? Fact! No, no, nothing like that! Just couldn't stand the old prig any longer. Gad, I don't blame her!"

He saw the clusters in the little dark offices of the City. He writhed as he pictured them. Sporty devils of brokers gurgling out the news. "Heard about old Granthorne? Wife couldn't put up with the old lemon. Mills of the gods, y'know. I knew he'd get it some day." . . .

But little by little the nightmares left him. He experienced relief. There came a day when he found himself grinning at the efforts he had made to storm the doors of the exclusive Quintullian. He was startled. And the pursuit of the knighthood seemed frivolous! Why did he wish a knighthood? He tried vainly to find a reason. There was none.

(*Continued on page* 92)

My Mother knew

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The Changing Quest

What had thrust these longings from his head? It was the search. The search for Dorothy. The dreadful desire to find her. And when he found her? When he came face to face with her on a street or in the lobby of an hotel, what would he do? . . . On a morning in Marseilles the answer to this question came to him. Came to him with a little shock of surprise. *He would ask her pardon!* Ask pardon of Dorothy for that "appalling conceit and egoism" which had thrust her out of the house in Onslow Square!

It was a remarkable morning, that on which Mr. Harold Granthorne made the discovery that the finding of Dorothy and her acceptance of his apology were the only things that mattered. A very remarkable morning. Phelps had hired an open carriage on the Cannebière, and they had driven out along the Prado in the direction of La Madrague.

A wind was blowing across the Mediterranean from Africa. A warm wind that carried the odours of the desert. Spicy odours out of which come dreams.

Harold Granthorne, as he sniffed the warm air, recalled a little incident of his honeymoon. He was startled by the manner in which the mental picture rose before him. The Prado was swept away and he saw the picture of Dorothy on the Alameda at Gibraltar.

They had gone to Gibraltar for the honeymoon. A quick voyage out, a few days at an hotel, and a fast steamer home. The house of Granthorne, Wilder, and Burslem was busy at the moment. Large deals were impending. Granthorne had to be in Lombard Street.

On the evening before they went aboard the home-going steamer he and Dorothy had stood together on the Alameda listening to the military band. A wind full of spicy odours was pouring across the Strait. A strange madcap wind that seemed to Mr. Granthorne to be a trifle wicked. That is to say, he believed that it brought thoughts of which he did not approve. It actually babbled of matters and places on which he, as a sober City man with large deals on hand, frowned. It spoke of oases where half-clothed Arabs sat all day in the sun and nibbled dates. Mr. Granthorne hated dates. And he hated inactivity. He loved bustle, speed, questions and cross-questions, the rustle of documents. The crackling sound of parchment produced a mild fever in his blood.

Dorothy had startled him by a remark. "What a glorious wind!" she cried, and she flung out her arms to the blue night like a priestess. "It is like brown fingers reaching out of the desert! Oh, Harold, if we could—if we could only cross the Strait to Tangier! For just a day! For an hour even!"

Mr. Granthorne was horrified at the suggestion. Impossible! Only that day an officer of the Bland Line had told him that there was an outbreak of small-pox at Tangier! Great Scott, if he, Harold Granthorne, was quarantined at Tangier, what would happen in Lombard Street? Dorothy was insane!

The fear did not leave him till he had his bride safely on board the London-bound steamer.

This incident rose before the mental eyes of Mr. Granthorne as he drove with Phelps along the Prado. He saw again the outstretched arms of Dorothy, heard her plaintive appeal. *A day in Africa! An hour!*

Mr. Granthorne hurled a command at the *cocher*. He was to return to the hotel. The astonished Phelps listened to the new instructions his master gave him. "*Algiers!*" gasped Mr. Granthorne. "Do you hear? First boat! Book two cabins. Tell that damn fool of a coachman to hurry."

"Very well, sir," said Phelps.

MR. HAROLD GRANTHORNE and Phelps stayed at an hotel in the elegant quarter of Mustapha-Supérieur. High above Algiers, the White City of the Beys.

Mr. Granthorne was curiously excited. The warm and scented wind pouring up out of the sand stretches far to the south was the wind that Dorothy loved—the wind to which she had thrust out her shapely arms on the evening at Gibraltar when she begged him to take her across the Strait. The fact that Dorothy loved the warm wind off the Sahara stirred him now as it swept through the colonnade of the hotel. It was a link with his lost wife.

He told Phelps about the incident at Gibraltar. Phelps tried to soothe him. Women were like that, according to the butler. They always wished to go to some place that was infernally inconvenient for their husbands.

This set him thinking. He wondered if Dorothy had ever gone on an outing with him which had left her with a pleasant memory to cherish. Slowly, carefully, he sifted the years. Of course they had gone to many places, but he wondered if Dorothy remembered them. He considered the trips carefully. Of course they had stayed at fine hotels and had bought the best that money could buy, but had Dorothy enjoyed the outings? He didn't think so. Regretfully, tearfully he came to this conclusion.

ON the fourth day in Algiers Mr. Granthorne ordered an automobile. He had mapped out a little tour. They would go to Bouzaréah and the Forêt de Baïnem.

It was a glorious day. A sky of intense blue, pleasant warmth, and the little winds like unseen rivers.

Clever were those breezes from the desert. Mr. Granthorne, reclining against the cushions, tested their magic. He would try to conjure up a picture of the Lombard Street offices of Granthorne, Wilder, and Burslem, but each time it rose before his mental eyes the breezes washed it away by their strange witchery. It was startling. Vainly he tried to consider the big deals he had accomplished. The breezes refused to permit him. They detested Lombard Street and all its works. . . . He brought before him with a great effort a picture of the exclusive Quintullian that he thought would one day accept him as a member. The wind from the desert suggested that the Quintullian was a lot of nonsense. It jeered at it. Mr. Granthorne had a queer belief that there was upon the wind a jeering laugh aimed at the ambitions of men. It wouldn't recognise them. The Lombard Street deals and the dignified salons of the Quintullian were so much bunk to the breeze from the great sands.

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The car swept by a white house surrounded by a high wall. A *grande dame* of a house with a stone crinoline around it to keep off intruders. Roses climbed up the walls, peeped in at the doors and windows, the full-blown ones shaking their heads in wonderment at what they saw till their petals fell and lay in a pink flood on the broad walks. Mr. Granthorne liked the house. . . .

He closed his eyes. The car was approaching an abrupt turn in the road. He, Mr. Granthorne, always closed his eyes when an automobile in which he was travelling approached an awkward corner. It protected his nerves.

There rose the sudden scream of a siren. A dreadful scream. It poured through the ears of Mr. Granthorne and paralysed his limbs. He closed his eyes tighter. Instinct told him that something horrible and appalling was surging down upon him.

There came the infamous clash, the snarling, disgusting sound of wood splintering under terrific pressure—then, to his great astonishment, Mr. Granthorne found that he was in the air. Travelling through it. Worlds like immense coloured bubbles were exploding around him; fiery comets flashed before him. He struck something solid and lost consciousness. . . .

MR. GRANTHORNE came to his senses in a cool room. A wonderful room. Through the open windows poured the breeze, ruffling the chintz curtains, rocking the long-necked roses that peered in at the windows.

Mr. Granthorne remembered those roses. This surely was the white house with the walls that the automobile had passed a few minutes before the collision. Of course. He understood. He had been injured and his rescuers had carried him to the nearest residence.

Bees sang as they visited the roses. A scarlet bird looked in at Mr. Granthorne, made some remark that seemed impertinent and flew away. From far off came the sound of an Arab singing. A love song, Mr. Granthorne thought. There were soft nuances in the chant.

Footsteps came from the corridor. Soft footsteps. Mr. Granthorne watched the door. Someone was coming to look at him. A nurse, perhaps. It wasn't Phelps. Phelps walked like a bull elephant. . . .

A face appeared in the doorway. Mr. Granthorne stared at it. Stared at it for a long minute. A wind came to the roses. Their petals fell as they laughed at his astonishment. His tremendous astonishment.

He moistened his lips and spoke. "In the—in the inner pocket of the coat that I was wearing is the—is the miniature of little Lionel," he said softly. "I hope it didn't get broken. I—I have carried it there since I left London, hoping that I would meet you. I thought you intended to take it, but—but left it for me." There was a little interval of complete silence; then Mr. Granthorne spoke again. "I humbly beg your pardon," he said. "I mean for giving you cause to—to write that note. Quite true, y'know. Quite true."

DAYS later Mr. Harold Granthorne, fully recovered, sat on the broad terrace of the white house. Dorothy sat beside him. Mr. Granthorne had just finished a long statement concerning himself. An indictment, really. Everything that Dorothy had written in her farewell letter was the truth. He had been a fool. A conceited fool. It had taken long weeks to make the discovery.

"At first," he said, "I thought—I thought to save my face. To get you back to stop scandal. I thought your leaving me like that would upset all my plans. Now it is different."

"How?" whispered the woman.

"Why—why, all that stuff I was interested in just seems bunk to me," answered Mr. Granthorne. "That is—that is, I've found out it was you I wanted. Took me weeks to find it out. I've been a selfish pig."

There was a long (*Continued on page* 94)

from infancy to old age,

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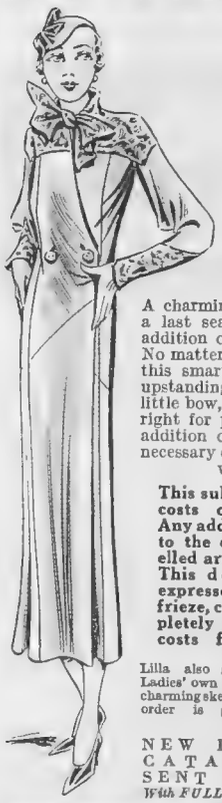

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The Changing Quest

interval of silence. Dorothy spoke at last. "What made you think of coming to Algiers?" she asked.

"I thought of the night when you flung out your arms to the wind at Gibraltar," answered Mr. Granthorne. "How you asked me to take you across the Strait if only for an hour."

Again came the silence. "The desert wind is nice," said Dorothy. "Don't you think so?"

"Yes, yes!" cried Mr. Granthorne. "It's splendid!"

"We—we might come here for our winters," said Dorothy softly. "It would be rather nice."

From the rear came the voice of Phelps directing the native cook. The lovesick Arab was crooning down amongst the orange trees. A great peace was upon the place. Mr. Harold Granthorne reached out and took the hand of his wife.

END

The Prince Hunts Again

(*Continued from page* 29)

Richard Sutton, who looked after the Quorn in the 'fifties of last century (the golden age of hunting was the period from the 'fifties to the 'nineties) and said they wanted him to draw such and such a covert—a fox was there. At the third request he exploded in wrath: "Gentlemen, I have but one hobby; it costs me £10,000 a year—and I go where I like!"

During an exciting moment one day last season the gouty old master of a hunt dependent upon the subscriptions of its followers was jammed up against the post at a gate by a thrusting woman follower. "Gad, madam!" he shouted, "this is not a bargain sale!" "No," she yelled back, "and I wouldn't buy you if it was!" When the master was asked why he didn't send the lady home, he stormed: "Send her home? I'd have liked to break her up. But what can a man do? She's the only woman with money in the hunt, and if she doesn't make good our deficit again, as she did last year, we're done."

Only last year the Earl of Lonsdale, England's premier sportsman, publicly mourned the passing of the day when a master ordered hounds home if he saw a motor at the meet. A fox-hunter was expected to transport himself to and from the hunt on a horse. The Earl himself used to hack twenty-five miles to covert side and twenty-five miles back. But the spread of the hard motor road makes that impracticable now (it was in a slip-up on a frosty macadam road that the Prince once broke a collar-bone). In some motorised countries not only men but mounts and hounds are borne to the meet by motor.

They call fox-hunting the sport of kings in England, but the present Prince of Wales is the first member of an English ruling house to be as closely associated with it as the squires and the great territorial nobles. The English kings preferred hunting the boar and the great red deer through forests. But legend has it that Henry I, chancing to stay in a neighbourhood where the local baron amused himself by chasing foxes, tried it, liked it, and decreed that henceforth it should rank as a royal sport, and that the officials should wear scarlet, the royal colour and one which could only be used with the king's consent (the great feudal lords used their own colours, and the Beaufort, a ducal pack, still hunt in Beaufort blue).

Edward VII, as Prince of Wales, thought he ought to patronise the sport, but he never was a country loving man or a horseman.

When the present Prince of Wales was always in the hunting field in the season he had compact quarters built for himself on the Craven Club at Melton Mowbray, with stables to take twenty hunters. He has not gone back there. He hunts now from the country house near by, which his younger

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brother, Prince George, has taken and uses as a hunting-box. They choose Melton, the most famous of all hunting centres, because it is only sixty miles from London and in the heart of a fast-riding country hunted by three of the most famous packs in England: the Quorn, Belvoir and Cottesmore. But it was with the Duke of Beaufort's that the Prince learnt his hunting. That is a family pack hunting ideal country in which there is a bit of everything—plough, stone-wall, woodland and some good stretches of grass.

Fox-hunters say that pack shows the best all-round sport of any in the island. For more than two centuries the Beauforts have hunted it. In by-gone days, when the Duke's country extended into that now hunted by two other packs, the Berkeley and Bicester, the duke of the day used to set forth from his great house and move, with his hounds and hunt servants, from great house to great house, hunting each neighbourhood. "Where I dines, I sleeps," said Mr. Jorrocks. The duke did likewise.

THERE are two sorts of country in England over which a crowd of anything from 50 to 300 men and women on horses follow a racing pack of hounds on the scent of a running fox: riding country and hunting country. In the first you ride like hell and jump everything in sight. In the second you hunt the fox craftily and with science over an intricate landscape. There is a difference.

A poor man can have good sport in a hunting country, but it takes money to have real fun in a riding country. Only a blood horse will last in the open Leicestershire grassland, where a season or two back the Belvoir had a run of 35 miles (and a pretty girl on a magnificent thoroughbred was the only follower left in the field when hounds came up with their fox). And blood horses, despite banged-down prices, are still expensive. Everything is speeded up in a riding country—horses, hounds, life.

Men coming from a galloping country to a slower hunt, where jumping and pace are not the chief business of the day, and the whipper-in is not sent two miles ahead to save time, are liable to find themselves over-riding hounds—than which there could be no graver crime in the hunting field. Last season the master of one famous pack hunting close country rode up to a young thruster from Leicestershire and said to him with irony: "If it makes no difference to you, sir, I'd be much obliged if you would not keep on jumping on that hound. He is the best in my kennels."

The offender on the steeplechaser looked hard at the hound. "Sorry, Master," said he, "I'll try to remember him; but I've got such a damned bad memory for hounds. I'm afraid he'll have to take his chance with the rest."

Just as there are two sorts of hunting country, so there are two sorts of hunt. There is the smart hunt—and just the hunt. It is the first that gets all the publicity, and it certainly makes a grand picture; huge field, magnificent blood horses, men and women groomed like fashion plates (but none the less hard-riding for that), heavy gold cigarette cases, gleaming Rolls-Royces at the covert side, gay dinner parties with bridge or dancing to follow, depending upon whether they occur in somebody's hunting-box or at a fashionable dance restaurant in London. You can always tell when there has been a big day in Leicestershire or Bucks by a look in at the Embassy Club in Bond Street. There sit the hunters with a fat green bottle of champagne screwed into the ice, and the talk is all about Mrs. This and Lady That, and who was there, and what new affair is starting and what old one looks like breaking—and a merry time is had by all.

It is a grand party. It is very gay. Stings up the blood, whips up desire, clears the palate for wine, the stomach for food, keens up all the senses. Wonderful. Fine. Marvellous. But not fox-hunting, not really.

Finally, you can divide the fox-hunting crowd roughly into two categories: those who hunt because it is in their blood, or because they want steeplechase thrills, and those persons who hunt because it is the smart thing to do or because they view the sport as part of the social game.

Alfred Lowenstein, the spectacular Belgian financier, who called himself "Captain" Lowenstein in the hunting field, was the archtype of the rich man who cares nothing for fox-hunting but follows the hounds in order to be in the swim with a smart sporting crowd. His vast hunting-box in the Melton country cost him £100,000. It had everything except, as one rude but real fox-hunter put it, plush in the stables and diamonds on the gate-posts. He bought show jumpers and was lucky not to break his neck on them. Even in the hunting field he had to be spectacular.

He would come in from a hunt and begin dictating at once to his secretaries, while the people (short of cash, but rich in social influence) he had gathered *en route* drank his champagne and kept an ear open for tips on the market. When he plunged to death from his aeroplane over the English Channel, and the shares of his concerns took an equally steep dive, quite a lot of the hunting crowd, from earl to grooms, wished that their faith in him as a financier had never risen above their respect for him as a fox-hunter.

It is from the fashionable hunts, where the full-fed, high-living crowd hang out, that you get the tales of wild parties and high jinks which amuse town and country houses through the season. Merry widows and naughty wives figure largely. One pretty divorcée had a row with her man of the moment, and went to bed instead of to a party. At the party they said: "Where is the lady? Gone to bed, sulky? We'll teach her to sulk." Three men climbed into a car and went round to her hunting-box. She said she was in bed and would they please go. They burst into the bedroom and tipped her out of bed. They threatened to carry her to the party in her pyjamas unless she dressed and came along. She came.

Endless, and usually Rabelaisian, these tales from the hunts. But they seldom circulate outside the hunting crowd, which forms a little world of its own.

Tales are fewer and less fruity from the country where hounds and horses are slower, and the hunting of the fox is taken more seriously—the hunting as opposed to the riding country. Money is less in evidence. Living is not so high. These hunting folk cannot afford to indulge in expensive amours entailing tête-à-tête dinners in smart cabarets and rushes to and fro in aeroplanes, fast cars, and luxury expresses.

Few of them want to. They belong to a different species of *homo sapiens*. Your true fox-hunter is not impressed by the make of a man's car or the price he paid for his horse. He will tell you that hunting is hunting and has little to do with riding. He likes a true hunting country, cramped, intricate—a country where foxes are scientifically walked out of scent, and hounds are slow compared with the packs in a riding country. He will swear by the massive old Duke of Beaufort, a classical figure in English fox-hunting, who never jumped a fence in his life, but had so complete a knowledge of the lie of the land and the ways of foxes that he was almost always on the spot when his packs killed the fox or put it to earth.

An American coming over to get right under the skin of English fox-hunting outside of the smart packs where it is just one grand party after another, would find himself with lean, hard-bitten, quiet men who live in, or rent, small country houses which often have no telephone and only one bathroom. The fox-hunting man finds no inconvenience in that. So long as he can bed his horses down comfortably in a roomy loose box, and go straight from stables to a blazing log fire and a glass of grog, he is getting all he wants from life between hunt and hunt. Often he will not worry to dine. A dish of ham and eggs, a whisky and soda, a book and a pipe, and so to bed. Radio? Bridge? Jazz? What next? He is tired. He has to get his beauty sleep. He hunts again to-morrow.

END

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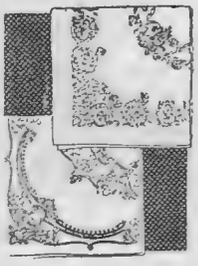

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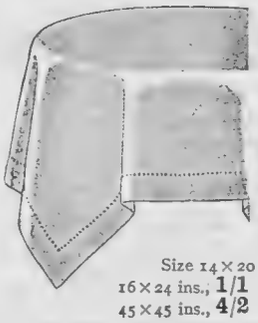

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Should a Woman Fight?

(*Continued from page 17*)

swaying in the wind. The clock chimed four. Carey looked up and looked out. It was still raining.

"Awful day!" she said. "Listen, darling—would you like me to telephone Simmons and put him off? You don't want to wander around in the rain."

"Good idea," said Harry, startled. Had she noticed what she had said?

As she went to the telephone the bell pealed. She answered it and announced "It's your wife." That gave him a curious shock. His wife! He took up the instrument. Valerie was angry. "You said you'd be right back," she called. "I'm furious with you." He knew that at least a dozen people would be listening to her and laughing. "Simmons hasn't come yet, Valerie." But she had replaced the telephone. He stood there rattling it. Carey said: "Better go, Harry. She's your wife. You must do as she says."

"I'll be damned if I will!"

Carey came towards him and looked at him, smiling. Yes, she was growing lovely. Having something done to herself. Or maybe he had grown too accustomed to her clear green eyes and her milk-white face. "Please go if Valerie wants you," she said; "don't make trouble. You must do as she says."

"*I must do as she says!*"

"Yes, if you want peace." She rang the bell and told the maid to fetch his things, and bring the children down to say good-bye. He left the firelit room reluctantly and went out to where his car stood dripping in the thin, cold rain. Carey followed him in an old waterproof.

"Better not come down any more, Harry," she said. "I love having you—it's so friendly. But Valerie's wishes come first. If, of course, she'll let you come any time you want fresh air and quietness, you know I'll be glad to have you."

She was offering him the hospitality of her own home as she would to any other friend or acquaintance—or even stranger.

"So you want me to go," he said savagely, getting into his car.

"No—no," she smiled, and laid her hand on his arm, "please no—but is it worth making trouble for?"

He had the impulse to raise her hand and kiss it. It looked so delicate and white on his rough coat sleeve. He pressed the starter and let out the clutch.

"Oh, be careful," she cried, "the kitten!"

The little creature crouched terrified in the rain, right in the path of the car. "Poor little drowned thing!" cried Carey, running and lifting it, cuddling its wet body inside her coat. Harry's face went white. He was one of those strange people whose hair rises at the approach of a cat.

"It isn't yours?" he cried incredulously. That would be treachery indeed. She knew his inexplicable horror of cats, his almost psychic knowledge of their hidden presence. Carey shook her head. "Oh, no—it's some poor little stray—probably lost through its terror of the rain. I'll dry it by the fire and call up the neighbours. Besides"—and she pointed at the mascot hanging in the rear window of the saloon—"what inconsistency!" Harry looked round. An absurd fluffy cat mascot hung there on a ribbon.

"Oh, that's Valerie. She thinks cats are lucky to her. She has a collection of these things—a new one for every play. I must go, Carey."

"Bye, Harry," she said casually, stepping back from the door.

"Bye, darling," he said. He felt the warmth of the blood rising in his cheeks, and slammed the door furiously. Carey jumped back and waved to him laughing as he sped down the drive.

Valerie went for him when the crowd had gone. "It's most unfair," she cried. "I know you're only being nursemaid to that dumb little idiot, but it makes a fool of me. I won't stand it."

He said: "It's funny she's so dumb and can be a better sportsman than you are. She didn't make as much fuss when you took me away."

"She knew it was no use, Harry. What hope had she when I fell for you?" And her temper was gone as suddenly as it came. She was smiling and putting her arms round his neck. He felt terribly tired. When was she acting, and when was she not? Anyhow, he wouldn't go to Beechwood again. It wasn't worth it. Valerie raised the subject again an hour later when Harry said he was going to bed.

"I could forgive her if she was trying to get you back—clothes and fascination and so on—I could understand that. It's human But this childish stupidity is beyond bearing. Any fool can telephone a builder and tell him to put new tiles on the roof, but to waste your time just because you were once her husband——"

Harry spoke without thinking. "It isn't entirely wasted time. I have a few hours of peace there."

Valerie's expressive lip curled. "Peace! What do you want with peace at your age? Time enough to swoon in shirt-sleeves through Sunday afternoons when you're eighty."

The shaft went home. "I have a lot of worrying to do during the week ——." Then he stopped. He couldn't put into words what he meant—that a sense of responsibility was the most wearing thing in the world, and one could cope with any kind of life without it, living from day to day or from hand to mouth. But if you were born not only self-reliant, but with that instinct of shouldering women's burdens, you couldn't change or get away from it. And it was a rocking, perilous world.

Valerie lit a cigarette and leapt on her black velvet davenport with the easy grace of a cat, and curled herself up there. "You think too much," she said, breathing out a slow spiral of smoke.

"Lucky for you I do," he said," with the world crashing around us."

"All this fright!" sneered the woman.

"Facing things isn't fright," retorted the man, "it's courage—the only quality that counts in a crisis." He was full of things he wanted to say about foresight and calmness and endurance arising out of harmonious home conditions, but he looked at her curled up like a child, fragile and lovely and consciously graceful, every motion, every line the result of studied art, and he became inarticulate. Valerie opened her lips to speak and suddenly thought better of it. Peace was a relative thing. She could now face the flop of a new play with financial equanimity because Harry was behind her, and that was peace of a kind.

She patted the seat beside her. "We're always quarrelling. Don't let's. I've a first night next week—I must have peace." That made them both laugh. Harry promised not to go to Beechwood any more. Valerie was magnanimous. She could afford to be. She had prised Harry and his rock-like reliability away from his wife and his home and his children. She knew him well enough now to know that her charm for him must have been the most powerful thing in his life to have accomplished this. Besides, it didn't do to lay a hand too obviously on a man's freedom, even a faithful fool like Harry.

"I don't really mind your going, Harry. Go whenever you like."

"I don't want to go, darling." He was not even aware he was lying. "But I don't like letting Carey down when she needs help. She's been so decent." Valerie was no longer listening. She had picked up her script and was declaiming aloud. It was no use telling her to go to bed and get some sleep. Harry withdrew unnoticed and turned on his bath. A haggard face with troubled eyes looked back at him from the brilliant wall mirror. "Romance isn't all it's cracked up to," he remarked to the unpleasing reflection. (*Continued on page 98*)

". . morbidly efficient secretary."

Of course,

my dear, we *all* know she's Heaven's *own* gift to the business world, but what I mean is, darling, if one *has* got brains, why disintegrate them by being the most morbidly efficient Secretary of some *too* pulsating publishing firm, don't you agree? The poor girl actually *works*, my dear, like a beaver from nine—*nine*, darling!—until six or seven, with about *five* seconds for lunch and keeping up appearances. Bookeeping, my dear, and typing and shorthand (her dots and wiggles are dynamic)—and generally *obliterating* herself to the bone.

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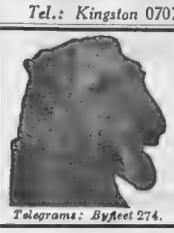

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Then he closed the window on the air shaft. His bathroom window at Beechwood looked over a blue lake fringed with willows.

VALERIE'S first night of her new play, "The Yellow Kitten," was on the following Thursday. A kitten was delivered to the theatre for her an hour before the performance. The mystery of its origin enchanted her. "To bring you luck—from an ardent admirer." It was an engaging marmalade-coloured Persian with remarkable pertinacity in one so small. The moment the basket was opened the kitten rushed up a canvas screen, tearing its way up with murderous claws, and hung at the top, spitting and growling. Valerie laughed at its absurd pink cavern of a mouth and needle-point teeth.

Harry endured its intrusion with fortitude, although its proximity was torment. "Mrs. Kelly will take care of it, Valerie." His wife coaxed the frightened kitten from the top of the screen. "*What*, part with this at the beginning of a run? Do you want to kill the play and ruin us all?"

"Valerie, you're crazy! That's a barbarian's creed. It's merit that counts." Even the old dresser laughed at that. "A lot you know about the theatre," she scoffed. And Valerie said: "Why do good plays fail, and bad succeed? Luck—Harry—luck! I'd be asking for it if I let the little beast out of my sight!"

The old woman saw danger signals on both faces. "Better go along, Mr. Brook. Your wife's nervous." Valerie nodded. He was glad to escape. He'd like to find the sentimental fool who sent the cat and wring his neck.

The opening was successful and Valerie had as many curtain calls as usual. There was the usual party afterwards—the usual speeches. And in the car, waiting to go home, was the basket with the cat. Harry Brook was a considerate, kind-hearted husband no longer. He was an absolutely illogical creature with a nameless physical aversion for cats twisting like a corkscrew in the region of his stomach. He said: "*Valerie!* You're *not* going to bring that creature home."

She said: "Harry, *I am*! If I never got my own way in my life, I'm going to have it now. I'd let the whole company down if I didn't. The times are too awful to be asking for a packet of bad luck." Her husband was incredulous. "You don't mean to tell me that in nineteen thirty-two an intelligent woman believes in mascots and omens?"

Valerie considered herself an intellectual actress of the highest rank, and the reference to her intelligence was more than she could bear. "Before I answer that I'd like to know if there's any other husband in civilised society so inconsiderate of a highly strung artist that he could argue with her after a first night about a kitten. And it's my home too!" she added viciously as an afterthought

"You mean——" began Harry. She interrupted him.

"Yes, I mean if you're going to say who or what shall or shall not live under the same roof as you, go and do it in a house of your own."

"But that's unjust," exclaimed the bewildered man. "You certainly had the apartment before I met you, but I pay——"

Valerie burst into tears. "That's right! Remind me I've been doing badly when I try so hard——"

"I said nothing of the sort. You said——"

"Never mind what I said. I was a fool to marry you, that's all."

THE car had come to a standstill and the chauffeur opened the door. Harry helped his wife out, and both were discreetly silent. The kitten set up an agonised wail when it felt the disturbing motion of the basket. Harry knew he was being unreasonable by all tenets of domestic justice, but only Carey in all the world would know what torment it would be for him to spend a night under the same roof as the marmalade cat. The chauffeur was as inexorable as fate. He followed with the sinister basket and put it down in the hall.

Should a Woman Fight?

Harry followed Valerie into her bedroom and closed the door. He was trying desperately not to hate this spoiled, childish woman whose interpretation of equity was taking everything that was his, and keeping everything that was her own. He implored her in a low, controlled voice—"Val—I admit it must seem crazy to you, but some people are like this about cats, and they can't help it. I simply can't stay in the place with it and remain sane. The cat must go or I'll have to."

She did not turn her head. "Better go, then," she said. "I'll help you to pack your things." He stood as one turned to stone with amazement that he had ever loved her. She had beauty of a kind, but her home was a horrid disorder of perfumed highly coloured things. Her bedroom was always scattered with garments as if a wind had blown through it—her dressing table was loaded with crystal and onyx and alabaster, their gleaming surfaces dull with spilt powder. He had hated it a long time. Carey had the simplicity of a child about her looks, but she had the spring-time freshness of an orchard in blossom. And now he would never dare to go back to her.

All next day he had to fight to keep his wandering mind on his work. He could not go back to Carey. It would not be fair.

He could not go back to her now and confess defeat. He left at four. It was no use trying to concentrate any longer. As he locked the drawers of his desk—washed his hands—went round to the garage for his car—he kept on saying to himself that he could not go back to Carey. But he went all the same. There was nowhere else to go. There was an oasis of peace round Carey. She didn't even whine when the man she believed in cut the solid earth from under her feet. She "wanted him to be happy."

HARRY'S hands began to tremble on the wheel as he approached the low white house with the green shutters. She might not be at home; and if she were not, he could not bear it. It was dusk when he arrived and there were lights at the windows. The wind swept across the lake and sobbed in the willows as he stood waiting to be let in. This was such a hospitable house in the darkness—so warm and safe and softly lit.

The maid showed him into the library. There were vases of chrysanthemums on the sills, and a log fire burning. He would say he was tired and wanted an evening's peace. Then he would drive back to town. He would come and see her often, and if he were quite sure he'd be welcome, then perhaps . . .

She came in and she looked at him, and she knew. It was no use trying to deceive her. He said: "Oh, Carey—it's you I love—will you take me back?"

Her eyes filled with tears. She had been planning what she would say in this moment. She was going to say "Oh, well, Harry, I like things very well like this. Being free—and having you to see me—but well, will you give me time to think it over?" But she heard herself saying:

"I've been waiting for you. I knew you'd come back. You had to. I loved you so." She was already in his arms.

He was incredulous. "Carey—you love me so much—and you could let me go, and not fight? Why, I might never have gone if you had put up a fight for me."

He was looking at her when she answered him, clear-eyed and innocent. Carey was like a crystal vase. A man could see right through her.

"Maybe," she said, "but I was afraid to. Fighting is a disillusioning thing. Maybe I would have kept you, but maybe you would never have come back."

He kissed her again. A woman like Valerie could be a joy and a torment, but a woman like Carey made a man feel a man. He thought while he kissed her that he would say peace had its victories no less than war. But he decided not to. He was afraid she would not have known what he meant.

END

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COMPETITION RESULTS

Award of Prizes, October 17th

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to V. P. I. Horn, G.C.S. 5496. Hon. Mention: I. McClure, G.C.S. 5878; C. H. R. Brabham, G.C.S. 5666.

Literature Competition.—Synopsis of Play entitled *The Man from Nowhere.* Prize 10s. Divided between Audrey Tresidder-Wills, G.C.S. 5841, and Olwen Lawton, G.C.S. 5923. Hon. Mention: Mary L. C. Roberts, G.C.S. 5603; G. Bertelsman, G.C.S. 5903.

Needlework Competition.—Anything White. Prize 10s. Awarded to Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316. Hon. Mention: Ada Brabham, G.C.S. 5699; Marjorie Binnie, G.C.S. 4632.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Design for a Sale Catalogue. Prize 10s. Awarded to Stella Wyndham, M.C.S. 3247. Hon. Mention: Barbara Stallibrass, M.C.S. 3316; Brenda Milligan, M.C.S 3345.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Dora Malfatti, M.C.S. 3217. Hon. Mention: Joan Hunton, M.C.S. 2930; Iris Minshull, M.C.S. 3321; Barbara Heaver, M.C.S. 3304; Jean Fletcher, M.C.S. 3319.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Pencil sketch of an open doorway. Prize 5s. Awarded to Stephanie Weir, A.C.S. 1517. Hon. Mention: Penelope Burra, A.C.S. 1422; Jean Weir, A.C.S. 1462.

Literature Competition.—Birds I Know Best. Prize 5s. Awarded to Ursula Scott Morris, A.C.S. 1275. Hon. Mention: Evangeline Weir, A.C.S. 1516.

Award of Prizes, November 1st

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—Design for a Calendar. Prize 10s. Awarded to Beatrice Long, G.C.S. 4951. Hon. Mention: Yvonne Earle, G.C.S. 5905; Ruth M. White, G.C.S. 5937.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Florence E. McCoy, G.C.S. 5845. Hon. Mention: M. Joyce Lambert, G.C.S. 5769; C. S. Stamper, G.C.S. 5881; Jane Castle, G.C.S. 5902.

Needlework Competition.—Prize 10s. Awarded to G. M. Kaye, G.C.S. 5784. Hon. Mention: Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4931.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to John Waterhouse, M.C.S. 3065. Hon. Mention: Kathleen Cokayne, M.C.S. 3331; Patricia Hepburn, M.C.S. 3261.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Joan Hunton, M.C.S. 2931. Hon. Mention: Zenobia Forster-Brown, M.C.S. 2735.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Design for a Christmas Card. Prize 5s. Awarded to Jean Weir, A.C.S. 1462. Hon. Mention: Penelope Burra, A.C.S. 1422; Stephanie Weir, A.C.S. 1517; Violet Dennis, A.C.S. 1311.

Literature Competition.—A Short Story. Prize 5s. Awarded to Ursula Scott Morris, A.C.S. 1275. Hon. Mention: Douglas Burton, A.C.S. 1458; Elsie Montgomery, A.C.S. 1545.

Snapshot Competition

1st Prize, 10s. Pamela Searight, M.C.S. 3189. 2nd Prize. 5s. Adrienne Williamson, G.C.S. 5933. Hon. Mention: Margaret Barrett, M.C.S. 3295; May W. Harrison, G.C.S. 4523; Gwendoline Berteisman, G.C.S. 5903; Barbara Heaver, 3304.

FUTURE COMPETITIONS

(January—February)

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, January 16th. A Still Life Study. No. II. Closing date, February 1st. Illustrate a well-known Poem. No. III. Closing date, February 15th. Study of Flowers in a Vase.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, January 16th. A Short Story. No. II. Closing date, February 1st. A Lyric. No. III. Closing date, February 15th. A Paper on any Topical Subject.

Needlework Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, January 16th. Anything White. No. II. Closing date, February 1st. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, February 15th. Anything Embroidered.

Members' Circle (over 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, January 16th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, February 1st. A Poster Advertising Soap. No. III. Closing date, February 15th. A Portrait Study.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, January 16th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, February 1st. A Short Poem. No. III. Closing date, February 15th. A Letter Announcing Some Good News.

Needlework Competition.—Prize 10s. Closing date, January 16th. Anything in Colours.

Associates' Circle (under 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, January 16th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, February 1st. A Pencil Sketch of a Room. No. III. Closing date, February 15th. Anything taken from BRITANNIA AND EVE and Coloured.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, January 16th. Describe a Favourite Room in not less than 200 words. No. II. Closing date, February 1st. A Short Poem. No. III. Closing date, February 15th. Do-As-You-Like.

Needlework Competition.—Prize 5s. Closing date, January 16th. Do-As-You-Like in Wool.

Open to All: Age taken specially into account

Handicraft Competition.—First Prize 15s. Second prize 7s. 6d. Subject left to competitor. Closing date, February 15th.

CORRESPONDENCE AND CRITICISMS

(*October 17*)

Gladys M. Cumpstey.—This might work out as a novel, but it is lacking in the right material for a play. The action is not nearly swift enough.

Pamela Carr.—You give good reasons for your particular views, but your statements need more qualification. Experience will teach you how to apply that presently.

Dora Malfatti.—Remarkably well analysed and put together. Thoroughly sound in argument and well expressed. You ought to do well with your pen presently.

Ursula Scott Morris.—The first half of this paper is much the better. The rest tries to cover too much ground, although it reveals a growing sense of style.

G. Christabel Richens.—In going for the big effect the importance of accurate draughtsmanship must not be lost sight of. This is a little thin in interest because the forms are not quite true.

Pamela Searight.—Your horse's head is a bit small and the design as a whole would have been improved if the white band had been repeated at the top, thus framing the picture. The lion and circle is a very happy little invention, delightfully suggested.

Stella Wyndham.—The lettering is a bit cramped, otherwise this is a charming scheme, very effective and wittily worked out.

C. S. Stamper.—The action is too halting. There are famous exceptions, of course, but as a rule it is better not to have long lapses of time between acts. You could, I think, resolve this in three acts, without the scenes, and intensify the effect by speeding up the action.

Our Portrait Gallery
Patricia Baldwin, A.C.S. 1524, a regular little competitor in the Associates' section

May Macfadyen.—Nicely sketched and excellent as a general effect, but for this type of work clear detail is essential. The cuffs here, for instance, might be gauntlets belonging to the gloves. One is not sure!

Irene McCoy.—The first two scenes should be contrived as one, and there should not be more than two scenes at the most in Act II. The root idea is good, but the indicated detail is scarcely strong enough.

Betty Weir.—Some first-rate work, but the lettering should have been kept clear of the design—this is particularly necessary in the case of "Toys." The literature entry begins well, and is charming in its easy natural style, but it leads nowhere—so to speak—and the end is very casual.

Jean Fletcher.—A good beginning and the end, also, is well handled, but the rest is rather drawn out. Still, interesting and the method attractively natural.

Margaret Barrett.—Pay more attention to metrical accuracy. The number of syllables varies in the last line of each verse and the poem loses its form in consequence. If you impose a certain metre on yourself you must keep it up.

Joan Wyatt.—A play should be divided into acts, even in the synopsis. It seems rather odd that the family should retain the stranger in their midst except for some better reason than is suggested. You have taken the title too literally.

Olive Dwyer.—Charming in feeling, but the subject needs rather more subtle treatment. Still, you only just fall short of success.

Jean Weir.—You are making good progress, but the robin is not the "only bird that stays in winter." Be careful to get facts as accurately as possible. The sketch is pretty right as to main lines, and if you had kept the door panels parallel with the other upright lines there would not have been much more to criticise.

Competition Rules

1. *The name and number of competitor must be written on all Art, Literature and Snapshot entries, and firmly attached in the case of those of Needlework and Handicraft.*
2. *The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.*
3. *No professionals may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.*
4. *Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.*
5. *Prizes must be applied for.*
6. *Competitions and Correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2.*

Ada Brabham.—Dainty stitchery. You are a very neat worker.

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—The woman's face is over-emphasised. A study of this type is best seen as an impression. So much stiff detail robs the figure of its action, but as design the sketch is quite successful. Although a bit far-fetched, your play synopsis is good drama all through, and if carefully worked out would certainly hold an audience.

Penelope Burra.—Very well suggested except for the distance in heavy tone, which isn't quite self-explanatory. The perspective is well managed, although your verticals have a tendency to lean over!

Evangeline Weir.—The door itself is first rate, but the difficult detail beyond needs better analysis. The out-of-doors effect does not recede as it should.

Rachel Cunningham.—A good attempt at a tone study, but the method of handling the medium too undecided, and the perspective of the lower panels of the door is the reverse of what actually happens.

(*Continued on page 102*)

NEWS *of the* MONTH

OUR most hearty thanks to Irene Fletcher, Julia Binfield, L. G. Bourdas, Pamela M. Bolton, Mrs. Roche, the Lady Elizabeth Fremantle, Maida Webber, Irene Robbins, Dorothy Thornton, Alice Weld-Blundell, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Scott-Morris and Ursula, Irene Scott, Joan and Doris Alexander, Audrey Tresidder-Wills, M. Joyce Lambert, Sybil Stallibrass, Joan Venus, Peter Recaldin, Diana Seth-Smith, Gladys Cumpstey, Doris Mashiter, Helen and Patricia Baldwin, Arnold Parkin, Joan and Sheila Pidcock, Margaret Abrahams, Mrs. Champion and Mr. Champion, May W. Harrison, Irene and Florence McCoy, Jill Maunsell, Barbara Maile, Olive Dwyer, Elsie and William Wilson, Melanie Kerr, Theodora Fuller, Gwendolen and Ursula Moss, Vera Horton, Hilda M. Dunlop, Mabel Saunders, Eleanor Erith and Dorothy Guillaume, for their very kind contributions to the Pantomime Fund.

* * *

Important Reminder! The Annual Competitions take place on February 4th. Anyone wishing to enter should send for particulars at once.

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Olive Dockree.—The scheme sounds most attractive although the ceiling would, I think, be too much for most people when the novelty had worn off. Still, very well expressed, which is the chief thing from my point of view! The catalogue is original in design, but the word "Sale" needs to be a bit more legible.

Betty Metchim.—You have hit upon a fresh method of slightly meretricious charm, very suitable to the subjects. Of the three heads the workmanship is best in that of Greta. A bit more emphasis of bone forms in all would help.

Ada Rohan.—Your clever little colour note is too hot in cast shadows and the brush drawing of foliage needs more precision. Smart, but a trifle careless of fact.

C. R. H. Brabham.—If you cut black out entirely and mix your shadow greys your work will jump ahead. Warm lights need bluish shadows and indefinite depths contain the primaries.

Dahlia Anson.—A clever and vital note, a good sketch from which to work with careful studies. Artistically interesting as an impression from life.

I. McClure.—A strong and excellent poster scheme, very telling and extremely well put together. When black outline is used a regular line is best; here it hardly seems needed.

Marjorie Naylor.—Charcoal paper does not give your delicate water colour a real chance of success, but enough of the spirit of your theme survives to point a moral.

A fine flower study by V. P. I. Horn, G.C.S. 5496, which won the Graduates' Prize, October 17th.

Mary T. Clark.—The rather wiry outline of your head is true in form, but false in emphasis. The treatment of the hair is clever, but suggests more tone modelling throughout. Smooth paper gives delicate pencilling more chance.

Peter Recaldin.—Good as a general effect, with accents in the right place all through, but try to use your pencil with greater certainty in the strokes. Try to "hole in one," so to speak, instead of in five!

May W. Harrison.—Sound in design, but a bit dull in colour and weak as to capitals. Any good lettering work will help you over this difficulty. Roman type takes a great deal of beating!

Brenda Milligan.—Splendidly thorough, and if the design is a little reminiscent of much that one sees, it is nevertheless very well carried out. At least one of the girl's feet should show. Work of a high standard.

Veronica Price-Harris.—Some drawing of this type is just what you need. You have grasped the big idea well, but your upright lines nearly all lean either to right or left. You can overcome this with further practice along these lines.

Maud Schwabe.—Not a bad scheme, but the lettering at the foot might be more happily placed. Still, an eye-catching effect, which with rather more experience would work out very satisfactorily.

Heather Strudwick.—Glad to see you competing again. A rather unequal effort, good in places, but in others the humour is sometimes a little forced. This is unusual for you. Send in again soon.

Stephanie Weir.—Very carefully observed and the difficulties of the foreshortened effect have not vanquished you. There is no harm in seeking the ruler's help occasionally, but it destroys the artistic effect, and makes a drawing of this type look too architectural.

Zenobia Forster-Brown.—The interest is rather scattered in this design, although as a general conception it is quite pleasing. Children are a little out of place as decoration on a cover the appeal of which is almost entirely to adults. The paper sets out to do a very difficult thing and in places succeeds very well, but as a whole it is an unequal effort.

Barbara Stallibrass.—A most clever and charming little scheme. The colours of the material are delightfully picked up throughout. One criticism—the animal is needlessly exaggerated.

Marjorie Tudor.—Plenty of spirit is displayed in these quaint drawings, but by themselves they are a little lacking in point. One feels that they require the attachment of humorous verses to give them their *raison d'être*.

B. Maile.—Avoid clichés such as eyes resembling pools. There is some good work here, and if well-worn phrases had been avoided it would have been an effective piece of work.

The Children's Salon

(continued)

Joan Hunton.—Very pleasant colour and strong technically. A dark brown or black outline just beyond the grey edge would, I think, strengthen its appearance, and the vertical lines are a bit distracting when one tries to read the label. The little poem is very well done; "too proud" looks too much as if it were there for the rhyme's sake, but in all other respects this is entirely successful.

Barbara Heaver.—Remarkably well told and an interesting plot, but several important points are wrong. No gipsies to-day would think of camping in farmers' fields. The law is very strict as to what they may or may not do.

Stephanie Weir.—The difficulties of the foreshortening have been well met, but the sketch would have been twice as effective if you had indulged in a little emphasis of outstanding points. It is too grey as it is now.

S. C. MacLeod.—The simple scheme is a good one, but it needs better draughtsmanship to make it convincing. Study some good lettering.

Amy G. Haydon.—One of the very prettiest pieces you have sent in. Charmingly dainty in design and stitchery. Thank you so much.

Marjorie Binnie.—A most welcome item, and very nicely and carefully carried through. We are delighted to have a doll as they are always so much in demand.

G. M. Kaye.—Not, I think, quite up to your usual high standard. This type of thing calls for specially careful stitchery.

Evangeline Weir.—Charmingly tackled, and except for the last sentence, which is a bit clumsy and over-long, this is very well composed indeed.

Clare Ackroyd.—Keep this for revision later. It is an effort well worth further attention. The whole of verse three needs overhauling and the last line is a poor finish for the good stuff preceding it.

Florence E. McCoy.—The earlier scenes are too thin. It would be better if the action began at Act II. It is easy to refer to back history so that the audience may realise the position. The rest has dramatic possibilities.

Mary L. C. Roberts.—Remarkably well thought out and an excellent plot. I don't quite like the last act, but with a little more truth to life in the detail and a more subtle approach this might work out very well. It has the stuff of the theatre in it.

G. Bertelsman.—The incidents are good, but the end is rather weakly worked out. Very well suggested and outlined.

Patricia Baldwin.—I am glad you chose to write from your own actual experiences and observation. This is what I wanted. But it might have been better if there had been a more detailed description of one or two instead of just a line or two about a great many.

M. Joyce Lambert.—The end reads a little tamely, but the plot is an interesting one, and if the character drawing were well done and the dialogue good it ought to grip. There is, however, not much action after the first scene.

Iris Minshull.—This shows considerable promise. The beginning is exceptionally well done, and suggests something rather more exciting is to come than that which actually follows. Keep your pen busy.

Veronica M. Ward.—A curious little study, not at all bad in its way, but rather incomplete in effect. I feel you intended more than this, but did not succeed in bringing it all off?

Doris Seth-Smith.—It is essential that the synopsis of a play should be arranged in Acts. This would make an interesting book, but, as far as one can judge, would be difficult to stage, particularly the last scene.

Elina Stamper.—At most this would not make more than a one-act play. In arranging a synopsis the time for which each act is required to play should be taken approximately into account.

Mary Gordon.—This is an excellent little study, but too short. It will easily bear working up, particularly the second half, which will stand a good deal of development.

Olwen Lawton.—Something might certainly be made of this. It is a bit crude as it is now, and the exciting situation at the end is not completely dealt with, but obviously you can get in touch with a dramatic situation. Read William Archer's "Playmaking." I think it would help you greatly.

Alison Ackroyd.—"Sin" and "sing" are not rhymes. This is neither "free" verse nor the other thing. With such a subject one feels good technique to be of the first importance!

Enrolment Form

Please enrol me as a { *Graduate* / *Member* / *Associate* } *of The*

Children's Salon Competition Circle

(Strike out words which do not apply.)

Full name

Address.....

Age, if under 20

Cut out and post to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2, with P.O. for 6d., being the Annual Subscription to the Salon.

Our *Literary* Competition *Circle*

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of the Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry), which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon.

All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," 346, Strand, W.C.2.

RULES

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.
2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

HUNDRED AND FORTY-SIXTH SERIES

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best sonnet entitled "New Year."

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best news paragraph describing a motor accident to a famous person which you have witnessed.

All entries for the above competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE not later than first post January 17th.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—January 17

HUNDRED AND FORTY-SEVENTH SERIES

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best limerick into which mince pies are drawn.

All entries for the above competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE not later than first post January 31st.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—January 31

Results of 140th Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best lyric.

Awarded to Elsie Wightman.

Hon. Mention: Elizabeth Adams, "Radio," "J. A. B.," B. Richardson, "Una," Elizabeth Robins, Margaret Bennett, G. Ridcout Rowe, "Hannah May," B. Paul, Alice Georgano, A. M. Waters, May Belben, "Caroline," K. F. Solloway, A. V. Williamson, W. M. Offord, Olive E. Capell, Julia Binfield, Mélisande, E. H. Jones, "M. R. A.," May W. Harrison, F. A. Edinborough, Mary Hughes, H. M. Hancock.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best title for a light comedy.

Awarded to Isabel M. Smart.

Hon. Mention: Kathleen Nichols, "Una," B. Richardson, Elsie Wightman, Mélisande, May W. Harrison, Elizabeth Adams, "J. A. B.," Evelyn Heaver, May Belben, "G. G."

Results of 141st Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short story.

Awarded to Marie Oxenford.

Hon. Mention: A. V. Williamson, Isabel M. Smart, Gordon H. Morris, "Caroline," M. Asher, Muriel Forth, D. Avril, G. M. Dorn, Naomi Brown, Beryl de Longueville, V. A. Ralph, May Belben, H. M. Hancock, Elizabeth Robins, S. Christine Straker, Mary Low, G. Phillpotts, B. Gibbs, Alice W. Pimm, M. Ransom, "Wraith," F. A. Edinborough, Marjorie Murray, B. Paul.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best short poem of a single verse.

Awarded to Alice Georgano.

Hon. Mention: May Belben, B. Paul, "Actis," G. S. Ryder, R. A. Webster, B. Richardson, G. Phillpotts, F. A. Edinborough, Z. Forster-Brown, W. M. Alexander, M. R. A., A. M. Waters, Elizabeth Adams, Evelyn Heaver.

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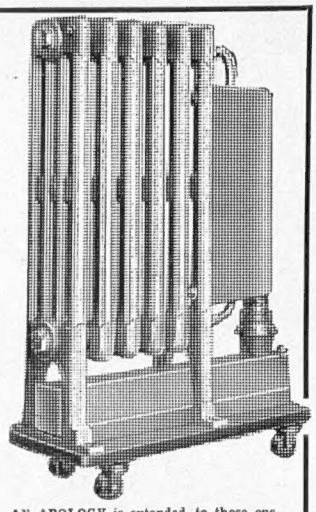

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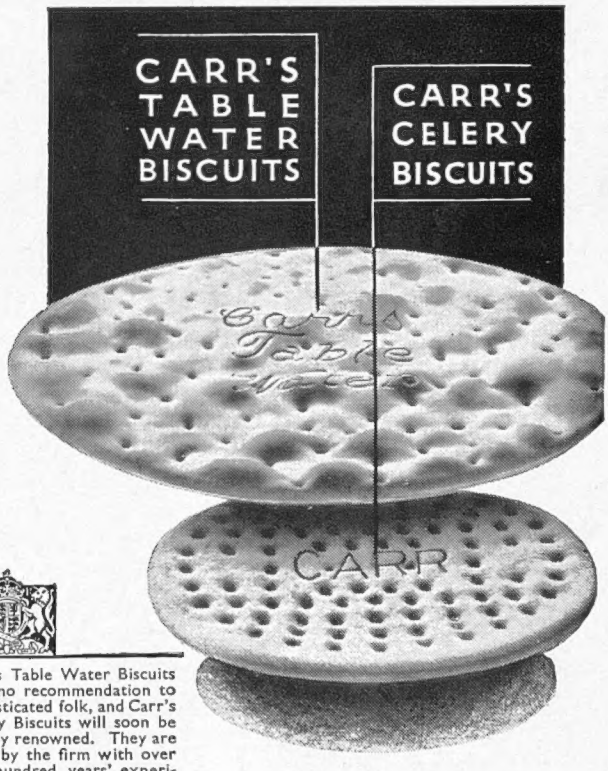

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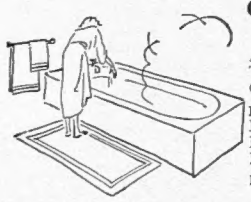

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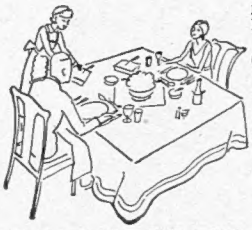

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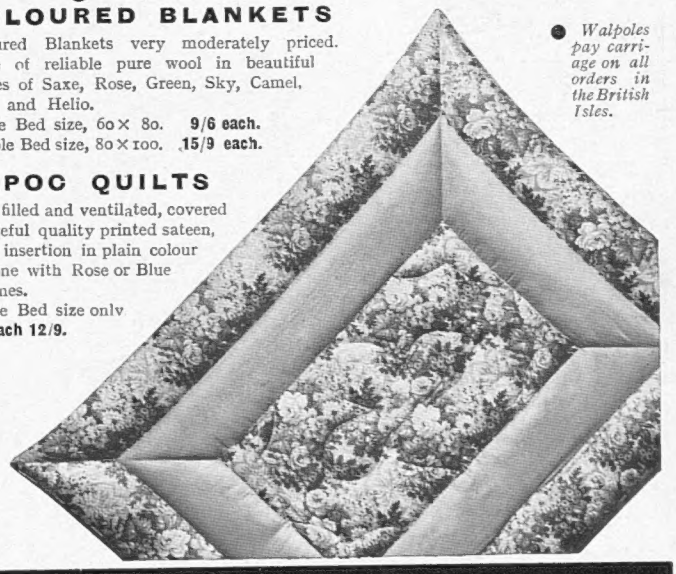

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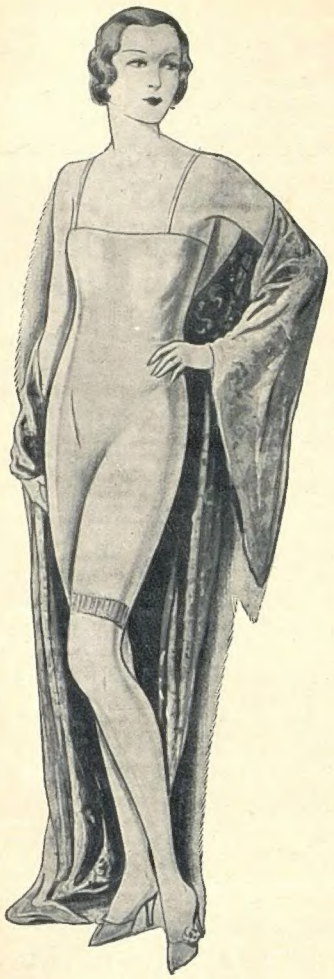

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